THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

The Far East

THROUGHOUT Asia at the end of the war Britain was at an all-time low in prestige — both the prestige of power and the prestige of ideas. America was at an all-time high. There was not a people in Asia which did not look toward America for leadership in ideas and for initiative in action. In little more than a year since V-J Day, the British have accomplished more in rebuilding their prestige than anyone could have predicted, while American prestige has fallen again and again.

The British have been dodging through a maze of tight squeezes. They are far from being in the clear yet, but they have been able to cover their weakest position, which is not at the Suez Canal but in Iran, by demonstrating that they have American backing. In the meantime the concessions which Britain has made in Egypt, India, and elsewhere are really very moderate, and involve little surrender of real power; but with the withering of Asiatic hopes for some kind of Rooseveltian New Deal for Asia, the British policy benefits by appearing more liberal than it really is.

America, on the other hand, has been following policies that are conservative and old-fashioned, or even archaic, rather than calculatedly reactionary; but the American policies appear more reactionary than they really are, because so much was expected of us. Colonial powers are disliked bitterly, and sometimes blindly, by their subjects, with the result that the concessions yielded by Britain have come as gratifying surprises.

America suffers by comparison because everybody in Asia had looked to America, and to no other country, for democratic programs and policies. In Korea, in Japan, in China, and in the Philippines, however, only extreme right-wing individuals and organizations have been chosen as the instruments of American policy, which has caused not only disappointment but disillusionment.

The American fear of Russia has not been accepted as sufficient justification for backing right-wing groups as the only trustworthy guarantors of law and order. With the exception of North Korea and Manchuria, Russian power in Asia is a legend but not a visible presence. It is the American power which is present and visible. Moreover, the right wing is unpopular in all Asiatic countries, with the partial exception of India; and because the right wing is feared as already too powerful, moderates as well as leftists do not like to see American power lined up behind it.

Moderation in India

Most people in Asia still use Britain-America as the axis of comparison, rather than Russia-America, and by this standard some interesting analyses can be made. The British formula for India is working out successfully. The riots in India are not great enough to prevent the Nehru government from functioning, but they are serious enough to make Nehru reluctant to dispense with British military controls.

The question of the Indian Native States and Native Princes has not yet been touched. These states occupy about 40 per cent of India's territory and contain about a quarter of the population. The princes, both Hindu and Moslem, have no support except the British against encroachment on their power by a government representing the Indian people, and are therefore tools which British policy can use with a free hand.

The residual position of the British in India is very strong, and permits wide room for maneuver. Nehru will not appeal to the left, because of the important backing he gets from Hindu and Parsee industrial

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and business interests. Jinnah will not appeal to the left, because his Moslems are Moslem landlords, not Moslem peasants.

Jinnah's opposition is a right-wing opposition of conservative special interests. It is not a left-wing opposition which is trying to hustle the government. In this respect it resembles the opposition of the old-style Chinese war lords who evaded integration under Chiang Kai-shek's National Government as long as possible after 1927. It is not a popular movement like the Communist-led coalition which is trying to win concessions from Chiang in 1946.

Economic debacle in China

In spite of Britain's exhaustion and America's strength, the American position in China is more awkward than the British position in India. Chiang Kai-shek, like the head of any government, calculates in terms of the total support which he can muster. Chiang's domestic support has dwindled at a terrifying rate, until American policy has become a support without which he would have to surrender a great part of his power and alter his whole philosophy of government.

Even the support of industrialists and businessmen in his own country is now negligible. In the economic debacle of post-war China there are only politicos and bureaucrats mismanaging a financial and industrial structure which is in chaos. Washington is soberly aware of the fact, though of course it is not widely publicized, that the only orderly production of either food or commodities in China is in areas controlled by the Communists, who in theory ought to be subversive and disruptive, but in practice are good managers and administrators.

The awkwardness of the American position is that it cannot be held merely by marking time. The Chiang government needs continuous support just to keep it up to par. The moment support is diminished, it falls below par. As an instrument serving American policy, the Chiang government is nowhere near good enough for the job; yet again and again it has to be paid for at black-market prices. If it were a straight case of American intervention against Russian intervention, the problem would be simpler; but the intelligence coming in still shows no Russian money, Russian equipment, or Russian master-minding among the Chinese Communists.

The Communists are, in fact, putting on pressure by demonstrating that coalition government, which American policy has endorsed in theory, is practicable. They have given arms, as well as political jobs, to non-Communists, with the result that non-Communists can talk to Communists on equal terms, in a coalition based on common defense against the pretensions of the Kuomintang.

Washington is still hoping that the tension will break in a way that makes a solution possible; but the hope is a gamble. The theory is that if the Chiang government tries to subdue the Communists by civil war, it will be forced to admit that the job is too big. It is hoped that the Whampoa military clique, the C.C. (Chen brothers) machine in the Kuomintang, and the secret police, chastened by failure, will then permit the formation of a coalition government.

Japan: an American Gibraltar?

Aspirin in Japan is one cure that has been proposed for the United States headache in China. According to this theory, the Kuomintang is past saving and should be abandoned; but Japan has a fine military tradition, a fine anti-Russian tradition, and industrial and managerial know-how as a bonus. Japan should therefore be salvaged as an American Gibraltar off the mainland of Asia — superior to Gibraltar in its ability to provide us with a tough, self-contained colonial army.

The theory has been discussed with relish by some of the Americans in Tokyo from the moment that it was discovered, with amazement and delight, that our fanatical opponents, the Japanese, were as willing to obey American military orders as they had been to obey the orders of their own militarists.

Paradoxically, however, Japan's unshattered social order is the bane of this theory. The first free election in Japan, held under American protection, was a genuinely free election; but it was held too soon. The ward bosses, who could turn out a bigger vote than anyone else, were loyal to the extremely conservative political machine.

The election therefore put back into power the old industrial, banking, and conservative interests which were technically not "militarist," but which had in fact organized the sinews of war for the militarists. These men are old hands at running the country; they prefer to run it by fascist methods; and their program is first to convince the Americans that they are trustworthy, and then to engineer a switch from Japanese implementation of American policy to American backing of Japanese policy.

The leftists in Japan

The Japanese leftists have set out to build a wide coalition of all those — and they are many, and their fears are legitimate — who are disturbed by the return to power of the unrepentant rightists.

Japan's leftists would have made a good showing at the polls if the elections had not been held too soon. Frustrated in the elections, they have turned to the trade unions and to a versatile technique in organizing mass demonstrations. MacArthur's staff

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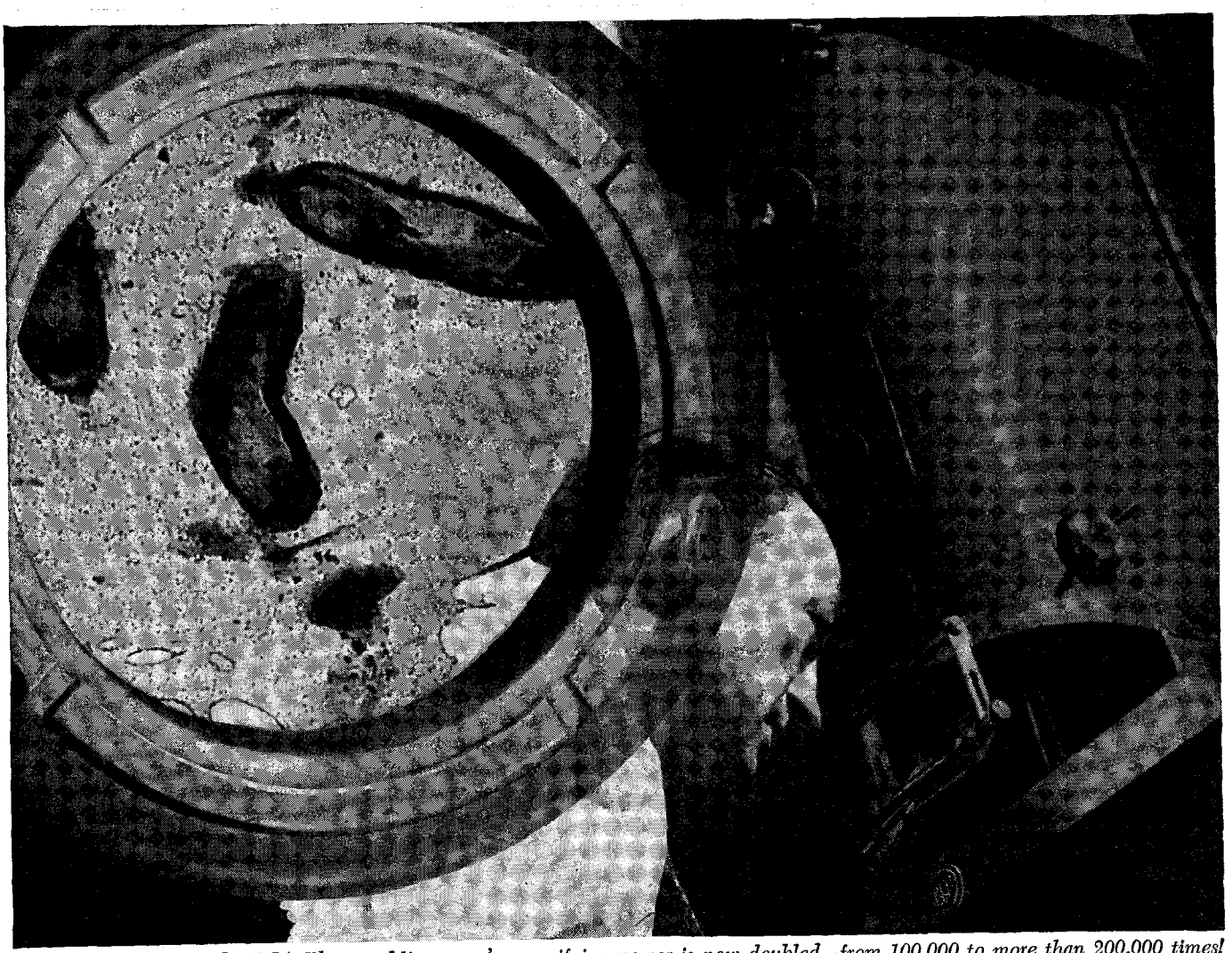

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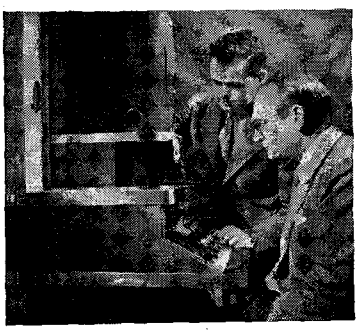

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consequently finds itself increasingly plagued by political agitation outside of the parliamentary system, as the penalty for having sponsored an election which did not result in proportional representation within the parliamentary system.

A recent poll shows that the Communists, though they rate only 4.8 per cent of the electorate, have increased 50 per cent over their 3.2 showing in the April election. The most important change is in the growth of the Socialists. In the April election, 18 per cent of the electorate voted for them; 40 per cent would vote for them now, if a new election were held. The significance of this shift is confirmed by the fact that support for the rightists in the Diet has fallen nearly 10 per cent.

The trend shows that in little more than a year, during which time America alone has controlled the administration of Japan, not hesitating to rebuff all attempts at international supervision or even effective international participation, the Japanese have divided into two groups. One group tends to shrink in numbers and at the same time to become more openly reactionary.

The other group is tending to grow in numbers. It appears to have begun to lose hope in an American-inspired democracy. In its revulsion against the American-patronized conservative parties, this group is constrained more and more to associate both national self-respect and the hope of an ultimate democracy with a left-wing philosophy of politics.

It is this measure of the ground America has lost which provides the best standard of comparison between the American and British post-war records. Britain, like America, has everywhere tilted the balance in favor of conservative groups against groups which are left of center; but on the whole Britain has succeeded in holding political issues within the framework of the rivalry between nationalism and the imperial interest.

America, sometimes unwillingly and sometimes willingly, and to her own disadvantage, has allowed power politics to be conspicuously identified with groups which, in addition to being rightist, are regarded as anti-nationalist in their own countries because of their willingness to be subservient to the American interest. The corollary of this identification is that nationalism and the left wing are encouraged to associate with each other and to fortify each other.

The favored nation

Developments in countries like the Philippines and in colonial possessions like French Indo-China and Dutch Indonesia reflect the trends in the major countries which set the tone of policy in Asia. In the Philippines, policy appears to be less subtle than in any other country in the world except Spain.

The government of President Roxas has ordered the Philippine National Bank to compensate Americans for their pre-war deposits, which the Japanese had spirited away into Japanese banks. The sum involved is only two million dollars, but U.S. Ambassador Paul V. McNutt, speaking in what is now a foreign country, has "expressed the hope" that other Philippine banks will recompense Americans in the same way.

Compared with the billions in which we think nowadays, a few million dollars is only chicken feed; but the favoritism toward Americans is so hasty that Filipinos can hardly fail to draw the conclusion that American chickens feed exclusively on a diet of pounds of flesh. The Philippines have been ravaged by war, and the money will ultimately have to be paid by underfed tenant farmers.

Our indifference in the Philippines

In the meantime President Roxas is continuing to move in on the Hukbalahaps of the rice-bowl area of central Luzon. A thick curtain of American indifference has fallen over this agrarian movement and its demands for the reform of a galling system of peonage. The Huks were originally an anti-Japanese guerrilla organization, and the most effective of all the guerrillas in the Philippines. There are Communists among them, but the proportion is not nearly so strong as in the wide popular coalition now led by the Communists in China. A United Press reporter who toured the Huk area found no evidence of Russian influence.

On the whole, the demands for agrarian reform and democratic representation of the Huks are parallel to those of the Communist-led coalition in China. The Falangist trend of the Roxas government is also parallel to the near-fascist bias of the C.C. and Whampoa cliques in the Kuomintang.

The difficulty of suppressing the Huks by civil war, even with American aid, is yet another parallel to the situation in China. The Huks are supported by a population of about 2 million — too large a proportion of the Philippine total of 16 million to be dealt with easily by extermination.

Most important of all, the degree of American involvement on the side of an anti-democratic government, in the Philippines as in China, results in rallying both ordinary colonial nationalism and ideological leftism behind the peasant movement, because it is the Americans themselves who allow the conviction to spread that what the Americans call democracy pays off in privileges for Americans but not in rights for Asiatics.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

Washington

THE glare of the Wallace explosion cast a brief but searching light on basic weaknesses of the Truman administration. For the whole affair was the product, not of an irrepressible policy conflict which Truman and Wallace wanted to bring before the people, but of latent differences which they both wanted to smooth over and defer. The blowup was detonated exclusively by Presidential ineptitude.

When Roosevelt died, friends of Wallace urged him to leave the Cabinet and assume the role of Wendell Willkie or William Jennings Bryan — that is, to put pressure on the Administration by building up independent support of his own. Wallace declined to do this, packed his Department of Commerce with conservatives, and consistently eulogized Truman in his public speeches as a worthy inheritor of the Roosevelt mantle.

He had no intention of breaking with the Administration; and Truman, who badly needs support from the left, had no intention of letting him go. Yet a series of blunders unsurpassed in recent American history succeeded in jeopardizing the international position of the United States and in gravely impairing the chances of the Democratic Party in the coming election.

Washington's first conclusion is that the American people might as well face the facts about Truman. Not only is he himself a man of mediocre and limited capacity, but, after considerable hiring and firing, he has managed to surround himself in the White House with his intellectual equals. Nostalgia for the New Dealers now springs up in the most unexpected quarters — even among the businessmen in the lobbies of the Willard or the Mayflower.

In the days of Roosevelt, the White House circle spent most of its time and energy, by day and by night, in thinking about pressing national issues; the New Dealers thrived on jawbreakers. Today the men in the White House hate and fear complicated problems. They seek constantly to push trouble out of their minds; and the President wants people around him who relax him, not people who disturb or worry him.

The "Glad Boys"

The result has been the rise to dominance of the "don't let's do anything — it will all blow over" school, headed by John Snyder, George Allen, Clark Clifford, Harry Vaughan, and the other Truman cronies. They console the President by telling him that everything will come out all right; and their tireless optimism enables him to maintain the air of brisk jauntiness which he wore through the most ghastly days of the Wallace crisis. Even John Steelman, the most intelligent member of the inner circle, has adopted the silver-lining philosophy. His statement on the strike situation was: "It will all blow over in two or three months of good production."

Robert Hannegan, with his pertinacious and annoying belief that problems occasionally have to be faced, has pretty much lost the President's ear; and Cabinet members who raise basic questions, like Schwellenbach and (in the past) Wallace, simply make him unhappy. Of Roosevelt's anonymous assistants, only the astute and able David K. Niles is left; and he is consulted today only on problems of racial and religious minorities.

White House staff work is therefore at a dangerously low level. Truman simply did not grasp the implications of Wallace's speech (any more than he grasped those of Churchill's Fulton speech some months earlier); and once he had fumbled the ball, none of his team was able to save him even by falling down on it. Washington observers with his-

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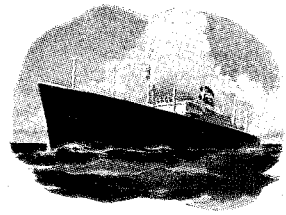

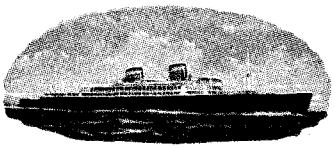

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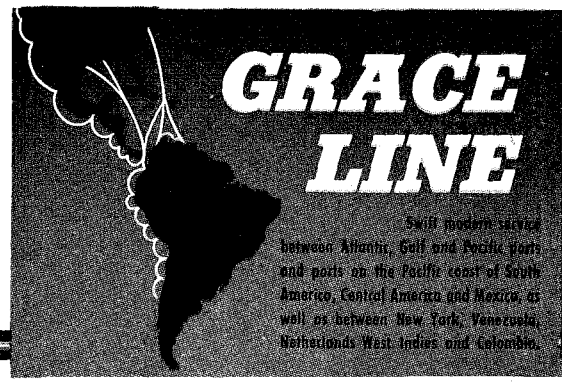

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torical curiosity have skipped over Harding and Grant and gone back to Franklin Pierce in order to find a President who, they believe, can match Truman for sheer technical incompetence.

The Wallace argument

Wallace's Madison Square Garden speech was a hasty, imprecise, and ambiguous job. It did much less justice to Wallace's position than the letter of July 23. This was the document which Wallace and White House Secretary Charles Ross released to the press because Drew Pearson had obtained a copy, evidently from State Department sources, and was going to print it anyway.

The Wallace letter deserves careful reading as a serious and reasoned statement of the anti-Byrnes position. Its contention is that Soviet policy is the expression of legitimate misgivings about security, based upon the historical experience of capitalist hostility. These misgivings will be increased by a policy of toughness, Wallace argues, but they can be allayed by a wholehearted policy of assuring Soviet security.

One curious fact about this letter is that it is a cogent statement of the point of view with which such men as Dean Acheson and Ben Cohen and probably Byrnes himself entered into the business of negotiating with the Russians. Bitter experience over a long period has now persuaded the State Department policy-makers that their original — and Wallace's current — analysis leaves out of account the mainspring of Soviet policy. That mainspring is the Marxist diagnosis of monopoly capitalism, which has laid down for the Kremlin in unequivocal terms the inevitable tendencies in capitalist states toward imperialism abroad and fascism at home.

According to current State Department views, Soviet policy is based squarely upon the Soviet interpretation of the nature of the capitalist economy; no action on our part short of transforming the nature of our economy is considered likely to dispel Russian suspicions with any speed. But a policy of firmness may deter Russian expansionism and create a period of peace during which the capitalist democracies can have a chance to demonstrate their lack of aggressive intentions toward the U.S.S.R.

Wallace's proposal that we meet Russian fears by reducing our own armed strength is therefore considered fantastic in quarters which have had close and detailed dealings with the Russians. Such a move, these quarters feel, would be interpreted as the confusion and weakness of decadent capitalist democracy.

In any case, the experience of such policies in this century has been that, though designed to strengthen the moderates in the appeased nations, they actually strengthen the extremists and thereby invite further aggression. Interrogations have recently revealed how badly betrayed the anti-war German felt after Munich. It is argued today that the Wallace policy would supply potent arguments in discussions at the Kremlin, not to the Litvinovs, but to the Molotovs.

The support for the Wallace position within the government increases directly in proportion to the distance from concrete dealings with the Russians. Many people in the State Department who a year ago would have agreed with Wallace's position, today do not, but it should be remembered that many other government officials, like many men of good will throughout the country, have not had the same chastening experience.

Wallace and the left

Leftists of all varieties, anti-Communist or Communist, from Walter Reuther to William Z. Foster, have long felt the need of breaking with the Truman administration. Wallace's resignation may well give the final push to this tendency; but this does not mean that Wallace will become the undisputed leader of a united left.

He is assured at present of the backing of the pro-Russian left. The organizations which sponsored his New York speech (and hissed the mild anti-Communist passages in it) were the National Citizens Political Action Committee and the Independent Citizens Committee for the Arts, Sciences, and Professions.

Both groups promptly rallied behind Wallace after the blowup and issued statements denouncing the Byrnes-Vandenberg "war policy." The Communist Party, after its initial petulance over Wallace's slaps on the wrist, reversed its line and has now come out strongly for him.

But it remains a question as to how much of the American left is persuaded of the infallibility of Soviet policy, or even of its moral superiority to that of the United States. Mr. Ickes, who stoutly denies any Communist tendencies in his organization, the ICCASP, felt constrained to pronounce the Wallace speech "unfortunate" at the same time that his executive committee was lauding it to the skies; and many other liberals have been much less indulgent than Ickes in their attitude toward party lines. While NCPAC continues to harbor Communists and fellow travelers, CIO-PAC in certain areas, such as Massachusetts, is strongly anti-Communist.

Displaced liberals

But the free liberals are at the moment homeless. They do not share Wallace's confidence that Soviet expansionism would stop if the United States dis-

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mantled its armed forces and handed over the atomic bomb; but they don't like the Byrnes policy very much either. It seems niggling, negative, and needlessly provocative on petty issues, quite without the affirmative democratic impulse they believe to be the only answer to Communism.

In this uneasy middle ground are many old New Dealers, apparently including such diverse figures as Mrs. Roosevelt, Sumner Welles, and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., many labor leaders, many writers and intellectuals, but they lack money, organization, and leadership. Except for the inadequate representation in certain sections of the CIO-PAC and in the Union for Democratic Action, these people are isolated and unhappy.

Justice William O. Douglas is reported to share this general position on foreign policy; and his indefatigable political fuglemen, now readying the perennial Douglas boom, are regarding the current liberal dilemma with special interest. Indeed, many in Washington who have not been among Douglas's more ardent admirers are today, in view of the confused Wallace performance and of the extreme poverty of liberal leadership, turning in his direction.

The omnipotent Senate

The feebleness of the executive, so thoroughly exposed by recent events, is considered likely to tempt the Congress into new aggressions when it reconvenes. The Senate has not for years exerted so much power over national policy. Truman and Byrnes are both former Senators and are both schooled in habits of political deference to that body; and Connally and Vandenberg have without substantial protest insinuated themselves into central roles in what used to be the executive responsibility of making our foreign policy.

This encroachment has had the distressing effect, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out, of converting peace discussions at Paris into a form of Senatorial wrangling. It has further bestowed upon Senator Vandenberg a virtual veto over the foreign policy of an Administration he does not represent, since his participation is essential for the "bipartisan" foreign policy which has become President Truman's Frankenstein monster.

The two centers of power in Washington today are the Senate and the service chiefs. Observers anticipate an increase of tension between these power aggregates, with the executive branch caught impotent and pathetic in the middle. Among some of the more cynical Democrats, indeed, there is visible disposition to hope for the election of some strong Republican, like Senator Taft, in order to restore the executive to its former place of respect and grandeur. No one had ever anticipated that Throttlebottom would become President.

The effect of Nuremberg

Washington viewed the conclusion of the Nuremberg trials with no great conviction that a serious contribution had been made to avert the next war. The effort to establish international law on the question of aggressive warfare seemed much brighter when the United Nations were more united. Now that the long months of the Trial have been accompanied by a steady deterioration of international relations, people are beginning to feel that world law must be the expression of a world community, and a world community does not yet exist by itself.

The Nuremberg experiment is not considered likely to deter either the United States or the U.S.S.R. from war, because both nations, alike in their infinite faith in their own virtue, have already begun to create the case against the other as the aggressor. In more pessimistic circles the Trial is regarded as a likely precedent by which the victor in the next war, should it come, will be able to consolidate his victory by destroying the ruling talent in the nation which loses.

Regret was felt at the acquittal of the banker and the diplomat. No one cares about the propagandist. It was difficult indeed to establish Schacht's guilt, but the effect of his release will be bad, and the consequence will probably be to discourage prosecutions of bankers and industrialists in the American and British zones. The Soviet dissent shrewdly seized upon the opportunity to accuse the United States of protecting monopolists and financiers.

And so the Trial came to its end with people in Washington somewhat less interested in Jackson's effort at Nuremberg than in his return to the bench in the same row with Justices Black and Douglas.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The Wallace incident released in Washington the accumulating doubts and anxieties over the Truman administration. This ordinarily manic city is in an acutely depressive state, and it is likely that its fears are now as exaggerated as were its hopes when Truman took over.

But it is clear that Truman himself has no capacity for inspiring that devotion and enthusiasm among government officials which his predecessor could draw upon so confidently. It is further clear that, with the elimination of Ickes, Bowles, and Wallace, and with the promotion of Vinson, the men left who can do so are few in number and relatively unimportant in position.

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AWARDS

FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In the next two years many men and women will have their first try at writing fiction. Some of them will have returned to college from the services; some of them will be in business; some will be venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. In 1946 and 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of $1500, the second of $750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at $5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

British Commonwealth

JOHN BULL, that master of political paradox who takes a Socialist-Labor Government and a House of Lords in his stride, is embarked upon three of the greatest gambles of his career. His first wager is that he can haul himself up by his own economic bootstraps by boosting exports to 175 per cent of pre-war figures. That goal has not yet been reached. Yet he is well on his way, ahead of his own schedule, and far above pre-war totals already.

The second wager is that he can reorganize the largest empire in the world during a period of global revolutionary turmoil, and hold that enormous aggregation of lands, peoples, and resources more firmly by loosening its ties. That he is working against time in this venture does not faze him. Colonial advisers and political technicians trained in the Imperial school are doggedly applying themselves to their tasks all the way from the British West Indies and Trinidad to West Africa and the Middle East.

From Great Britain a stream of officials, engineers, and administrators flows across the world to Asia to reinforce those already struggling on the spot to rehabilitate Britain's prestige and economic position in areas lately recovered from the Japanese invader. Singapore and Southeast Asia are the receiving center for this influx. It is so sizable that back in England the Conservatives are writing letters to the *Times* in protest against "overstaffing" colonial regions with officials who seem to His Majesty's Opposition "too highly paid" under a Labor regime.

But Mr. Attlee's Government does not intend to repeat the mistake of treating Britain's colonial areas in Asia as a refuge for broken-down administrative talents. That error proved costly in the grim days of Japanese triumph. Its aftermath among native populations continues to nourish revolts. So Southeast Asia boasts today of a regional Governor-General and a roving ambassador, and to these has lately been added the considerable military abilities of Lord Louis Mountbatten.

Britain's third wager is equally ambitious. It is that the unity and power of the great Commonwealth can be fortified by speeding each Dominion along the paths of industrial expansion, and thereby broadening its capacity for economic independence and, incidentally, its ability to defend itself. One clear portent of this maneuver is the mounting migration of skilled workmen and industrial managers from Britain to the Dominions.

The Union of South Africa has opened recruitment offices for immigrants not only in Great Britain but in the Low Countries as well. An abundance of cheap native labor is already available in the South African Union, but management and engineering skills are scarce. Pretoria and Capetown entertain hopes that the visit of the King, the Queen, and the Royal Princesses, which is scheduled for February, may boost prospects for obtaining the 50,000 new settlers wanted from England.

South Africa's "Ghetto Act"

If that visit is not to be attended by untoward events, however, there will have to be a modification of the explosive feuds harassing Natal. South Africa's 8,000,000 non-Europeans, who make up 70 per cent of the population, are embarked upon the early stages of industrial, political, and social revolt against their heavy-handed white masters.

South Africa's Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Act forbids Indians to occupy or own property in certain areas of the country. It sets up a statutory basis for segregation. The Indians have labeled it the "Ghetto Act." In a further af-

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front to the Indian minority, the law ordains that the representation accorded them in the Parliament shall consist of white men.

This drastic segregation law, pushed through Parliament last spring, is causing ructions. Savage sentences, imposed by the courts on leaders of the huge Indian population in Natal because of their peaceful protests against this feudalistic statute, do not help matters. The President of the Natal Indian Congress, Dr. Nauker, drew six months at hard labor for demonstrating disagreement with the Government's repressive legislation.

India has severed diplomatic relations with South Africa, and has instituted a boycott against South African commerce. India's complaint to the United Nations Assembly indicates that the 250,000 Indians under Premier Jan Christiaan Smuts's regime have a champion who proposes to put to practical test the eloquent professions of democracy made by that elder statesman this past year or two.

South Africa was the scene of Mohandas Gandhi's original tryout of nonviolent resistance, decades ago. He was battling discrimination then. The Indian community is battling worse discrimination there now. Thousands of the South African Indian population have emerged from the status of indenture, under which their ancestors were brought to the country late in the last century. They have risen through the professions and established a large business community. The new law throws many of them back into the category of the propertyless.

The status of the hundreds of thousands of black African laborers is infinitely worse. Nine tenths of the 360,000 African laborers in the gold mines are indentured. The pay averages about 45 cents a day, minus some costs for personal equipment and charges for labor recruitment expeditions among the native villages. South Africa's black labor is herded into compounds, lives in virtual slavery, and faces police guns if it attempts to hold meetings or to organize in the mining areas.

This arrangement has not thwarted the appearance of a strong union organized clandestinely. It has also begun to produce bloody strikes. During the past summer, one of these was put down ruthlessly by armed force at the direction of Premier Smuts, when mineworkers struck for a raise in pay. There have been no pay raises in the South African mines since 1914, according to the English press. The average annual profits enjoyed by the owners since 1932 have been $200,000,000, of which the Government's share constitutes about half.

South Africa's problems are intensified further by race feuds. These set off the English against the Afrikanders, unite both against the Jews, bring all three into opposition to the Indians, and add together all four against the native blacks. To complicate matters further, the doctrines of the German Nazis, which early found root in the country, have flourished ever since.

New markets for old

Not since Napoleon attempted to develop a Continental blockade, nearly a century and a half ago, has the Empire been confronted by handicaps in trade comparable to those faced today. The economic wreckage of Continental Europe cripples the most valuable near-by marketing area. The shift of power in the Balkans shuts off markets in Southeastern Europe for an indefinite period. The crack-up of the Japanese Empire has left a huge void in the trading community of the Pacific. Continued unrest in China closes the largest trading sector on the Asiatic mainland.

These are hard realities. Behind and beyond them all looms yet another enigma, larger and more dubious than any other: Soviet Russia. Economic need unites with political necessity in shaping Britain's present drive for markets and security.

Trade missions flit from England in all directions. A four-year pact negotiated in midsummer ties the whole exportable surplus of Canadian wheat, together with Canada's diminished bacon and dairy exports, into the evolving pattern of Empire and Commonwealth commercial unity. Another comprehensive agreement covers exports of Australia's meats and dairy products. New Zealand is not forgotten. South Africa's trade swerves sharply back again to Empire channels. West African cocoa becomes a British-controlled monopoly.

Britain's foreign trade pacts

Britain also presses her commercial power drive beyond the boundaries of Empire and Commonwealth. While one mission was preparing to leave London for South America for a general survey of trade prospects, another emerged triumphantly from negotiations with the Argentine, bearing an agreement which gives Britain what amounts to practical monopoly over all exports in Argentine meats.

A few weeks later, Brazil joined the parade. An air transport agreement with Buenos Aires that splits business on a fifty-fifty basis between Britain and Argentina elicited protests from Washington that the Bermuda Air Pact had been by-passed.

Meantime, back along world trade routes to Africa, South America, the Middle East, and Southeast Asia, a swelling volume of British machinery, motorcars, electrical equipment, machine tools, and other industrial essentials flows in British ships.

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Trade is the basis of survival for Britain and the Commonwealth. In the pressure for industrialization that is rising throughout the Commonwealth and the Empire, and outside both, the present seller's market opens opportunities for a people willing to accept self-discipline in their own long-term interest, even to the point of meager living at home.

Britain's recent commercial pact with Soviet Russia is a reminder that in commerce mutual business advantage, not political views, calls the tune. As a Swedish trade expert retorted recently when challenged by an American correspondent to justify Sweden's huge credit to Russia, "The United States may be able to afford the luxury of mixing trade arrangements with its emotional likes and dislikes. Sweden cannot."

The seller's market throughout that part of the world which is undamaged and has funds will last only a few years, the British estimate. So, while taking full advantage of present opportunities, the Empire and Commonwealth are adopting precautions against future uncertainties. That is what the carefully contrived trade program within and among the units of both adds up to. Today this program accounts for about 10 per cent of the latest rise in Britain's exports. The ratio may seem relatively small, but it will grow.

Major weapons for defense

Empire defense occupies an important role in the present thoughts of the Commonwealth. Development of industrial resources among the Dominions will add to the ability of each to assume its share in the common enterprise of security. In the drastic overhauling of Army training methods, the British will incorporate many American practices tested successfully during the war.

Imperial air headquarters has been shifted from Canada to the wilds of East Africa. Defense of the wide Arctic frontier north of Canada in terms of air power is going to be left to the United States, whose vital concern in that approach to its own hearth and home is obvious.

All defense plans of the Dominion are, therefore, closely tied into those of the United States. This raises delicate questions of sovereignty. The return of the great air bases and staging fields to full Canadian control is disturbing to the Dominion because of the costs of maintenance.

A vital sector in the grand design for Empire defense begins at Gibraltar and lengthens into the Eastern Mediterranean, encompassing Greece as a bridgehead below the Balkans to flank the Dardanelles. Air bases on the greater Aegean isles, notably Cyprus, will supplement this bastion. The plan involves a combination of air and sea power, developed from the experience of the war.

Palestine, the southern deserts of Trans-Jordan, Cyrenaica in Northeast Africa, and the huge new Imperial air center below the Red Sea back of the coast of East Africa, all spell out a vast strategic plan which regards air power as the major weapon of any future global struggle. Here is a setup intended to dominate every strategic point in the Middle East. Ceylon is being transformed into a center of air and sea power which will cover India from the South as well as the approaches to the Indian Ocean from the Southeast Pacific.

Empire security first

Singapore has resumed its pivotal role. Treaty demands imposed on Siam provide for destruction of the Japanese-built railway across the Isthmus of Kra and a guarantee that no canal will ever be built there. This assures again the importance of the greatest British naval base in Southeast Asia.

Development of the Malay Union, while partly an administrative experiment in colonial evolution, is tied into the defense scheme for Southeast Asia as well. The absorption of North Borneo, where the last of the historic Chartered Companies in the Empire yielded in July to the Colonial Office; the swallowing up of unwilling Sarawak, which had been an independent kingdom for close upon eighty years; and the centralization of authority among the Malay States, all fit into the defense picture.

This system of Imperial defense has its Achilles' heel nevertheless. Jawaharlal Nehru's speeches outlining India's hope to become leader of the peoples of color in Asia and their champion against colonialism provide a hint as to the weakness of a defense system built on military requirements alone.

The forces of nationalism seem to have been overlooked. The strike, this past summer, in the Anglo-Iranian oil fields points up the moral rather sharply. Upon the oil of the Middle East most of the defense system for Africa, the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, the Middle East itself, and Southeast Asia is clearly based. It is not Europeans who work the oil fields, but Arabs, Indians, Persians. None of these groups is satisfied with its present status, vis-à-vis the West. Nor do current policies and clashes in these areas improve the situation.

British critics of the Colonial Office contend that security and peace for the whole region, from Egypt to Singapore, can be achieved only through a policy which speeds genuine economic and political democracy among the peoples there, and destroys the opportunity that impoverishment and exploitation hold open to Russian propaganda and promises.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

Paris

A FRENCHMAN will always tell you that he knows more about the Germans than anyone else does. For purposes of argument, counting a few minor incursions that are usually forgotten, the Frenchman figures that the Germans have invaded his country seven times in the last one hundred and fifty years. And this Frenchman is genuinely dismayed by the prospect for a revived Germany, in which he sees clearly shadowed the threat of a third world war and the eighth invasion of France.

The United States and the Soviet Union have finally determined and exposed their own individual plans for Germany. Despite great differences in detail, they both provide fundamentally for a unified German state containing the Ruhr and the Rhineland within its borders. Since that is the way the dominant powers want it, that is probably the future shape of Germany. And that is where the Frenchman sees danger.

A single sure fact in the muddle of making world peace, as of November, 1946, was that Germany had again become a major and immediate factor. The Council of Foreign Ministers approached the problem at the close of the July session in a cautious manner befitting its importance.

The four-power deliberations left two results: —

1. Clear acknowledgment that the Potsdam accord on political and economic policies during the period of Allied control of Germany was bankrupt. Unable to prevail upon the Soviet Union and France to carry out the provision for treating Germany as a single economic unit, the United States and Britain proceeded to an economic merger of their zones.

2. Full realization that further accord establishing policies for a permanent post-war Germany would involve long, difficult, and dangerous negotiations. With this in mind, the Russians would go no further than agreement for a special session of the Council of Foreign Ministers on Germany in November, which the United States interpreted as a firm and solemn promise to get going on the problem at last.

Some diplomatic observers doubted that much could be accomplished even in November. The United Nations Assembly had been postponed twice. The Paris Peace Conference had been protracted far beyond the original estimates of the time it would take. The plague of delay, they felt, would certainly spread to the Council session on Germany.

Moreover, even if the Council for Germany convened, speedy progress could hardly be expected. The United States desire to bring our army of occupation home as soon as possible was plain. But the Soviet Union was in no such hurry. Many diplomats felt that until the problem of the atom bomb was settled, Germany could not be settled; that until the United States yielded its atomic monopoly, the Soviet Union could not yield its position in Germany. And as long as there were any armies of occupation in Germany the Americans had to be among them.

The Soviet challenges the West

The most important contribution left by the Council of Foreign Ministers discussion was the clear pronouncement of Soviet policy toward Germany given in Molotov's July 10 address. This long-pondered and carefully prepared statement ended any doubts about the Soviet attitude.

Molotov began with the familiar Soviet oratorical trick of quoting Stalin's prophetical words uttered November 6, 1942, when the Germans were attacking Stalingrad: "It is impossible to destroy Germany, just as it is impossible to destroy Russia." From

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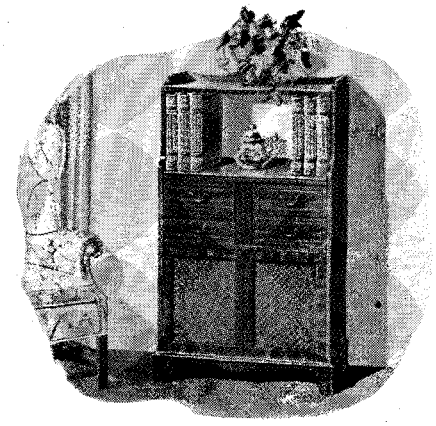

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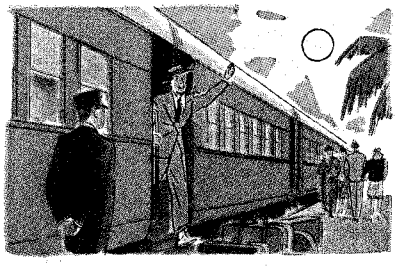

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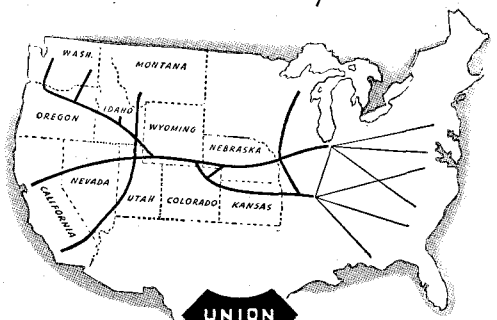

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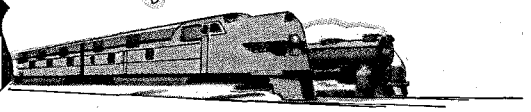

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ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*

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there Molotov developed the theme that the peace should be neither hard nor soft, but medium.

Germany should be industrially strong, politically united and not federated, and partitioned no further. A central German administration should be established as a step toward a government which ultimately could be recognized after it showed, over a period of several years, that it could wipe out Nazism and fulfill its obligations to the Allies.

The Molotov speech, apart from its importance as an exposition of the Soviet point of view on Germany, contained a significant political maneuver. Russia, having satisfied its territorial demands on eastern Germany at Potsdam, was represented as the defender of the Germans against the Morgenthau plan to reduce the Reich to an agricultural state, the British proposal for a federated Germany, and the French claims on the Saar, Ruhr, and Rhineland. The Bolshevik regime, archenemy of the Nazis, had become the best friend of the Germans. The challenge to the West was clear.

The United States of Germany

This was an impelling motive for the Stuttgart speech of September 6. Lieutenant General Lucius Clay had invited Byrnes to come to Germany several times since the Secretary of State started working in Paris last April. Clay wanted the morale in his own military government personnel boosted. Byrnes finally accepted for diplomatic reasons the invitation to talk to the German people. His offer was better than Molotov's — at least in his prepared text. It was the United States of Germany.

The text was handed out to correspondents who flew from Paris to Stuttgart the day before the speech was delivered. A blonde young woman reporter, more perceptive than any of Byrnes's aides, Vivianne Lovell, State Department correspondent for the Agence Française de Presse, detected danger in the phrase "United States of Germany," which implies for Europeans all the power of the United States of America. She conveyed her remonstrances to "Chip" Bohlen, Byrnes's aide, and Byrnes struck the obnoxious phrase from the text, but the damage was already done. That was the phrase headlined by the European press, working not from what Byrnes said, but from what he wrote.

Even without that phrase, Byrnes offered to return the government of Germany promptly to the German people under a federal constitution; he opposed any territorial cession in the West except the Saar to France; and he challenged the permanence of cession of Silesia in the East to Poland.

The Stuttgart speech contained much solace for the Germans, with its apologetic report on the failure of the Potsdam Agreement for a centralized Germany, its polite promise to unify Germany economically as much as possible, and its encouraging prospects for a political future. The speech also held much bitterness for the Russians and the Poles, with its reopening of the question of Germany's eastern border and its refusal to support the transfer to Poland of the Silesian territory placed under Polish administration at Potsdam.

This part of the speech drew the inevitable reply from Molotov, in a statement to a correspondent of the Polish Press Agency in Paris. Molotov maintained that although the transfer required ratification by the German peace treaty, the eastern border change was in fact final and confirmation would be a mere formality, if only because the Germans had already been moved out and the Poles had moved into the territory in question.

In a sense, both Byrnes and Molotov were correct — Byrnes *de jure* because he followed the strict wording of the Potsdam accord, and Molotov *de facto* because he referred to the actual situation. Certainly, short of another war, Poland could not be ejected from the Silesian territory which she was in the process of consolidating. The raising of the question must have made pleasant music for German ears, but it sounded like an unnecessarily strident chord to many Allied listeners.

This episode brought Soviet-American rivalry at and around the Peace Conference to its peak. There were numerous other examples, particularly in the manipulation of reparations and in the consideration of the territorial claims made by some former enemies against the Allies. All were judged, not by their performance in the last war, but by their potential use in another war. Rarely in history had the vanquished received such kind attentions from the victors.

L'affaire Wallace

The Paris evening newspapers are among the world's worst — the least informative and the most irresponsible. Their front pages are usually divided between local scandals and romantic reportages. On the other three pages there is little more. But the Paris evening press of Friday, September 13, broke the Byrnes-Wallace controversy to delegates of the Peace Conference.

The morning papers had carried a brief routine abstract of Wallace's Madison Square Garden speech on United States foreign policy, which was scarcely noticed. The evening papers belatedly brought Truman's approval of the speech and the news that here was a showdown fight on the fundamental problem of the day — the Soviet-American relations — at a time when the Peace Conference was trying to settle minor items and avoid over-all issues.

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PARIS (*continued*)

The delegates looked on in awe and astonishment at the rapid sequence of events — Truman's disavowal of the speech, Wallace's promise to keep still until after the Peace Conference, and finally his dismissal. It was true that the controversy did not interrupt the day-to-day work of the Conference, which went on about its sad, dreary business. But it had the same engrossing effect as the World Series returns on a New York business office.

Two weeks later Byrnes broke his silence and went on the record to say that Truman's final utterance was "reassuring" and his foreign policy, being bipartisan, would continue no matter who was in office. But the assurance seemed weak to Europeans, who gasped at the spectacle of a country powerful enough to allow itself the luxury of such division over foreign policy, and wondered when such a split might develop anew and whether Truman might change his mind again.

The Wallace case increased French concern over the German settlements. Admitting that a firm American stand against further Soviet expansion could be expected as long as Byrnes remained as Secretary of State, the French speculated openly about what would happen when Byrnes was no longer there. And in any case they disagreed strongly with United States policy toward Germany.

The French plan

When General de Gaulle visited Washington in August, 1945, and announced the French veto of the Potsdam Agreement for a centralized Germany, he told Truman that the time would come when the United States would be grateful to the French for this action. Now they felt that the time had arrived. Had a central German administration been established a year ago, the French believed it would have been the beginning of a national German government in Berlin under Soviet domination, much like the Polish regime in Warsaw. Without such an organism, the Allies undertook a settlement for Germany on equal terms.

The French had their own plan for a federated Germany. It was a complicated one, as was to be expected from a people preoccupied by the problem. It provided that the Ruhr be separated from Germany under an international regime; that the Rhineland be inside Germany as an autonomous state but demilitarized under Allied surveillance; that the Saar be politically independent but economically attached to France; and that the rest of Germany be organized in a loose federal system.

Such a plan had the universal support of the French, with even the Communist Party in France backing Paris against Moscow on this question, if for no other reason than political considerations: no one could favor a centralized Germany and win votes in France. As far as the French were concerned, either a Soviet-dominated Berlin government or a nationalist German regime was dangerous for France.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

Berlin

MOST Americans have only a vague idea of what is actually confronting our own people in occupied Germany. We realize that all is not well, that we find ourselves hamstrung in whatever it is we are trying to do. We realize that the Germans are not rushing into the arms of the "democratic way of living" so generously offered them by an army of occupation.

Why not? Are our Army officers incompetent to promote democracy? Or does the cause lie in the Germans' obstinacy and continued, albeit well-disguised, attachment to militarism and conquest? Or are the "Communists" really behind it all, as General McNarney charged when he declared that both the Communists and the Russian-sponsored Socialist Unity party in Germany sought the establishment of a Socialist state with a classless society.

The truth of the matter is hard to get at. The Allied government in Germany is most complicated. At the top an Allied Control Authority, working through a Council and many committees, tries to arrive at unanimous decisions among the occupying powers. These decisions are then enforced by the four powers in their respective zones.

The military authorities in each of the zones are the final arbiters as to when and how the decisions are to be carried out. No inspectorate exists, and entry into each of the zones is hedged about by restrictions.

Markedly divergent patterns of political and social structure are emerging in the four zones, each corresponding to the aims and objectives of the particular occupying power and each bossed by a ruling class of German collaborators compounded of genuine supporters of the particular policy of the occupier, and of opportunists who are making the best of a difficult situation.

Great Britain and the Soviet Union are shaping the economic activities in their respective zones in such a fashion that the zone's economy, and as much of the rest of Germany as possible, will be tied into their respective imperial domains.

The Soviets have allowed the Germans in their zone to score some remarkable industrial revivals — for example, in the coal industry, where production is reported to be 85 per cent of 1938 levels, and in cellulose, where it is 110 per cent of 1938. Much of this production goes to the Soviet Union, causing the British to protest sharply that, according to the provisions of the Potsdam Agreement, current production of German plants was not to be taken unless and until there was a surplus balance in Germany's foreign trade.

The French, on their part, have directed their policy toward retribution, tempered by the desire for annexation. They have also pursued an aggressive cultural policy of assimilation very gratifying to the native population, who cannot help being pleased at being taken as an aspiring partner in the French cultural universalism: *la mission civilisatrice de la France*. The French have founded new universities, given much leeway to the old ones, held exhibits and festivals, put out postage stamps celebrating the German cultural past. The Germans like that.

How we would reform Germany

Conquest by ideological and party control, conquest by economic assimilation, conquest by cultural means — to these three types of conqueror tactics the United States has little to oppose. The plain truth of the matter is that we have no long-time conquest strategy which can compete with our friends' and allies' overt and covert endeavors. Yet in spite of this, we are fully engaged in transforming our role of conqueror into that of reformer.

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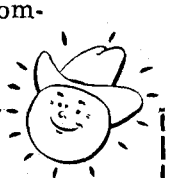

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BERLIN *(continued)*

Demilitarization, denazification, and democratization — the three big D's of our reforming crusade — all carry for our own people a connotation of altruistic effort which our co-conquerors do not necessarily accept. Demilitarization is in a sense complete today. There is no visible German army. There are no arms factories. There are no organizations advocating universal military service or a big navy, or extolling the beauties of life in the barracks. All that has now been driven underground. If it thrives there, however, our whole demilitarization effort is worthless. What we want is to have the Germans love peace.

Two of the draft constitutions — those of Hesse and Württemberg-Baden — contain a provision that "war is no instrument of government policy," and that "history must be taught to show the work of the great benefactors of mankind, and not wars, battles and generals." If these provisions are adopted by the conventions and accepted by the people in these states, a small step forward in the direction of pacification will be achieved.

These provisions were not put in at our request; they were in the drafts when they came to us from the German commissions. The Social Democrats have always been pacifist, and they shaped a good part of the drafts. This small sign is a straw in the wind of reform that is blowing in our zone.

Getting rid of the Nazis

Denazification has been the peculiar American province. Our co-conquerors are inclined to look upon us as "hipped" on the subject. We have pushed the policy through the Allied Control Authority; we have pushed the policy dogmatically in our zone; and we have inveigled the Germans in the three states of our zone into agreeing upon an effort of their own through the "Law for the Liberation of the German People from National Socialism and Militarism," which they adopted jointly in March.

Various provisions of this law have been severely criticized, and some of the severest criticism has come from those Germans who are most desirous of seeing its objective achieved. The biggest questions for the law and its enforcement are, first, Who is a Nazi? and second, What kind of Nazi is he?

The significant point in this issue is that we had to recognize that there is a difference between a Nazi and a German. That was a hard hurdle for us to take, because throughout the war our propaganda machine had assiduously cultivated the opposite view: that all Germans, or nearly all, are Nazis. We took the hurdle, and today only a rather small proportion of Germans, perhaps 15 or 20 per cent, are being adjudged Nazis.

We want to get rid of the Nazis. But in accordance with our central policy we want to see most of them eventually reformed into decent citizens. Being democrats, we insist that this reform must be at-

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tempted regardless of its apparent hopelessness. Even out-and-out Nazis who are virtual criminals must be viewed as capable of reform and reintegration into civilized society. This is the view of many modern criminologists. Hence the elaborate subdivision of Nazis into major offenders, activists, profiteers, militarists, probationers, and followers, all of whom are destined for eventual liberation.

Our program of vigorous denazification had covered a great deal of ground by the end of January, 1946. Including the people in business and the free professions, over a million persons had been investigated in the American zone. At the same time, a scientific poll conducted by the Information Control Division ascertained German attitudes and reactions toward this process. About half of those interviewed thought the denazification program on the whole satisfactory, about 30 per cent criticized it as too harsh and bureaucratic, and about 10 per cent thought it was not thorough and stringent enough.

The report concerning this poll stated that the critics were mostly Germans personally affected themselves or through relatives by the provisions of the law. This rather roseate statement is misleading. The suggested implication that *only* those personally affected were dissatisfied is quite untrue. Among those favorably inclined toward denazification there were also a great many whose relatives and friends were affected by denazification procedures, simply because nearly every German had some Nazi relatives.

What is more important, however, is that leading anti-Nazis in positions of influence under our military government, who were and are strong partisans of denazification, sharply criticize our procedures, because they are both too harsh and too soft. The blanket rule providing for the elimination of all businessmen from managerial posts, if they had been Nazi party members, often had bizarre results. For example, a leading lawyer had committed a number of acts of political blackmail, extortion, and denunciation in order to secure private and personal advantages. But the man was not a party member, and he was free because all efforts to convince American military government authorities of the need of eliminating him had failed.

In another case a local judge, as chairman of a military tribunal, had condemned a man to death because he had committed an act of sabotage in an effort to aid the Allies. Under our denazification laws, the saboteur was removed from his position because he had been a party member, whereas the judge has remained in his post.

The Germans denazify themselves

It was inevitable that a law with results as awkward as these could not command the full support of the Germans. The execution of the new law is clearly and fully placed in their hands. We are watching them, to be sure. We may question their decision in individual instances. But the enforcement of the law for liberating themselves from national socialism and militarism is theirs. Throughout our zone there are sitting today hundreds of trial tribunals.

These tribunals and the appeal boards above them are hearing the thousands upon thousands of persons who possibly fall under the provisions of this law. A responsible official has estimated that there were approximately 75,000 such persons in the city of Stuttgart alone. Considering the million or more people our own denazification procedure covered, it is clearly a gigantic task.

The idea that such local bodies would know the personal background of the suspected Nazi, and would know how to evaluate his defense, received a severe setback when the hundreds of thousands of evacuees, Germans from Silesia, the Sudeten, and Austria, began to pour in. They have admittedly caused one of the worst problems.

The biggest job under this law is, of course, the cleaning up of the vast mass of small fry, followers and probationers (also called lesser offenders), who will pay their reparations and then be absolved. This job the officials in Bavaria expect to finish by the end of the year. One can only hope that they are right. For beyond that date looms the operation of constitutional government.

Democracy for Germany

Democratization follows denazification quite naturally and logically as our third major objective. We are making a great effort to bring to our conquered enemy the benefits of a sounder society. But our allies do not agree with us as to what is sound. We find the American authorities stressing the basic rights of the individual — free speech, freedom of religion, freedom of association, and the right of assembly — at the very time that the Soviet authorities refused to permit those Social Democrats who were opposed to the merger of their party with the Communist Party to organize and compete in the elections.

The complete destruction of Germany's old order by the Nazis, who substituted their ruthless totalitarian controls, was followed by our complete destruction of the new order they had set up. Unless we want to leave a chaos to any comer from within or without, we must now stay to evolve a government that is of the people. But before that sort of government can function effectively, before we can say that the job is done, the German people themselves must be reconstituted. Upon the success of the denazification program depends a good part of our peace program.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

Latin America

THROUGHOUT Latin America today, Communist leadership is laboring as hard and as skillfully to destroy the influence and prestige of the United States in the Western Hemisphere as the Fascist Axis ever worked in the 1930's. The Axis operated through the industrialists and the ruling class. The Communists are working in a field where it will be more difficult for us to recover any ground we may lose — namely, with the masses. Most Latin American countries are desperately impoverished and their agrarian economies are still on the border line of serfdom.

It would be to Russia's advantage if the Western Hemisphere states were made unwilling partners in the encirclement by the "capitalist democracies," or were sufficiently alienated from the United States so that in the event of a World War III their services as allies would have to be expensively coerced.

Besides destroying United States leadership, the Communists have two other Latin American objectives: control of the labor unions and all related social and economic movements; and elimination of United States economic holdings through expropriation and nationalization.

Efforts to establish control on the labor fronts are carried on largely through "boring from within" tactics in the activities and practical politics of the Latin American unions. Since the spring of 1945 the Communists have been operating in the labor unions with several distinct advantages. Labor discontent has been greater than usual in most of the republics because of the increased cost of living. The Communists have been shrewd and energetic in capitalizing on this factor.

To weather their post-war economic difficulties, the unions have required strong discipline, and the Communists have gone a considerable way toward providing it. Their leadership has inspired a confidence previously abused by many of the old-time Latin American leaders, who employed the unions as steppingstones to political success, or as bases for racketeering operations against employers.

Owing to these circumstances, Communist control over labor union organization has been strikingly extended — especially in Cuba and Costa Rica. In Brazil, in spite of tight government control over union elections and activities, the Communists strengthened their influence in labor policies through a sharp increase in the number of "fellow traveler" officers in numerous locals.

Chile: Communist proving ground

Politically the Chilean Communist Party is the strongest in Latin America. The party is numerically stronger in Brazil and has had both political and economic influence in Mexico for a full generation. But in Chile its outstanding asset is the party's strategic position in national politics.

President Juan Antonio Ríos of Chile died in early July. Under the Chilean constitution, an election to choose his successor had to be held within two months. On September 4, the ballots for four candidates were counted. Of the total vote, 11,999 went to Bernardo Ibáñez, the Socialist; 129,092 to the Liberal, Fernando Alessandri; 141,134 to Eduardo Cruz Coke, Conservative; and 191,351 to Gabriel González Videla, candidate of a coalition of the Radical and Communist parties.

Officially it was not the final election. Under Chile's cumbersome constitution, since no candidate had a clear majority, Congress had still to choose, by October 24, between the two men with the highest votes — Cruz Coke and González Videla. Forty

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thousand of González's 191,000 votes were contributed directly by Communists, and tens of thousands more by labor union members whose votes were secured by Communist leaders. González has made his career as a fairly consistent left-wing leader of the Radical Party, roughly equivalent to an orthodox New Dealer in the United States.

Chile is bound to be a good place to watch for signs of what the Communists are up to in the Western Hemisphere. If the Communists show their hand in Santiago, we shall have a more realistic idea of the forces and motives involved in the struggle between Communism and the United States in the Americas, and of the way in which the United States can use its undoubtedly superior advantages to win.

Temporary setbacks

The Communists have lost face in Venezuela by fighting on the wrong side of the October, 1945, revolution, and in Colombia by forcing the government's hand in a crucial strike of the Magdalena River transport workers in December, 1945.

They have made little headway in Mexico against the entrenched politicos in charge of the labor movement. Their influence in Argentina has been obliterated for the time being in President Juan D. Perón's fascist-patterned government unions.

But there is a temporary quality about most of these setbacks. The Communists will be sitting in a handsome "we told you so" position in Argentina and Venezuela if the Perón and Betancourt governments do not redeem their promises of improved economic conditions for labor. In Mexico, the Communists are preparing to answer a call for strong-arm labor leadership if the incoming Alemán administration fails to relieve the still rising cost of living.

The Communists not only have used their post-war openings to strengthen themselves in Latin America but have put themselves in a strategic position to make further gains. Already they have made it far more difficult than it was in 1941 to swing the labor elements of a number of the stronger republics to the side of the United States in any common cause involving Hemisphere interests.

So far, neither the United States government nor the American labor movement has taken any serious steps to counteract a patient, shrewd, and infinitely painstaking effort to alienate the Latin American masses from us.

The propagandists beat their drums

The other objectives of Communist activity — lessening of foreign economic control and destruction of United States leadership in the Hemisphere — are mainly problems for the propagandists. And the propagandists have distinguished themselves. They have not merely succeeded the Fascist Axis and the shouters for religious and cultural union with Franco Spain — the Hispanidad enthusiasts — as the main source of poison-pen attacks against the United States, but in many respects they are outdoing the Axis.

Extensions of United States "reactionary capitalist" property holdings in Latin America, the Communists claim, are designed to furnish the pretext for future military interventions. They should therefore be discouraged, and whenever practicable, *Yanqui* holdings should be expropriated. Marine occupations, the Communists assert, and the "dollar diplomacy" in the first two decades of the century, give the key to power politics in the Hemisphere. The United States is acting now, as it did then, from strictly "imperialist" motives.

With these strings to their bows, the Communist propagandists can fit to each day's convenience the arrows used in any immediate attack. If the United States, for instance, supports Great Britain against Russia on some Mediterranean or Near Eastern issue, the Communists regard it as a sign that Washington is paying off in advance for the support of British "imperialism" in her own "imperialistic" objectives in the Western Hemisphere. Strike trouble on the American labor front is twisted to mean that *Yanqui* "reactionary capitalism" will move into Latin America, when the time comes, equipped to exterminate organized labor.

In general, these are the points most labored by the Communist press of Latin America: —

1. The Good Neighbor policy was a hypocritical ruse designed to lure the Latin American states into a *Yanqui* capitalist empire without the cost and the risks of military conquest.
2. The post-war abandonment of Good Neighbor generosities to the republics merely proves that the ruse did not work and that the United States has reverted to the idea of military conquest as the necessary eventuality.
3. The use of Latin American military bases during World War II — however much they may have profited the Russian war effort — and all current programs for joint defense of the Hemisphere are preparations for military conquest.
4. The settled purpose of the "colossus" is to export race discrimination and persecution to Latin America.

For scores of Latin American workers the propaganda just described is almost their only source of news. Chilean miners, for example, in their remote mountain camps and thousands of organized

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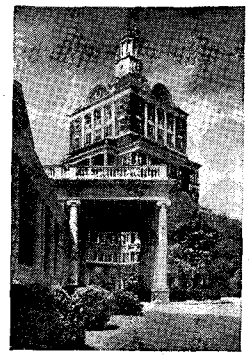

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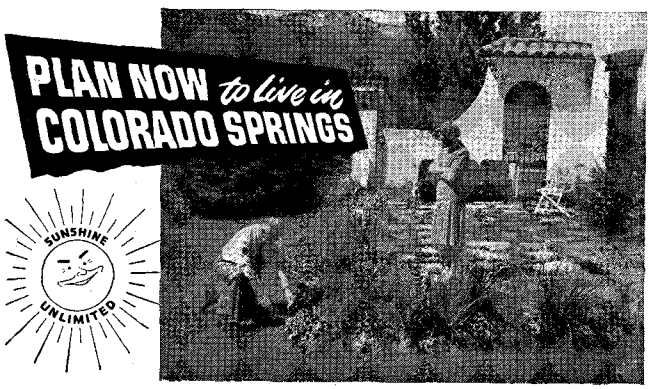

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AMERICA'S FINEST YEAR 'ROUND CLIMATE

LATIN AMERICA *(continued)*

Cuban workers in small communities see little interpretation of the United States post-war program for Latin America except the Communist one. Even for thousands of city workers the Communist "line" comes with the peculiar authority of their union press.

Thousands of Latin Americans of all classes, whose opinions of United States intentions toward the rest of the Hemisphere were formed in the years of "dollar diplomacy" and the Marine occupations, welcome the more ferocious jibes — even though, in a strictly domestic struggle, they would cheerfully string up the local Communists to the nearest lamppost. And native fascists and residual Axis agents are happy to see Communist propaganda critical of the United States.

What can we do?

None of this means that Latin America, or any one of its individual republics, is in immediate danger of "going Communist." The Communist anti-*Yanqui* campaign, nevertheless, is establishing itself as a barrier to understanding between the United States and the other American countries.

The only thoroughgoing cure for the situation lies in a difficult assignment for our top-level policy-makers — the reaching of an accord with Soviet Russia. As long as Washington and Moscow are determined to be "tough" with each other in Europe and Asia, the Communists can be depended upon to be "tough" with the United States in Latin America.

We have preached that orthodox American democracy has enormous benefits to confer on Latin America. But in practice Washington's policy has insisted that the benefits can come about only through the restoration of a free field for American "free enterprise" in the republics. In Latin America's present chaos of shortages and inflation the opportunities for "free enterprise," as the Communists well know, have even less meaning for the Latin American masses than in the pre-war years.

The fact is that, by failing to get together with our Hemisphere neighbors on a post-war program for economic adjustment in the same way in which, between 1939 and 1942, we got together with them on a defense policy against the Axis, we have exposed ourselves to an unscrupulous, damaging Communist propaganda, and are now suffering the consequences.

Meanwhile, Washington seems inclined to try another solution — a military alliance of the American states for the defense of the Hemisphere, presumably against Soviet Russia. In a number of cases such an alliance would definitely require us to choose one form of totalitarianism or dictatorship as our ally against another. The *Yanqui*-baiting campaign of the Communists in Latin America might then be suppressed. But, unlike the Good Neighbor policy, a military alliance would not win for us the friendship of the Latin American peoples.

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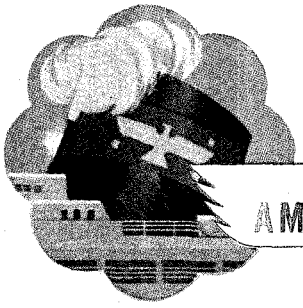

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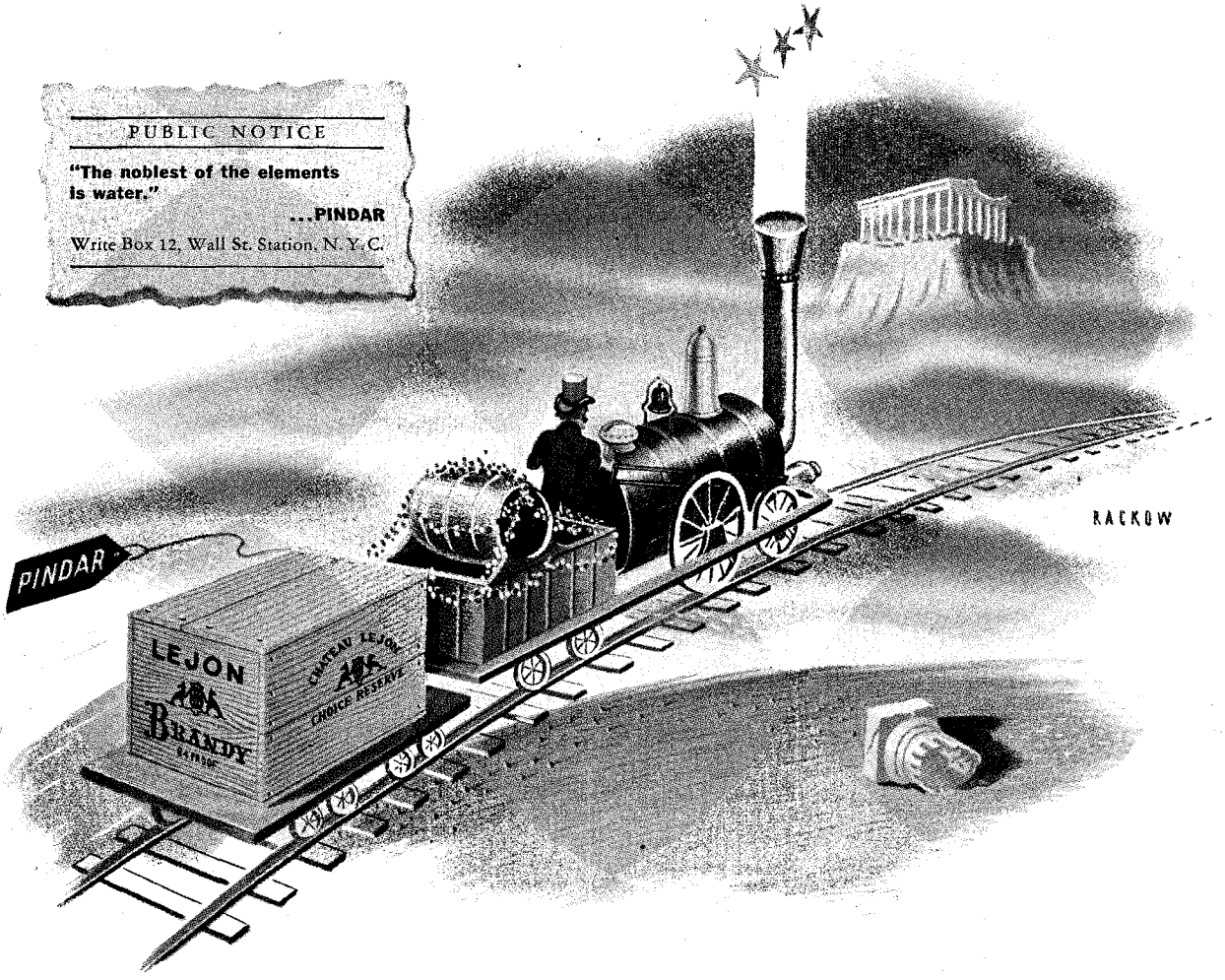

Oh come now, Lyricist Pindar—not the noblest. Would you compare the plainness of an unimaginative raindrop with the noble beauty of a snowflake? Are common stones nobler than diamonds and rubies? In all frankness, how can anything that's run-of-the-mill be nobler than that which is choice? Not that we at Chateau Lejon don't have a measure of respect for the useful liquid of which you speak, but if you will only taste the sampling of LEJON Brandy now on its way, you will surely discover what is truly the nobility of nectars.

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ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Errors of Ralph Ingersoll"

● In the October *Atlantic* Charles H. Taylor, formerly a Colonel attached to First Army Headquarters, questioned the accuracy of that widely read book, *Top Secret*, by Ralph Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll has defended his case elsewhere in this issue (p. 61), and the controversy comes full circle with this rebuttal from his critic.

Only two points need to be made concerning Mr. Ingersoll's rejoinder to my article. (1) He does not refute the errors charged to his book; (2) he does not show that these errors are matters of small consequence.

It is interesting that Mr. Ingersoll devotes the smallest part of his article to the issues of fact that I raised, that he alludes to fewer than half of these issues, and that he disposes of none of them. To take the few where he offers any defense: —

Regarding Omaha Beach, Mr. Ingersoll grants that he depended on a single (wounded) informant. He is correct in his admission that my account was possibly more authentic; it was based not only on records but mainly on group interviews collected by field historians from the survivors of some 24 assault companies. (Many were wounded, if that makes their testimony more authentic.)

On the "break-through from the Omaha sector," I refuse to be involved in controversy with anything but *Top Secret*, which states that such a break-through was made on D plus 1. Mr. Ingersoll now shifts the event to Caumont, which was reached a week later. If any break-through was halted there, the only order on record halting it came from General Bradley.

Mr. Ingersoll waives the question of his fanciful descriptions of terrain, and sidesteps nimbly on the issue of the map (has he looked at it?).

On the state of affairs at German headquarters on D Day, the author offers a conversation with one German noncom — as against the full transcript of telephone conversations between German commanders and staff, which was my source.

Presented with the alternatives of admitting that he put 2½ weeks of battle, costing 40,000 men, a month earlier than it occurred, or admitting that he knew nothing about this battle, Mr. Ingersoll chooses the former. He can hardly gloss over a mistake of this size by comparing it with quibbles over whether an event took place Friday the 13th or Saturday the 14th.

This is the extent of the author's attention to the charges of error, and the results add up to exactly zero. And since he left all the other charges unchallenged, we may assume that he grants them.

There is much complaint, in his article, of being attacked on questions that have no more importance than "commas." Since he did not mention most of the larger issues that I had raised, may I remind the reader of what some of his major errors were and what they involved? (1) Placing the First Army's July battle for la Haye-du-Puits and St-Lô before June 26 reduces to nonsense several pages of the author's criticism of the command decisions in July. (2) His mistaken assumption that Montgomery decided "on his own" to go on the offensive at Caen ignores the Neptune plan which governed Montgomery. (3) His wholly erroneous statement that the Germans went on the defensive at once, after the landing, inevitably affects all of Mr. Ingersoll's interpretation of Allied decisions in June. (4) His avoidance of the facts about Patton's army from August 1 to 12 permits him to indulge in various strictures on Patton and Eisenhower.

In other words, errors like these are vital elements in Mr. Ingersoll's high-level judgments. Water cannot rise above its sources, and his judgments cannot be better than the facts on which they are based.

As for the smaller mistakes, taken singly none of them seems relatively important; taken in mass, they add up to an impression of gross carelessness (at the least) on the author's part.

According to Mr. Ingersoll "the important thing

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about the truth is its telling." Historians will probably continue to believe that the most important thing about truth is that it be true.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR
Cambridge, Mass.

"Our Chances in China"

Sir:

As a subscriber to the *Atlantic*, I wish to express my appreciation for the article "Our Chances in China" by John Fairbank, in the September *Atlantic*. Also for the regular Far Eastern surveys.

On the point of American surplus arms in the post-war world, it seems to me that regardless of geographical issues, the fact that the American government has chosen to leave weapons and munitions and secondary supplies in the hands of foreign governments has made civil conflict easier and the number of deaths larger.

JAMES L. STEWART
Rosemead, Cal.

Sir:

As a young man about to spend two or three years teaching in Central and/or Northern China, I am particularly aware of the political confusion existing there today. And I've been hoping against hope that one or more of America's major periodicals might present unemotionally and critically an analysis of that confusion in relation to our government's policy. Thanks for doing just that when you published "Our Chances in China."

ROBERT FRIEDRICHS
Oberlin, Ohio

Sir:

In his article "Our Chances in China," John K. Fairbank refers more than once to the assassination of Professor Wen I-to. I trust he has since seen the news report from Nanking that two Chinese officers were convicted for the crime by government court-martial and were sentenced to death, and that the commanding general of Kunming garrison was arrested for failing to maintain order. This certainly refutes Mr. Fairbank's assertion that the government leaders were "passive" to the shooting.

Mr. Fairbank says of the right wing of the Kuomintang: "These die-hard anti-Communists used the Russian despoiling of Manchuria as a means of whipping up Russophobe passions. . . ." If the anti-Communists would not protest, who would? Certainly not the Communists. According to Reparations Commissioner Edwin Pauley, the Russians took an amount of machinery out of Manchuria equivalent to our total exports of industrial machinery in the two years before the war (*World Report*, August 8, 1946). It would be a wonder if anti-Russian passions were not aroused.

Mr. Fairbank states (as if it were a recognized fact) that the Chinese government "opposed a literacy movement of mass proportions because that would create mass organization not easy to control." Has Mr. Fairbank never heard of Jimmy Yen? His Mass Education Movement is well known, and has received active government backing.

". . . the Chinese Communist movement in its ideals has a spiritual vigor, a moral claim to leadership, which cannot easily be extinguished." In this statement, Mr. Fairbank is not very convincing. We have seen how the cutting of the government railroads by the Communists has caused millions of Chinese to go without desperately needed food. We see their use of terror methods and Japanese puppet troops to gain their ends. Does this constitute a "moral claim to leadership"? Just when will the "spiritual vigor" show itself as action, instead of merely as propaganda over the Yenan radio?

I do not have the facts to disprove much of what Mr. Fairbank says. But does he have the facts to prove his statements? For example, he claims that there are concentration camps in Nationalist China. Has he ever seen one? Or could he say exactly where one is located, and on whose authority? Such testimony would greatly strengthen his arguments.

As a Corporal in the United States Army, I was stationed in Chungking for slightly over a year. I am aware that many of the American soldiers in China were as anti-National Government as is Mr. Fairbank. Too many, however, blamed the poverty, ignorance, inflation, and war defeats on the Chinese government; actually the government deserves great credit for keeping these things under control and coming through eight years of war to final victory in spite of them.

JACK MIDDLEKAUFF
San Mateo, Cal.

• Mr. Middlekauff's objections illustrate our American tendency to take things Chinese at face value. Professor Wen's assassination on July 15 climaxed a long series of right-Kuomintang attacks on Kunming liberals. Under the Yunnan governor, Lung Yun, the American-trained professors in Kunming had had some freedom of speech; they criticized the Kuomintang's monopolist and reactionary tendencies and helped found the Democratic League. When Lung was forced out a year ago, the Kuomintang gestapo moved into Kunming in force. The first result was their use of hand grenades against a student anti-civil-war demonstration last December, killing three students and a teacher.

Other acts to intimidate the Chinese liberal movement, which is "pro-Communist" only in wanting peaceful coalition government, have included well-organized beatings of Democratic League members in Chungking last winter, strong-arm suppression of independent newspapers in Sian, Canton, and elsewhere, carefully organized beating up of a genuinely liberal peace delegation in Nanking last June,

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murder of Professor Li Kung-po in Kunming on July 11, Wen's assassination, and other terrorism since. This has all been part of a consistent program of gestapo terror. The Kuomintang-controlled press has played up various official explanations, putting the blame for acts of terrorism at various times on Communists, disgruntled refugees, misguided army officers, or others. The long-term pattern of these attacks on liberals is too plain, however, to fool any close observer. (I might explain that I once taught in Tsing Hua University and have visited Kunming six times in the last four years.)

When Wen was killed, the American Consulate officers in Kunming fortunately had the courage to give immediate shelter to nine Chinese professors, which may have forestalled more killing. The struggle of the American-trained professors in China against evil politicians has been a long and bitter one and is not yet finished.

Russia's rape of Manchurian industry cannot be justified on any grounds. It brought Russia further into the Chinese scene, as a foreign menace close at hand. This further frustrated the original Marshall policy of trying to get the Chinese Communists integrated into the Chinese government as a minority party before the Russian-American antagonism could grow to proportions which might split China in two. We were in a race against time — to get unity and stability in China's domestic politics before international Soviet-American friction could make China a battleground. Our heavy backing of the Kuomintang with material supplies implies that we decided some time ago that we had lost the race. At any rate, the right-Kuomintang game throughout has been to delay any domestic settlement until the Americans would come around to fighting Communism for them. They therefore were very quick last March to play up the Russian rape of Manchuria, by a synthetic and paid-for "student movement" which had the effect of demoralizing domestic peace negotiations.

Jimmy Yen is a very fine person. The Kuomintang killed his movement during the war with its own particular brand of kindness — official support for subsistence but not for expansion. Other mass education leaders less well known in the United States, like Liang Shu-min and the late Dr. Tao Hsing-chih (who suffered apoplexy in August while under threat of assassination), were similarly frustrated and joined the Democratic League. The latter, by the way, has now been virtually suppressed by the recent Kuomintang terror which we aid materially and therefore morally.

The "spiritual vigor" of the Chinese Communist movement lies, as I said, "in its ideals" and not in its economic sabotage during the present war, nor in other excesses.

If by "Japanese puppet troops" is meant Chinese who served Japan, the great part of

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them originally were Kuomintang troops who deserted and then were widely reinstated last year after V-J Day, in order to hold the Communists in check. Japanese troops were similarly used at that time.

I have talked to Chinese who had been in concentration camps and know several reliable Americans who have picked up first-person testimony. Persuasion in these camps is of the usual kinds, mental and physical. Correspondents have described the camp at Sian. A more vicious one was built up by the Third War Zone in Southeast China.

I am not "anti-National Government." I am against the reactionary clique which now controls it. In helping them, we help neither China nor, in the long run, ourselves.

— John K. Fairbank

Anti-submarine Warfare

Sir:

Without wishing to dispute the competence of Dr. James Phinney Baxter as an authority on the subject of anti-submarine warfare during this last war, I wish to draw attention to a seeming error in his article, "The Seesaw of Submarine Warfare," in the August *Atlantic*, on the Pacific phase of that struggle. He states: "Practically all of our shipping in the Pacific was able to operate independently."

This may have been true, for long periods, of shipping between West Coast ports and Pearl Harbor, and West Coast ports and the South Pacific sometime after the invasion of Guadalcanal; but it is certainly not a representative picture of the situation from Pearl Harbor west. Vessels were being convoyed to Majuro, Kwajalein, and Eniwetok as late as the fall of 1944. This was the rule rather than the exception. From Eniwetok to the main staging areas of the Western Pacific such as Ulithi, Kossol Passage, Guam, Saipan, and on to the Philippines, all vessels, whether fast or slow, naval or merchant, were escorted — principally by Destroyer Escort types and the older destroyers. I served aboard a DE which operated from Eniwetok to these areas from the time of the Leyte invasion until the end of February, 1945.

In the South Pacific all merchantmen were convoyed through the Solomons as late as April, 1944, and even longer, for it was at that time that the U.S.S. *England* made her record kill in the Northern Solomons. The *England*, incidentally, operated in our company off Okinawa and was severely damaged by a kamikaze the night of May 9, 1945.

It was probably a lack of available escort, rather than any feeling of safety from attack, which brought about the independent operation of those vessels mentioned by Mr. Baxter.

Lt. R. D. Jones, Jr., USNR
Mare Island, Cal.

Sir:

I send the appreciation of the Navy for the article by Dr. James Phinney Baxter on submarine warfare. It will do something to fill the vacuum of public information about the tremendous accomplishments of this Service during the war.

That is a vacuum which had to be to some extent, and I am afraid we in the Navy were not able to do as much to fill it as we wished.

The article helps a great deal.

James Forrestal
Secretary of the Navy
Washington, D.C.

Atlantic Stories

Sir:

What has happened to the *Atlantic?* The May number was delightful, filled with stimulating and entertaining reading, but the three subsequent numbers have been dull, prosy, and uninteresting with the exception of an occasional article.

Why publish so many pointless stories? There is an abundance of fiction magazines. Why clutter up the *Atlantic?* While I am grouching I might as well add that I cannot imagine anyone interested in Tolstoy's later years and his fusses with Sonya. Why publish material that is old and stupid at best?

Mrs. Milbank Johnson
Pasadena, Cal.

Sir:

Congratulations on your August number of the *Atlantic*, which has just reached me. I think it is just about the best number you have ever put out in my time. It really makes one proud of American journalism — a feeling one does not often have in these days. You and those who help get out the magazine are certainly full of beans (Boston) of late.

The Tolstoy stuff has been wonderful.

William Shirer
Lake Placid, N.Y.

Sir:

After having read all the screams and shouts in recent letters to the Editor concerning Thomas Heggen's "Night Watch," I went back and read the story in the April issue, which I had somehow missed.

It distresses me to think that some of your readers are so soft, or have become so intellectually rarefied, that they are unable to accept without wincing the facts of life. Naturally, as you very well know, the language used in the story, and so deplored by some of your readers, is not one-eighth as robust as the actuality. Furthermore, the thoughts about women and what to do with them occupied not part, but practically all, of most of the men's time during the war.

I wonder if it would interest Mr. Heggen's more voluble critics to know that both Lieutenant Roberts's associations and his reactions to them were

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considerably "cleaner," in the sense that they would use the word, than those of most of us in like circumstance?

C. STANLEY OGILVY
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir:

Miss Stone's and Mr. McLaughlin's letters to the Editor printed in the August *Atlantic* Repartee both amaze and annoy me. Is it possible that there are people of intelligence who do not consider your stories, admittedly unusual, the very best of today's writings? Is it possible that they are thought of as "ridiculous attempts to be high-brow," instead of fiction of a quality that is rare these days?

I am a graduate of a small Midwestern junior college for girls, majoring in English and planning to continue my education for at least two more years, with the accent on writing. It was the *Atlantic* that served as the textbook in my Creative Writing class; the *Atlantic* that has been the recipient of countless manuscripts submitted by, and returned to, my aspiring classmates; the *Atlantic* that has changed completely my taste in fiction and my outlook on the field of short-story writing.

Your stories, in my would-be writer's mind, represent all that I should like to achieve. Perhaps it is the unfortunate lack of understanding of too many readers that is responsible for the increasingly small number of stories worth their reading time.

MISS BEVERLY HERRING
Brownsville, Tenn.

Sir:

This is a short note to tell you how enjoyable I found the beautiful piece of fantasy, "The Radiant Wood," by Esther Carlson, published in your September issue.

The whole piece seems to come to life in the most glowing way. The apparent simplicity of the story seems very deceptive, however, for actually there is much real craftsmanship and an almost magic imagination behind it.

CAROL W. BURDICK
Palo Alto, Cal.

Do Wolves Travel in Packs?

Sir:

I have just read the article by Theodora C. Stanwell-Fletcher ("The Wolves at Tetana," August *Atlantic*), and I'm puzzled by her speaking of wolf packs, or groups, since Mr. Stefansson has been telling us for years that they *do not* travel in packs. My, my, have I been believing him all this time only to find that he is mistaken?

MRS. SMITH ELY JELLIFFE
Washington County, N.Y.

• With regard to Mrs. Jelliffe's letter about wolf packs, we would suggest that she read some authorities on wolves such as Ernest Thompson Seton in his *Lives of Game Animals*, and Dr. J. Goldman and Mr. Stanley P. Young of the National Museum in Washington, D.C., who have large funds of information on wolves and numbers of wolves, and so forth.

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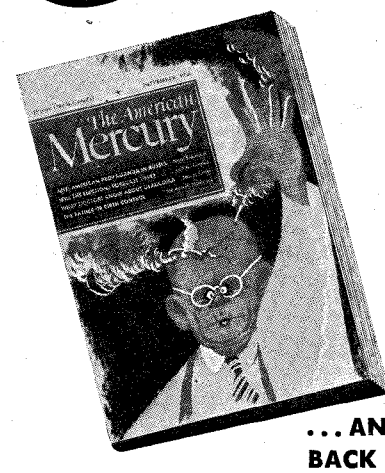

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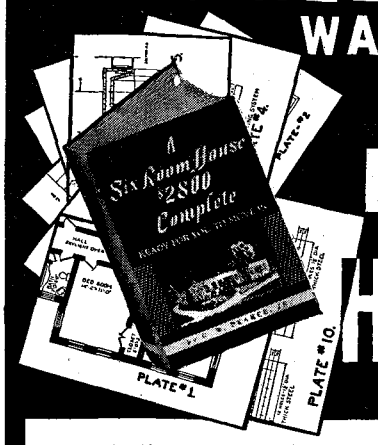

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With all due respect to Mr. Stefansson, whose firsthand knowledge of wolves and their habits was gained many years ago in Eastern Canadian Arctic regions, it is suggested that his statement to the effect that wolves do not travel in packs should be taken as a generalization and weighed against more recent authentic observations.

My husband and I have acquired considerable firsthand information from reliable Indians of British Columbia and Eskimos and trappers of the Arctic Barrens who have observed wolves on and off for many years. All of them have seen wolves together in packs or companies of varying numbers at certain seasons. As did my husband himself during his years in the Far North. It should be remembered that the wolf is a particularly sociable animal and that the concentration of a large number may be the result of a sociable get-together of two or more families. Smaller groups of twelve to fourteen are probably made up of one family. The really large, occasional groups of a hundred or more are those which annually follow the great caribou migrations across the Arctic Barren Lands. My statements in my *Atlantic* articles and my book are based on this information.

— THEODORA C. STANWELL-FLETCHER

I Personally —

Sir:

In "Shaw at Ninety," in the July *Atlantic*, a brilliant young scholar, Eric Bentley, portrays the many facets and unpredictable nature of George Bernard Shaw. Shaw, it seems to me, is unpredictable because he is a Protagorean relativist who reports his impressions at the time of their reception with small regard for what he has observed and reported before. He never permits consistency to vary expression of truth as he sees it and he brings to each situation an unconditioned mind, for he knows that events seldom conform to categories. His thought follows no pattern, Victorian or otherwise, but he consistently castigates plain hypocrisy and evil.

Mr. Bentley mentions the fact that Shaw has not ushered in the Kingdom. Of course not. Rare and great souls like Socrates who gouge, expose, and ridicule the stupidity of human beings are never enthroned by the people they gouge. Keen intelligence is offensive to the smug of any and all generations. Indeed, if Shaw had not assumed the antics of a king's jester he could not have lived in the presence of hemlock and crosses to the age of ninety years. To men like Shaw their kudos is the assurance that the barbs they implant will slowly but surely blossom in flowers. After all, the great Despisers are in long range the lovers and benefactors of mankind.

EDWIN EDWARDS
Fort Worth, Tex.

Sir:

My congratulations to Edward M. Brecher for his stating the case of the FCC Blue Book in his article "Whose Radio?" in the August *Atlantic*. It seems

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that enforcement of the regulations and suggestions included in the book would clear the air of much of the trash to which we are forced to listen.

A control which will assure the listener of being able to find somewhere on the 100-kilocycle span of the dial a program that features no soap-opera suds, no two-minute singing commercials on "lower plate wobble," and no poorly written, poorly acted hour of "thrilling" mystery would be one of the greatest boons the Commission could grant.

Returning from service, I found that I was unable to endure the radio of today, and so I have supplanted the two machines in my house with record players. Admittedly I miss a few truly good shows, but the peace I gain is worth the loss.

I feel certain that many of the *Atlantic* readers would appreciate further information on the activities of the Metropolitan Broadcasting Corporation.

W. L. C. Sulzner
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sir:

I was greatly pleased to read of the steps taken (or should I say renewed?) by the FCC against the poor-caliber product which comes over the American radio. Those who protest on the grounds that this type of control is an infringement of liberty might also consider that the law which prohibits crossing the street when faced by the red stop light is also a curbing of personal freedom — for the common good!

Astrid Anderson
Minneapolis, Minn.

• We regret that the beauty of D. S. MacColl's "Dirge," which we printed in the *Atlantic* for August, is marred by a misprint in the tenth line, where *we're* should have read *were*. In its corrected form, the poem stands as follows: —

DIRGE

by D. S. MacCOLL

When, at dawning,
I fail to answer;
My brain to reason,
My heart to beat;
No more a torment
Of labored breathing,
Of limbs rebellious,
Of aching feet;
Say, "Companions
Were fine and trusty;
Kin united
In Time's defeat;
Fond and faithful,
Women shrived him,
For eager loving,
If incomplete";
But O, the Radiant,
Proud and Peerless,
The Golden Giver,
The Honey-sweet!
Her, diswidowed
From broken body,
From ashes scattered,
I haste to greet.

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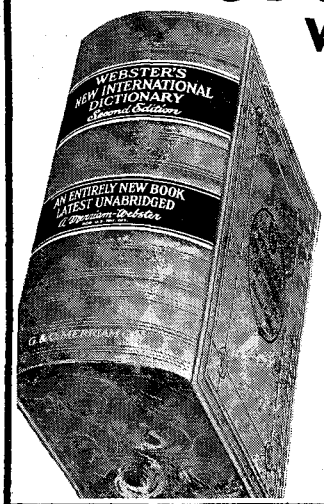

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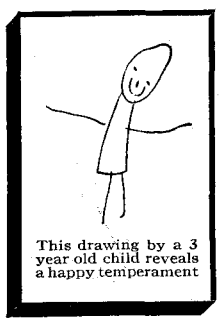

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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 178 NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER, 1946

89th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

ENEMIES OF PRODUCTION

by ROBERT R. YOUNG

When late in June the Editor of this magazine wrote requesting my views on labor, and stating: "It is my belief that you would bring to the discussion of labor relations a clear-headedness, a sanity, and a candor which would be tonic for *Atlantic* readers," my first impulse was to decline, despite the impelling subtlety of the approach.

My railroad labor problems are handled in co-operation with many other railroads, with whom I already had quarrels enough; besides, there flashed to me out of youthful memory a painful scene in General Motors when I quoted an outside author in opposition to my superior, and was curtly rebuked: "Those who know anything about a subject are too —— —— busy to write about it!"

Before I could offer these reasons as an excuse to the Editor, fate called me to France and England, where conditions shocked me into reflection. During the long voyage home on the *Queen Mary* by way of Halifax — despite the distractions of thirteen hundred war brides and five hundred babies — I wrote what follows. This capitulation does not mean, however, that I disagree with that boss of long ago from whom I learned so much.

Robert R. Young was born and raised on the Texas Plains. After two years at the University of Virginia he went to work in 1916 as a "powder monkey" for duPont at 28½ cents per hour. Rising step by step, first through duPont and then General Motors, in 1937 he became Chairman of the Board of Directors of Alleghany Corporation, America's best-known railroad investment company, and in 1941 Chairman, also, of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

To the direction of a great railroad and to our local and national problems, he has brought a refreshing audacity and a forthright candor which have won him many friends — and enemies.

All of us productively engaged are laborers, for I see less difference between a board chairman and a foreman than I do between a track worker and a piccolo player. It is only a hop, skip, and jump from organizing foremen to approaching vice-presidents.

The only worth-while wage of any of us is the joy of work and the preservation of some of its fruits for ourselves and those upon whom we would bestow them. This real wage, beyond the dream of avarice, is within the grasp of man anywhere in the world today except for the non-producers of the State.

Management has proved, given time, stability, and the coöperation of Labor, that it can go on increasing wages and shortening hours without raising prices. Incentive enterprise has seen to that. Freight rates are *lower* today than they were thirteen years ago when the track laborer was paid $3.60 for nine hours' work; today he is paid $6.84 for eight hours. The contrasting burden of taxation, then and now, is equally striking.

In the light of this achievement, how much wiser Capital would have been to have accepted unionization and thus have averted the Wagner Act. Capital might also have been wiser to create its own railway retirement act, its own social security act, its own housing authority. It is paying the bill — why not have earned the gratitude?

Mr. Green, of Labor, has recently called the roll of Congressional failures, including medical care, long-range housing, and employment insurance. Capital might profitably confer sympathetically with Labor on ways of accomplishing these objectives directly so that self-reliance is maintained, local conditions are observed, and individual preferences are considered.

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Capital is beginning to recognize that the welfare of the employee and his respect for his employer have not only a dollar-and-cents value, but an important insurance value as well — for the system. Procter & Gamble and a handful of other companies enjoying high regularity of demand have already guaranteed an "annual wage." Heavier industries are considering it.

Although Labor has a shorter history of excesses than Capital, it too should re-examine itself. Work rules that reduce initiative or productivity, or increase costs, come out of Labor as certainly as taxes. They deprive man of the supreme wage, pride of craftsmanship. No worker can remain truly contented who is not constructively busy.

My first promotion came at nineteen because my output was highest on the duPont "powder line." The railroads cannot do as much for their men because Washington bureaus interpret restrictive clauses in our labor contracts to mean that any employee of greater length of service *who can stand up* is sufficiently *fit* to fill any vacancy. Where are our future Chryslers to come from if they are not to be allowed to come up through the ranks? From the Post Office?

Reams of work rules in this country are as destructive of happiness as this Scottish one that comes to mind: "The number of bricks laid per day must not exceed 350 in Edinburgh or 830 in Aberdeen" In the face of such monstrosities, squatting veterans over there are no more surprising than market panics here.

Quarrels between labor leaders which break out in jurisdictional strikes should not be recognized as strikes but for what they are, intolerable breaches of the public peace. Restrainers of trade and levelers of individual opportunity and reward should no more be tolerated in Labor than they are in Capital. The freedom of the individual to work and to rise as well as to strike must be respected. Capital has been weak and lax in submitting to these crimes against production when public opinion could have been rallied so easily in its support. A minimum wage, without even a minimum of effort, is communization in its most destructive form.

There is evidence already that Labor is seeing some of these things, for the Brotherhood of Paper Makers, one of the worst offenders in seniority abuses, now courageously acknowledges: "Some men who came into the industry just do not fit and cannot go beyond a certain point." Labor must also clean house at the top. There can be no true representation of labor by political adventurers or racketeers.

In scurrying to the State with their grievances, Labor and Capital are as naïve as Little Red Riding Hood. The wolf is waiting to gobble them both up. Out of a scramble for legislation or political favor one may gain temporarily at the expense of the other, but in the end the board or the court will make the kind of finding that suits the State. Well-selected appointees are ambitious, and higher appointments stem from chores well attended to. The vote seeker who yields quickest to Labor is the officeholder most likely to harm it.

Now, when Labor fears legislation, is the time for the alliance with Capital. The era of antagonisms should be past. Karl Marx would be one of the first to recognize it. For every dime that Capital or Labor stands to gain at the expense of the other, it stands to lose dollars by the ever expanding area of errors by the State. The buyer-seller relationship between Capital and Labor should be as sympathetic as that between doctor and patient.

As popular government advances, and virtually every government in the world today so describes itself, it encroaches upon the freedom of Paul in order to curry the favor of Peter. Eventually all become Pauls. Destroyers of freedom feel insecure. Naturally, they persuade themselves that their continuance in office is for the good of the people. Naturally, they turn for security to the powers traditionally yielded by the people to the State *only in time of emergency*. By this time their seizure of power has brought them close to the temptation of war or the threat of war. This is the lesson of history.

In war, to an army of non-producers there is added a multitude engaged in destruction. New seeds of discontent are sown and new emergencies must be declared. Such is the vicious circle.

The attempt of the people to create popular States in Germany and Russia following the First World War, and the subsequent fate of Labor, is history well known in America. Few yet appreciate the extent of the deterioration in France and England following this war. I quote from Alsop in the *Paris Tribune:* —

> Replacement of capitalists by communists as heads of great industrial enterprises is the most dramatic . . . fact of the French scene.

Again, from the *Whitehall Letter*, pointing to the discontent of the British middle classes under peacetime extension of rationing: —

> A revolutionary party of the Left must climb into power on the shoulders of the middle class, but thereafter must "liquidate" that class at the earliest possible moment. In Germany liquidation meant economic annihilation, in Russia, death. Presently we shall see what it means in Britain.

That Labor, as well as the middle class, is suffering under the impact of nationalization is attested by the employment in the coal pits of youths down to fourteen years of age, at high accident cost, in a futile attempt to check the decline in output. Not only has a psychological deterrent to productivity been created by the substitution of the State for the private employer, but the continuance of taxation that reaches confiscatory levels as the worker's pay check increases has encouraged absenteeism.

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Lords and laborers alike are growing shabbier. Theirs will be a new low in cheerless winters, without heat, milk, cream, butter, sugar, coffee, eggs, meat, fruit, or vegetables. Laying hens are killed for lack of *even garbage*. Adulteration descends to *bread*. The black market languishes *because there is nothing to sell*. I saw more automobiles in Halifax than in all of France and England.

The threat to all of us today is the State. Marx knew that the chief victim of war was Labor. That was why he placed the blame for war on Capital — as Russia does today. But Russia knows that Marx is hopelessly out of date, for the State consumes in a year of war the profit of a generation — *that is why peace with Russia should be regarded as inevitable*. For both of us to expect war is virtually to ensure it.

The excesses of the State can be stopped, just as the excesses of Capital have been stopped and the excesses of Labor will be stopped. But it will require a militant public opinion, a revival of integrity.

2

LEGISLATION is never constructive *per se*. It is always a choice between evils. If Capital had better policed itself it would not have been hamstrung by numerous restrictive Acts that have placed powers of arbitrary administration vastly exceeding legislative intentions in the hands of incompetents. If Labor behaves in time, it will escape a like fate. Only government has largely escaped legislation, prosecution, and impeachment.

The most effective and least harmful control is that of an *informed* public opinion. Capital and Labor can thus be adequately controlled. But the State dupes public opinion by withholding or distorting information — and its need for deceit rises as confidence falls. Those who inform democracy the least are the ones who must profess it the most.

A virile public opinion proved that Capital can be controlled when the Chesapeake and Ohio's provocative challenge was picked up by editors from coast to coast: "A hog can cross the country without changing trains, but YOU can't."

Through service at Chicago and St. Louis followed immediately. Yet as late as last November, an important official of the Pennsylvania Railroad testified under oath before a Federal court in the Pullman case: ". . . it is extremely difficult to predict whether such service can be made to pay and whether there is a sufficient volume of traffic to justify the operation of through trains."

The through Pullmans, as anyone could have predicted, have actually proved to be the highest earners in railroad service. The witness failed to disclose that his road had entered into an agreement away back in 1894 with the New York Central to combine with it against all other railroads to protect their joint passenger business. I am reminded of that famous remark attributed to J. P. Morgan: "A man always has two reasons for the things he does — a good one and the real one."

Again, it was public opinion, led by the Chesapeake and Ohio, that put an end to the competitionless racket, maintained through an elaborate system of interrelated and subservient boards, under which Mr. Morgan's firm for three generations had occupied both the buying and the selling side of virtually every bond deal in America. Without branch offices, salesmen, or engineers, the only equipment a telephone — yet every partner owned a yacht!

We are again turning to public opinion in an attempt to persuade the State. A petition for a freight rate increase has now been pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission since away back in 1941. The National Transportation Policy as laid down by the representatives of the people in their legislative instructions to this Commission is:

> ". . . to foster sound economic conditions in transportation . . . to the end of developing, coördinating and preserving a national transportation system . . . adequate to meet the needs of the commerce of the United States, of the Postal Service and of the national defense."

Since 1933 five wage increases have been granted, aggregating 90 per cent. Fuel prices are up 117 per cent and other supplies 86 per cent. Yet freight rates today are *lower* then they were then; and the average rate of return on investment is only 2.75 per cent, an amount pitifully inadequate to attract new capital. In the meantime other utilities serving the public have been allowed to earn two to three times as much. Could there be a clearer case for the railroads' long-pending and modest request for relief than these simple facts, or a clearer case of contempt for the explicit wishes of the people?

Yet hearings, at great expense to the railroads and the taxpayers, have been going on *ad infinitum*. To cap the climax of chicanery and folly, the railroads were forced this September, by the stalling tactics of the Commission, publicly to *predict calamity and bankruptcy by 1947*. Naturally, a market panic followed and railroad credit weakened. In direct consequence the railroads, as well as allied industries, may be forced to "lay off," and to "abandon" long-delayed plans for improvements which are essential. A private facility, yet one as vital as the Army, well able to pay its own way, is being maneuvered into public charge and public expense by public servants paid to *foster*, not destroy.

If this example is typical, is there any wonder that the market predicts depression and unemployment in a time of shortages?

This very Commission has approved the sale of railroad bonds as "in the public interest" which, by distorting its reorganization function, it arbitrarily wiped out almost immediately: more than two billions of dollars of securities, held by a multitude of producers, declared valueless because of

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"Dust Bowl" earnings. Could the purpose of present "stalling" at a time of record-breaking traffic be to prove themselves right away back in the thirties when they implied that the railroads were "a cooked goose" — as obsolete as the Erie Canal? Why should any public agency have the power to make its own insane predictions of calamity come true? The President of the Chesapeake and Ohio would not remain in office long if he did not believe in its future. Why should the Securities and Exchange Commission's jurisdiction over fraud in securities reach Wall Street but not Pennsylvania Avenue?

3

PUBLIC opinion must rebel against deceit and dishonesty if democracy is to survive. A man cannot cast his ballot on a false premise any more than he can invest on a false prospectus. Fake in government — through the radio or other means of communication — is more worthy of penal servitude than the sale of fraudulent stock. The latter is only aimed at our dollar, the former at our freedom — even our life. Instead of rejecting this type of master politician there has been a shameful tendency to emulate him.

If my annual reports and public utterances were replete with broken pledges and false statements, the Truth in Securities Act would have got me if the common law had not. Corporate leaders who thus take their stockholders to crisis and bankruptcy are immortalized only in the police records. When public opinion and the opposition party also sink to the level of a corrupt government, then in truth Labor needs a Truth in Politics Act. Policed as effectively as the Securities Act, such an Act would give us *good* government.

Before our eyes and heads are clear in the morning some sensationalist, for hire to the highest-paying physic manufacturer, flushed with hot dope from Washington, is directing the public's venom against some foreign or domestic personality, who, he says, imperils the nation, when in fact nothing imperils us more than such needling. Forever beating our breasts about someone else's devils, unmindful of our own, may stimulate the circulation, but it does not create the atmosphere in which peace in labor or foreign relations grows.

Our national advertisers had better take a closer look at their copy writers. Some of our "doers" should take unto themselves those problems heretofore left to glib voices. Caruso could not have found time to sing, such would have been the demand for him in affairs of state.

If it is work stoppages or price rises that bedevil us, the State must *fix it* by saddling us with a new bureau, new forms to fill out, and a couple of hundred thousand more non-producers; if it is incidents abroad that annoy us, some Rosinante must dash out to save us; but the productivity of labor and the impact of prices are no more controllable by Congress than world peace is attainable by Yankee bluster.

You cannot devote your energies to destruction, or to exports unbalanced by imports, and enjoy the prices and pleasures of production, even with the help of Mr. Bowles, *et al.* Scarcities make for restless labor and uneasy housewives whether under a Nero or a New Dealer — scars that cannot be erased by bureaus or commissars, as countries less fortunate than ourselves have long since found out. Witness, where living costs have multiplied *ten times since 1939:* —

> Paris, August 29th. — The French Cabinet is submitting a bill to the Assembly providing that the death penalty be imposed for black marketeers.

After death fails, what?

A discussion of labor, wages, and prices outside the orbit of foreign policy is as futile as planning a career for one's son or a husband for one's daughter. If we are to continue in recent patterns our sons and daughters might more charitably be allowed to remain unborn, our labor diverted to tiddlywinks.

Most of the evils, economic and political, of the twenties and thirties, abroad and at home, came as a direct result of that first great conflict; and ripples from this last one are going to keep on radiating for quite some time. We shall be lucky indeed not to pay some more frightful consequences. Washington may point to the devils: Wilhelm, Borah, Coolidge, Insull, Hitler, or Wallace, but it is only to divert attention from itself.

The banking crisis of the thirties, the miasma out of which came the New Deal, was not unrelated to the Polish, German, Italian, and Peruvian bonds we took for our fast dwindling oil, copper, and steel. Now we do not even bother to take the bonds. Under the World Fixers we have kicked away ten times the profit on our foreign trade since Columbus — *and look at the world.*

Already the price of everything we buy is padded with colossal tax burdens, dishonest if for no other reason than that they are concealed. High wages and reduced availability of useful goods consequent upon new armament races may blow the price roof off, then the choice will be between uncontrolled inflation with freedom, and price control with forced labor and rationing. The choice should be easy. It is far better to have high prices with their stimulus to production, and freedom, than low prices and no freedom. But if we are to follow European patterns, and we have been following them closely since we projected ourselves there, this will not be the choice.

Those moving toward Statism, and there are plenty in both parties, will get new holds here as they are getting them there. Our weakness for simplification will destroy us. As prices go up, price control will extend; as price control extends, production will fall off; as production declines, rationing will be renewed; as rationing extends, demands for

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production will increase. Again the solution will be simple: private enterprise having failed to produce, the State will take over. Money will have lost its value just as certainly as by inflation, for all it will buy will be coupons and only those who behave will be so supplied. Bureaucracy will mushroom still further; production will still further decline. During the period of transition, some whipping boy will be made Public Enemy Number One by our superficialists, but he will no more be the specific cause of our new troubles than Labor was of our old ones.

America can come to one bit of beef a week, one egg a month, one shirt a year *in peacetime* as certainly as Old England; and when it does, there will come no loans to us from overseas. Mr. Churchill denied coming into power to liquidate His Majesty's Empire, but history may record that he did. Any ruling class, be it Labor or Capital, that persistently lacks the ingenuity to avoid modern war must inevitably be submerged.

If advancing Statism "for the good of Humanity" continues to come to us, — and only intelligence, integrity, and determination can stop it, — no one will lose more than Labor, just as in war and inflation no one pays more than Labor. Yet, there are labor leaders demanding price control, just as there are labor leaders in the forefront of every war party.

There could never have been a first or a second world war without the participation of America, nor can there be a third. It is the wars we avoid, not the ones we win, that make us strong.

This is the first of a series by Mr. Young which will appear in the *Atlantic* this autumn. His next paper will be on the future of the American railroads. His third, "Looking Russia in the Eye," will appear at the turn of the year. — THE EDITOR

PRESIDENT NEILSON OF SMITH

by MRS. DWIGHT WHITNEY MORROW

WHILE I have been writing of Mr. Neilson I have thought often of the discussion about his portrait which the Smith Alumnae gave to the college upon his retirement. As a member of the committee that eventually chose the artist, Mr. Alexander James, I recall vividly the contradictory advice offered us as to what the picture should embody. One group of admirers said, "We want an outstanding portrait of a great liberal. No classical representation would be appropriate for him." Another group argued, "You will cheat us with your modern work of art; we want a real likeness, even photographic in its details." The controversy raged for weeks, but the subject of it, when appealed to, only advised, "Thrift, in a matter of small importance." The first word terrifies me. In describing this great Scotchman I should properly use the restraint of speech characteristic of his race — he would be the first to cross out my adjectives — but I cannot practice thrift in my praise.

How can I describe one who had such diverse qualities? He was a scholar but also a man of action; he was full of courage and caution, severe yet sympathetic, imaginative and at the same time intensely practical; a great modern who loved the medieval world. It is a study in contrasts and here is the background.

He was born in Scotland, at Doune, Perthshire, March 28, 1869, the son of David and Mary (Allan) Neilson, and the youngest of four children. He had an older brother, Robert, who was to help him later with his education, and two sisters, Elizabeth and Jean. They describe him as "an all-round intelligent little boy, gentle and earnest, very sensitive, with tears near the surface, who walked much with his father." From the earliest years his intellectual curiosity was keen and even at six he wanted to find the right answer to every question put to him by a teasing brother. After one failure he took a turn in the garden and then begged Robert, "Say yon again, I've an answer for ye noo." About the same time he was found one morning, forgetful of his breakfast, stretched out on the floor of his bedroom with a big concordance of the Bible before him. The parson had spoken in his sermon of the "other Mary" and the boy was trying to discover if Mary Magdalene and Mary, the sister of Lazarus, were the same person.

The Neilson household was a lively one, for his mother, Mary Neilson, had three sisters and four brothers, all married and living not too far away for much visiting back and forth. She was witty and gay in the family circle and the favorite aunt of forty nephews and nieces. David Neilson, his

A graduate and Trustee of Smith College, MRS. DWIGHT WHITNEY MORROW, the wife of our late Ambassador to Mexico, for twenty-eight years was associated with President William Allan Neilson in making Smith College a place of light and leading.

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father, was the village schoolmaster, a man greatly beloved, to whom everyone went when in trouble. He was constantly overworked, and if he could not secure a pupil teacher he called on young William, only eleven, to take occasional classes for him even though the boy was obliged to stand on a chair to reach the blackboard.

Mr. Neilson counted his first real teaching experience as beginning at thirteen, after his father's death, when he became monitor in the village school, in charge of what would be in America the sixth grade. Besides some instruction in Latin and Greek given after hours, he received £10 for the year's work. "I earned it," he commented once, rather grimly, "though I taught badly at first."

During his preparation for college, at Montrose Academy, he lived with his Grandmother Allan. She was over ninety, but of a lively spirit and very religious. She made her grandson read Spurgeon's sermons aloud to her regularly, though she often fell asleep while he droned over the pages. At such times young William would try to do a little reading on his own (he was never without a book in his pocket and read regularly on the three-mile walk to school every day), but the old lady always woke up and demanded more Spurgeon.

He won the Dux Medal, the highest honor of the Academy, and a County Scholarship that took him to the University of Edinburgh in 1886. In telling of his departure he used to describe humorously his small black bag "filled chiefly with homemade jam, the jars wrapped around with heavy underwear knitted by my mother and sisters." He had to practice every possible economy in Edinburgh and always declared that he ate so much oatmeal and liver in those years that he never wanted to taste them again. His attention was turned to the study of philosophy by an uncle, Peter Lyall, who had opened his library to the young man. Another kinsman, William Allan, who had come under the influence of William Morris, first interested Mr. Neilson in drawing and painting. With a classmate, Ernest Hobbs, he lived for some time in the heart of the slums of Edinburgh, at the University Settlement, where he taught wood carving and gave lectures to the men. Hobbs describes him as the genius of the place; a happy, high-spirited leader who easily persuaded other students to assist him. He was known to pour tea on the heads of his helpers when they grew too serious.

In 1891 he graduated from the University with honors in Philosophy, and as he had won a traveling fellowship in Education, he came to Canada and studied educational methods there and in the United States. It was on this ocean crossing that he won the ship's pool, and he used to explain with amusement that when he was asked to contribute to it, he had supposed he was giving to charity. With his strict upbringing he looked upon his windfall as unholy money and turned it over at once to the Seamen's Fund for Widows and Orphans. "But as a thrifty Scot," Mr. Neilson would add, "of course I reserved for myself my original shilling."

For four years he was resident English Master in Upper Canada College, Toronto: "Four of the most painful years of my life," he has said. The necessity for giving physical punishment to the boys caused him anguish of spirit. Stephen Leacock was a colleague of his and they grew friendly over their efforts at discipline. Mr. Neilson caned a multitude in his first year; after that he seldom had to strike an offender.

There followed two years at the Harvard Graduate School, where he took his Ph.D. with his dissertation on "The Origins and Sources of the Court of Love," a study in medieval allegory. He had been attracted to the University in 1893 by seeing, at the World's Fair in Chicago, a pamphlet on the courses given at Cambridge, and was especially interested in the work offered by Professor Francis Child in English Ballads and on Shakespeare by Professor Kittredge.

2

His college teaching began with two years at Bryn Mawr as Associate Professor in English and then he was back and forth between Harvard and Columbia for seventeen years. The last eleven were spent at Harvard as Professor of English. His students included both men and women, for he lectured at Barnard and Radcliffe and during two summers lectured at the University of California. In 1914–1915 he was Exchange Professor at the University of Paris. This bare outline of his academic career shows that he had taught in four countries, four universities, and three colleges before he was lured to Smith. Perhaps I am making the cap and gown too prominent in the picture. There was an interlude in Germany that lightens the scene.

In 1904 he went over to take the examinations for Harvard, at Bonn, and spent the summer in Offenburg, Germany, in the family of Oskar Muser, a lawyer and a member of the Landtag of the Duchy of Baden. His daughter was to become Mr. Neilson's wife. It was upon the pleading of an American friend that the young student was received into the household. Mrs. Neilson in her delightful book, *The House I Knew*, has described her first sight of her future husband: "He stooped a little, and his pockets were bulging with books which turned out to be small dictionaries (they were to be his life companions!), and he said of himself, 'I feel like a donkey with a pack basket on each side.'" During his stay, Herr Muser often helped out the young Scot's bad German with Latin, but it was Elisabeth Muser who gave him daily lessons and proved herself a charming though very exacting teacher. Many hours were spent reading Creiznach's *Mediaeval Drama* under the great copper beech at the back of the house. A bilingual courtship resulted, and in June, 1906, after Mr. Neilson had had two years

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at Harvard, he returned to marry Elisabeth Muser and carried her off to Cambridge.

An old friend says of this period: "I remember an early impression I had of him there, flashing along with a black cape and dark hat, glancing around with a piercing look and seeming to the callow student rather diabolic on the whole." He was a thrilling teacher and the men in his overcrowded classes were alternately awed by his "ferocious scholarship" and fascinated by his humor that "flashed like lightning over all his work." In the comments on his teaching I have been struck by the constant use of symbols of light, as if every word shone. His wit was "lambent," "incandescent"; he "illuminated" details of research; "his dominant quality was luminosity." One of his students, afterwards a colleague, has described his method in his famous course on the Romantic Poets: "He trained us everlastingly in the principles and practices of criticism. All types of criticism were outlined for us and we read critical works. Once a week he would place a poem on the board and require us to analyze and criticize it. His comments went to the heart of the matter every time. They were brief and searching. One boy who wrote a somewhat lyrical appreciation of Keats and Shelley received as a criticism three words, 'Enthusiastic but unimportant.'" Another student has said, "Mr. Neilson made us aware of what delight there may be in a really detached approach to the consideration of an idea for its own sake. He had the power to reveal the fun (among other things) of the intellectual life." Everyone agreed that it was impossible to cram for his examinations, and Mr. Neilson himself boasted that he "beat the tutor" every time. He knew all his students well and on one occasion went personally and pulled out of bed a boy who had overslept, so that he might get to his finals on time.

At the risk of being "photographic" in my picture, I must put a row of books behind him: the famous Five Foot Shelf that he and President Eliot got out together and for which they were arraigned because of the name "Harvard Classics"; *Essentials of Poetry*, lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston; *The Facts about Shakespeare* (with Professor Thorndike); *Burns, How to Know Him*. As editor he produced *The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists* and (with Professor Webster) *The Chief British Poets of the 14th and 15th Centuries;* he was general joint editor of *The Tudor Shakespeare*, and was responsible for the new text of Shakespeare in *The Cambridge Poets*. This last was completely revised in 1942 with C. J. Hill.

As a scholar President Neilson held first rank. His learning covered a wide field: the Medieval, Elizabethan, and Modern periods in literature. He was an outstanding authority on Chaucer and Shakespeare, a brilliant successor to Professor Kittredge of Harvard. In evaluating his work his colleagues praise especially his new approaches to research. They cite his management of textual questions in his own edition of Shakespeare and the masterly argument of his introductory essay.

3

It was Professor Sidney B. Fay of Harvard who suggested to the Smith Trustees, in 1917, that Mr. Neilson would make an excellent President of the college. After an interview with him, they gave him the call to come to us. He liked to tease me in later years by saying that he never really expected to become our head. He hesitated over the matter a long time. The fact that the two former Presidents of Smith had been clergymen made him, a layman, doubtful of his ability to undertake the position. However, he and Mrs. Neilson went to Northampton to look the ground over. That first visit was a disappointing one. It fell on a hot, misty day in August, when no hills were visible and the grass of the campus was dry and brown. The place seemed lifeless and uninteresting, and Mrs. Neilson felt that the President's house, facing on Elm Street, where a trolley line ran dangerously near the front door, was not suited to bringing up their three young children safely and happily.

They went back to Cambridge and found their home there looking unusually attractive with its lilac hedge and gay garden. They decided not to leave it. Mr. Neilson wrote the Smith committee that there were grave obstacles in the way of his accepting their invitation: he felt that the residence of the President would not do for his family; he could not undertake to raise money; and, the strongest objection of all, he could not promise "to offer supplication aloud in Chapel." He was far from believing that the Board of Trustees would consider favorably his conditions of acceptance, but he had reckoned without their determination, especially that of the Chairman of the Committee to Choose a President, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont. He persuaded the Board that all Mr. Neilson's objections to coming could be met and wrote him that the new President should have a new house; he would be under no obligation to ask for money; and he might interpret prayer as he wished. Mr. Neilson accepted the position and he came to Northampton on September 17, 1917.

Mr. Lamont has made many magnificent gifts to institutions of learning in this country, but he never contributed more to American education than when he induced William Allan Neilson to become the President of Smith.

The freshman class of that fall delight to tell of Mr. Neilson's first encounter with John, the cockney night watchman of the college, whom he met on the night of his arrival when strolling over the campus, smoking his after-dinner cigar: —

John: "'Oo are ye now? No smoking allowed here, I tell ye."

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MR. NEILSON: "I thought that I was the new President of the College."

JOHN (*pulling him under his lantern for inspection*): "Come on now, none of that, 'oo are ye and what are ye doin 'ere?"

MR. NEILSON: "Well, as a matter of fact, *I am* the President of the College and I'm glad to see you know your business, John."

There was a cry of outraged scholars at Mr. Neilson's decision to leave Harvard. His colleagues did not believe that he would prove a good administrator; they felt that a brilliant teacher was deserting a position of great influence exactly suited to his gifts for one of a businessman, a role in which his success was doubtful. Several factors entered into his decision and one of them was probably his knowledge that he had latent powers which could not be used at Harvard; he had ideals of education too that could not be developed from a professor's chair. After his mind was made up to leave Cambridge, he told one of his close friends there, "Well, I like to function." Mrs. Wallace Notestein (Ada Comstock), the former Dean of Smith, has suggested another reason: "Perhaps it was this, — that he cared more for education than for scholarship in a single field and that he saw in Smith an opportunity to concern himself with all the elements which enter into a student's college experience. He said himself that the ideal of education which he found and perpetuated at Smith implied care for the entire personality of the student."

4

THE duties of a college president have never been accurately defined. We are told that he must above all things be a scholar to maintain standards of study; an able administrator to manage his physical plant; a judge of men to choose and hold a superior faculty; a good speaker to advertise his institution; a man who can convince his trustees of the wisdom of his policies, persuade parents that their children are being fairly treated, inspire the undergraduates, win the loyalty of his alumnae, and beg large sums for his college. Mr. Neilson fulfilled all these requirements but the last. He once described the President's job as a combination of the work of a hired man and a lightning rod for discontent.

He had a passionate faith in education which glowed throughout his life. To him it was part of the eternal struggle for freedom of the human soul and he battled for it on many fields. Every act of his administration, from framing the tiniest rule of student behavior to the expansion of graduate work, showed his zeal for liberty. He was the strongest believer in the higher education of women whom I have ever known. There were to be no compromises for sex; no fetters of utilitarianism. Without mercy he opposed specialization in the training of girls in a liberal college. Mothers who asked for housekeeping courses, or fathers who suggested typewriting classes, received scant sympathy. Again and again he stated that the aim of the liberal college should be to develop a student as a person, to awaken sensibilities and powers which would make her a more worth-while human being. He felt that women so trained were better able to serve home and society and that they had a richer and more significant life because of such training. Independent thinking was what he was after, and as his successor, President Davis, has said, "He opened the doors of the college to all the winds that blow."

He feared excessive docility on the part of the girls. "Smith College has never stood for the handing out of prepared packages of belief to its students," he said. "It has stood for the finding of truth, for its communication for free and open discussion, and most of all, for the training of young women in methods of thought, methods of acquiring information that will enable them to find the truth for themselves." When the question of academic freedom arose at Smith he upheld his faculty under fire. "Our tradition is in favor of complete freedom," he said, "and our experience seems to show that such freedom produces loyalty to the college and consideration for its interests. With the writing and speaking of the faculty outside, the college has not concerned itself at all. . . . The history of attempts to limit academic freedom leaves no doubt as to the answer. The greatest universities have been the most tolerant."

It sounds easy now, but what a tempest of criticism fell upon us in those early years! Bitter protests came to me about immoral teachings and indecent freedom of discussion in classes. One alumna begged me to call the Board of Trustees together and have President Neilson dismissed at once. Her letter made me so angry that I could hardly answer it civilly. I replied that the Board could easily be called together, but that every member of it would give the President a vote of confidence. He was glad of our support but he had been the brave "lightning rod" that met the storm.

For many years the President spoke daily at morning chapel, the service which he called the "heart of the college," and his talks were famous for humor and eloquence. He did not come into his immense popularity immediately; the girls were afraid of his irony; but enthusiasm grew as they knew him and before long he was adored. His subjects varied from proper posture ("You will get lumbago if you sit slumped over as you are this morning") to every phase of the world situation. He emphasized constantly the responsibility of educated women to form their own opinions on questions of the day. Every campus problem was treated in relation to the world so that students saw their daily work in its larger meaning; they were led to view their own lives as a whole and to take long views as to the future.

His power over the student body became remarkable. He never preached or talked down to

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them, but with incalculable skill he could persuade them against their own wishes to a right course. They delighted in his wit even when it was turned against them, for he had the light touch of the artist in reproof and could make a scolding completely friendly. When he refused a request for more entertainment on the campus, they nicknamed him "Willy-Nilly." As a missionary of humor to the young he was unsurpassed, and he was a diplomat at breaking bad news. One fall the opening of Smith was delayed two weeks because of a polio epidemic and in adjusting the calendar to this lost time a favorite holiday, when the girls made excursions into the hills, had to be sacrificed. On the morning of their return, as they assembled in College Hall, the President stated blandly, "Mountain Day was *yesterday!*" The idea of celebrating a holiday *in absentia* struck the girls as so funny that the whole student body broke into laughter instead of groans of disappointment at this announcement.

He had a beautiful voice, resonant, with subtly varied cadences, and when he read the Bible at Chapel it became a living literature to his students, Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic. One of them has said, "He made the Lord's Prayer peculiarly our own." The salty sentences from the Proverbs were often on his tongue, and the Psalms sang as they came from his lips. On the anniversary of a great leader he would quote, "Let us now praise famous men," and he always read, "Whatsoever things are lovely," Philippians 4, at the Last Chapel before Commencement. I have heard him address that college assembly many times, in sorrow and rejoicing, and I have wondered always at his ability to make the greenest freshman feel that he was talking directly to her. The students were never a mass to him, rather the "two thousand daughters" he often called them, and he counseled them like a wise father. His influence lasted far beyond college years. As one graduate of his day has said, "Every student who heard him speak would go to him in her mind as an arbiter, a judge, a touchstone, even on things quite unrelated to college life."

Despite administration duties, President Neilson taught for twelve years at Smith College. He carried an elective course in the History of English Literature which was overwhelmingly popular, and he conducted a seminar in Elizabethan Literature. It was a rigorous training, with penetrating questions and unexpected discussions, for he would never let anyone rest comfortably on a bed of quotations; he prodded for an original opinion, and authorities were often dismissed as "stuffed owls." Here as in Harvard he shone, flashed, and illuminated. Gay and provocative, he made learning a happy experience. The seminar was held in his own home and he always wanted tea provided, but, fearing that time would be wasted, he insisted upon pouring it himself. His service was so swift that students left the house with both throats and minds tingling.

The President entered fully into the lighter moments of the college. Irreproachable in dignity, he made no fetish of it, and a Harvard professor who complained that he himself could not maintain it in his classroom received the consoling reply, "After all, dignity is a poor substitute for personality." My sketch needs bright colors for the merry give-and-take of pleasantries between Mr. Neilson and the students. It was something more than serenading him or hanging May baskets on his door — they tried to match their wits against his or to win his approval of a jest. No one enjoyed more than he a brilliant take-off of himself by an undergraduate at one of the informal campus entertainments; nor the Shakespeare dinner artfully arranged by a group of students to trap him, the great Shakespearean scholar, into a mistake; nor again the attempt of the girls two mornings running at Chapel to win his notice by appearing first all dressed in pink and again all dressed in blue. He made no open comment on that last prank but in private he remarked that any burst of spontaneity from the students gave him fresh hope for the college. At his informal readings in the Library the girls sat at his feet literally and figuratively. He was willing to let himself go and to show his joy in poetry. To hear Burns in his rich Scotch was like being transported to another world. Extremely sensitive to rhythm, he has been known to dance to the music of a ballad, and the skirl of the bagpipes excited him always.

5

Running back over his successful regime, one wonders why anyone could have doubted Mr. Neilson's powers of administration. He carried Smith through twenty most difficult years; a world war, the boom, the depression, and the New Deal; and this without a deficit and with growing honor for the institution. As a distinguished scholar his intellectual sway over faculty and students was natural; it was his executive ability that surprised his friends. The business of running a big college became his meat and drink.

When he came to Northampton he faced a difficult dormitory situation. One third of the students were living in the town and an undemocratic system of invitation houses had developed which fostered snobbishness and was in direct opposition to our declared policy of keeping college charges low so that the undergraduate body might represent all economic classes. For sixteen years he labored to provide campus houses for everybody; and during his time ten dormitories were added to the college, a gymnasium, a music building, and an art gallery were built, and the Library was enlarged. As new buildings went up he followed with Scotch shrewdness every detail of construction. He knew how doors should be hung and kitchen drains run; he watched every grass plot on the campus. With a

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keen eye for natural beauty he saw that the college was neglecting it at her back door, and he opened up the grounds to a sight of Paradise Pond and the hills beyond, thereby gaining a view which seemed to double the extent of a meager campus. He called all his workmen by name, and their respect for his knowledge is shown in the tribute of the bricklayer who, though ill, refused to leave his job because, he said, "Only the President and me knows how to lay these bricks." By his wise planning and careful use of her limited endowment he saved Smith thousands of dollars. We hoped that Harvard was looking!

But this physical development of the college was secondary always to his chief concern, scholarship. Intellectually his standards were exacting and his criticism of anything below the best was sharp; but his warmth of heart turned away wrath. There was a positive grace in his relationship with people; his understanding of the other person's point of view was so sympathetic that a clash of opinions left no hard feeling. Administrative procedure always amused him and he avoided it as if it were a great white elephant in his path. Sir Philip Sidney's motto, "No wisdom without courage," might have been his own, for he went ahead fearlessly reorganizing departments and revising the curriculum. I should not give an idea of hasty changes. If the walls of Jericho fell before him, he had walked around them at least seven times first. Against opposition from the alumnae he gradually raised the requirements for both entrance and graduation. The Graduate School was expanded and the work in music and art was stimulated by his interest. Nothing pleased him more than an unexpected trip to New York "to see a little Renoir we might buy."

On his Tenth Anniversary his Trustees established the William Allan Neilson Chair of Research to bring distinguished scholars from many fields to the college. In expressing his pleasure over the Chair, which the President always referred to afterwards as his "personal immortality," he said, "I do not believe an institution can teach effectively unless a large part of its faculty is interested in new truth and is participating in the search for it."

He was more than anything else a great, broadening force, with his mind intent upon new ways of educating people. It was his aim so far as possible "to get away from hard and fast regulations, from mere statistics, to personality." With the idea of less rigidity in education he introduced the plan of Special Honors, by which students of outstanding ability were freed from classroom work during their last two years and were given special opportunities for independent study under a faculty adviser. This plan has been widely popular in recent years, but Smith was the first woman's college to put it into effect. Another experiment in freedom was the Junior Year Abroad which began with the Junior Year in France. The plan allowed properly qualified juniors to spend ten months in France, Italy, or Spain, living in families of the country, studying in foreign universities, and taking examinations from their professors. Small groups of students from different colleges, under the leadership of the University of Delaware, had been following this arrangement of study for several years, but Smith was the first woman's college to offer the Junior Year Abroad as part of the regular curriculum.

A further illustration of his desire for liberty of action for the girls as part of their education is shown in the adoption of Student Government under his inspiration. He believed in the principle of growth through responsibility and that it was a move from an imposed discipline to a self-imposed one. "You are here to grow into women," he said. And when the girls abolished the time-honored ten o'clock rule for lights out and voted to allow smoking, he refused to let them down, although he disagreed with their decisions. "If we believe in Student Government," he declared, "we must stand by its mistakes as well as its wisdom." He commented dryly that there was no especial honor in burning the electricity of the college; and as to smoking, he begged the students to smoke like gentlemen, and added his oft-quoted bon mot, "It is a dirty, expensive, and unhygienic habit — to which I am devoted."

In his dealings with serious infractions of the college regulations, he always leaned towards mercy. The Judicial Board, the students' self-government court, found him advising moderation in discipline. They would propose expelling a girl and he would suggest suspension as something less severe, but effective. The penalties demanded were sometimes novel. One student complained that she had not received a proper warning about her marks and a second chance was given her on condition that she hold a paid position in the outside world for a year as proof that she would work when she came back to college. She accepted the challenge, fulfilled the requirement, and returned to a triumphant career of A's and B's.

In the early 1920's there was one department at Smith which was very unpopular. Three prominent sophomores determined to have it reorganized. They pasted broadsides all over the campus describing the unfitness of certain members of the department and by implication demanding their dismissal. Feeling ran high; the whole undergraduate body appeared to be behind the reformers and a torchlight procession was planned in their honor. Then the President spoke in Chapel. He reminded the students that much freedom was given them because the administration trusted their intelligent use of it; he dwelt eloquently upon what loyalty to an institution meant and regretted that the authors of the broadside had not learned it; they had discredited their own Student Government and by a selfish individualism had exposed the college to unfortunate publicity. The trio of sophomores who had entered Chapel as crusaders walked out as culprits and found that all their fellow students had turned

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against them. The offenders feared suspension but they were only required to apologize to the department that they had criticized.

On another occasion the President called three mischief-makers to his office and showed them a piece of wood riddled with holes. "This has been destroyed by termites," he said, "creatures who work underground and who are undermining Smith College. I have nothing more to say to you."

The Trustees kept their original promise to him and he was never required to be a financial agent for the college. He inspired his Alumnae to raise money. I accompanied him on several trips during the campaign for the Four Million Dollar Endowment Fund and heard him first amuse and then thrill an audience over the cause of women's education. After any speech of his, the actual asking for money was not difficult for subordinates. We chuckled together over the remonstrance of one old gentleman who said, "Mr. Neilson, I don't believe in so much education for girls. If a girl is pretty she doesn't *need* a college education and if she isn't pretty, it isn't *adequate*," and then gave him a fat check! The Seven Women's Colleges, in their joint effort to arouse interest in the endowment of their institutions, leaned heavily upon Mr. Neilson for support. It was no passing of the hat that he encouraged; rather a campaign to evoke a different spirit towards the claim of women that they have an equal share with their brothers in the educational resources of the country.

6

THROUGHOUT the administration the President's home played an important part in his success. Students, faculty, trustees, and friends from everywhere were entertained in that charming house which was always unconventional and easy, with gay badinage going on about the family table. The President was delightfully resourceful with his children. Once when they were quite young and a dinner party was in progress, a voice was heard in the hall. Our host went out and found a small daughter at the foot of the stairs. "Father," she said, "I haven't had enough asparagus." "No, Caroline," he answered with grave sympathy, "no one has ever had enough asparagus."

Mrs. Neilson is the type of woman who creates a homelike atmosphere wherever she may be, with flowers put in the right place and chairs ready for any group. She shared every intellectual interest of her husband, and her wit sparkled with his. Her vivid personality was never overshadowed by the President's, and though her position demanded of her a certain pattern of life, the pattern never dominated her; rather she illumined it. At official functions the President could never be kept in the receiving line. Absorbed in conversation with some guest, he would entirely forget his social duties and his wife would have to send after him. He was an enchanting person and his arrival at any entertainment increased the gayety of the occasion. An extra candle was lighted as he entered. Unconsciously his spontaneity inspired others, who went away surprised at their own brilliance.

Both Neilson daughters studied at Smith; Margaret, the elder, after being an honor student there, graduated from Amherst Agricultural College; Caroline received her diploma *summa cum laude*, from her father's hand. The only son, Allan, a boy of much promise, died at seventeen, a grief so great that his parents could hardly ever speak his name again.

No one ever had to *explain* trouble to President Neilson. His sensitive spirit ran ahead to the hard place where you were standing and offered help at once. In any crisis his official family came to him: a domestic difficulty, a financial problem, an ethical question; and he never turned anyone away. However, his compassionate heart sometimes betrayed him, for, believing always the best about everyone, he refused to see any evil until it was actually forced upon him, and consequently he made mistakes in judgment about people.

Even when the academic load was heaviest, the President carried manifold outside activities. For eight years he went one day each week to Springfield to work on Webster's New International Dictionary. He wrote countless reviews and delivered innumerable addresses. Good feeling increased between town and gown because of his unassuming work for every public interest in Northampton. He served the whole Connecticut Valley, notably as Chairman of Speakers of the Springfield Public Forums, and Chairman of the Connecticut Valley Branch of the Foreign Policy Association. He believed that education had a responsibility in ordinary living, and the ideals of citizenship which he had urged upon the girls he practiced before their eyes.

I have sat with him on many boards and marveled that a man of his powers could show such plodding faithfulness in the drudgery of committee work. Slow-moving meetings must have irked him, for he was an expert presiding officer and could manage a long agenda with speed and skill. In bewildered discussions he saw through to the core of things and made the point at issue clear. Watching him work out a problem, I have often thought what a great ambassador he would have made, for he not only convinced you logically but charmed you into agreeing with him. There was the "silvery common sense" of Jane Austen about his decisions. At a faculty meeting where the question of printing the titles of the teachers in a more prominent manner than hitherto was argued *ad nauseam*, he finally commented quietly: "To change the catalogue as suggested will cost $500. We must retrench somewhere to meet this expense." A fresh economy was not attractive; the discussion stopped immediately.

As a liberal he stood in the forefront of the battle

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of human rights. Neither city nor college followed him fully. Some of his greatest admirers felt that his devotion to freedom kept him from discriminating in causes of the oppressed. One of the most dramatic incidents of his career was his defense of Sacco and Vanzetti during their last months of life in Massachusetts. President Neilson presided over a public meeting in Northampton called to consider their case, and when he presented the facts as he understood them, anger swept the audience. There were cries of "Mob him! Mob him!" While he remained completely calm through the tumult, his friends trembled for his safety.

7

He became a national figure, and he was recognized both at home and abroad. The governments of France and Spain decorated him and eleven institutions gave him honorary degrees. The LL.D. from his own University of Edinburgh, when he was referred to as "a learned exponent of a gayer and lighter jurisprudence," especially pleased him. The gorgeous scarlet and blue robe of the University became him and brought out his marked resemblance to Chaucer. He had the noble head and the merry eyes of the poet.

The war had deeply affected him and he was active in every effort for peace. I can mention only a few of his ever widening humanitarian interests: he was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, and he exerted a powerful influence upon the thinking of the country on the problem of international coöperation; he was a director of the National Refugee Service; Co-chairman of the Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born; he organized Food for Freedom to stimulate interest in relief overseas; with Dean Woodbridge of Columbia, John Finley, and others, he founded the *American Scholar;* from 1942 on he was an Overseer of Harvard (and rejoiced frankly when the Medical School was opened to women); for years he was a pillar of strength to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

But a list of President Neilson's good works gives only a faint idea of the genius behind them. No one could work with him without rising to a higher conception of man; his spirit soared above differences of race or religion with such complete tolerance that he saw only common humanity. His greatness as a college president lay in the example of his own life, a superb blending of action and thought. He gave a pattern of the kind of education he had tried to provide for his students. All his experiences — early poverty, teaching unruly boys, the sight of misery in the slums, stern ideals of education, citizenship local and national — flowered in his work as President. He proved that learning is mellowed by living, and living enriched by scholarship. As a man he was one of the rarest human beings of our time; with his transcendent qualities of courage, integrity, and wisdom, he far surpassed the sum of his services and successes.

In June, 1939, he retired from the presidency of Smith College. His Trustees made valiant efforts to keep him at Northampton, but they could not dissuade him from this step. There was a great outpouring of devotion at his final Commencement; gifts and testimonials came thick and fast. I like to remember him planting the Scotch elm which the gardeners gave him, to the music of the bagpipes, and reviewing the Alumnae procession from the Library steps, when each person dropped a small cardboard heart at his feet till he was up to his ankles in red. At the close of the Commencement exercises, among other degrees, he conferred upon Mrs. Neilson an L.H.D. which the Trustees had urged: "The most delicate and embarrassing task they ever demanded of me," he said. In a few farewell words he spoke gently of the comradeship of the faculty, the loyalty of the Alumnae, the irresistible responsiveness of the undergraduates, ending, "and so I take my leave." As the President and Mrs. Neilson walked down the aisle together, the whole assembly rose and the very air breathed affection for them.

His resignation did not mean retirement from active work. The *New York Times* made a true prophecy when it commented: "As a private citizen William Allan Neilson will have more leisure lucidly to teach and wittily to enliven this University of the United States." From a one-room schoolhouse in a small village he had become schoolmaster to an entire nation. He was so constantly called upon for counsel and help in a war-torn world that he had little time to enjoy his new home, a transformed farmhouse in Falls Village, Connecticut, where he and Mrs. Neilson went to live.

The Trustees of Smith commissioned him to write a History of the College, a hard task for a man who was far too modest to treat adequately his own regime; and he spent several winters in Northampton on research for the book. He was there working on his uncompleted draft when he was suddenly taken ill, and after a few days in the College Infirmary, he died, on February 13, 1946. He went as he would like to have gone, in a place dear to him, surrounded by friends, still in the fullness of his powers. One could not rightly mourn. But there are some people whose deaths are unbelievable because they have embodied so much life and his was like that. Thomas Wolfe has said that there are those who have "the quality of richness and joy in them and they communicate it to everything they touch. . . . It is probably the richest resource of the spirit. It is better than all formal learning and it cannot be learned although it grows in power and richness with living." William Allan Neilson had this quality. He heightened one's sense of life and gave a fresh significance to all its possibilities. And now "All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

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THE ATOMIC BOMB TESTS AT LAKE SINDORSK

by LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

1

MR. CHAIRMAN, Members of the Historical Society:—

The descendants of George Sturtevant, a physicist employed during the middle years of the twentieth century by the State Department of the United States of America, have recently found a steel box containing documents of the greatest historical significance. These papers are copies of official reports submitted by Sturtevant to his principals in Washington while he was on a special mission in late 1946. Sturtevant had been sent to Moscow in connection with the Soviet atomic bomb test held New Year's Day, 1947, near Lake Sindorsk, in the Komi S.S.R.

The existence of the Sturtevant reports had been unsuspected. Possibly the original copies received in Washington were purposely destroyed, or possibly the reports were accidentally lost. In any event, it is fortunate that the reports have now been found, for they shed new light on that vexing time, the opening of the atomic age.

There can be little doubt of the authenticity of these papers. They are written in full in Sturtevant's own hand, and apparently constitute the original drafts prepared by Sturtevant for typing by an Embassy stenographer. At the foot of each document is noted the date on which it was transmitted to Washington. The papers were written with an early ball-pointed pen, as can readily be seen by an examination of the quality of line. Such pens were first generally sold in early 1946, and the composition of the writing fluid used was drastically altered only two years later.

My purpose tonight is not, however, to convince you of the reliability of the Sturtevant reports, nor to acquaint you with their full contents. A critical edition of the reports will soon be published. Tonight I wish simply to point out the major new historical conclusion to which these documents bring us. I must apologize for reminding you, then, of the pertinent events of the year 1946.

In that year, you will remember, the two most powerful states of the world were the United States of America and Russia. There were half a hundred other autonomous nations, including giant rural countries like China, and nations past the zenith of their power, like Great Britain. All these nations, or nearly all, were joined together in a loose confederation called the United Nations, whose formation had rested on the agreement to maintain the right of a single powerful state to block joint action desired by all the others. For the nations were distrustful of one another and jealous of world power. The United States and Russia knew that each need fear only the other, of all the nations in the world.

More than any other cause, man's winning of atomic energy led to the disquiet of that time. The power of the atom had then been used only for destruction. World War II (1939–1945) had been ended by the explosion of two atomic bombs dropped without warning on the Japanese homeland by aircraft of the United States. At the end of 1945, American atomic-energy policy began to develop along two divergent paths.

On the one hand, the United States made to the other nations of the world quite reasonable proposals, by the standards of the time. These proposals were aimed toward the international control of atomic energy for peace, so that the threat of atomic war would be abated and the benefits of atomic power might be available equally to all. On the other hand, the interim control of atomic energy was kept entirely in the hands of the Army, whose policy was based on the idea that it would soon be necessary to fight an atomic war. The strictest secrecy regarding all phases of atomic energy was rigidly maintained. A bill for the Federal control of atomic energy, worked out by the Senate of the United States, had not yet passed Congress when, in the far Pacific, the Bikini Tests were held (July, 1946).

Two atomic bombs were exploded in the Bikini Tests, one a few hundred feet in the air and the

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other just under the surface of the sea. About the point of each explosion were disposed a number of warships at anchor. The stated purpose of the tests was to determine the degree of resistance to an atomic explosion offered by all types of military and naval equipment. Without examining the strategical effect of atomic explosives on warfare, the people of that time were concerned with the detailed problem of whether the Army and Navy matériel they had used in the war just past retained any tactical suitability in the war they felt might soon come.

2

MEANWHILE, the Russians had been working hard. Molotov, then Foreign Minister, had said in late 1945: "We will have atomic energy, and many other things." American estimates of the time required for the Russians to develop atomic bombs varied from a minimum of three to five years to the "more than a generation" which a general officer of the United States Army, prominent in the early days of the atomic energy project, allowed himself to predict.

Shortly after the completion of the Bikini Tests, the United States government began to suspect that the Russians were planning a test of an atomic bomb which they themselves had made. Long before there was any public announcement, William T. Harrison, an attaché of the United States Embassy in Moscow, heard from Russian scientists of his acquaintance rumors that led him to believe in such a possibility. On the basis of Harrison's reports, George Sturtevant was sent to Moscow with the task of learning all he could about Russian knowledge of the bomb.

Sturtevant's first nine weeks in Moscow were unproductive. Then came the first official Russian announcement. It said that scientists of the U.S.S.R. had mastered the technique of releasing atomic energy, that large power plants would soon be erected in various parts of the Soviet Union where fuel and waterpower were scarce, and that Russia planned to concentrate on the development of atomic energy for peaceful purposes.

However, the announcement went on to say, Russia would follow the United States lead in keeping entirely secret everything it knew about atomic energy, lest some country less disposed toward peace should endanger the security of the world by learning how to make atomic bombs. The ever present threat of this occurrence, despite the most stringent precautions, had forced the Soviet Union to decide to lay up a supply of atomic bombs as a defense against a possible fascist aggressor.

The first bomb had been completed for some time, and it would be exploded to enable measurements of its effectiveness in terms of blast, heat, radiation, and total energy release. Calculations of Soviet Academicians indicated that the Russian bomb was quite comparable to the United States "Nagasaki" weapon, which employed plutonium as an explosive, but such theoretical considerations always must be checked by trials.

The explosion would be held January 1, 1947 (the announcement continued), or as soon thereafter as weather conditions were favorable. The site selected was in the foothills of the Timan Mountains, near Sindorsk Lake, in the Komi S.S.R. The bomb would be set off just at the surface of the earth, or a little above the surface. Elaborate instrumentation would be provided to measure all the interesting quantities — pressure, temperature, ionization, radioactivity, and so on.

Arrangements were being made for world-wide news coverage of the event, both by press and radio. Every country of the United Nations was invited to send an observer, but because of the great difficulty involved in the arrangements, only one representative would be permitted each foreign nation. Of course, the results of the test could not be published in detail, but as much as security permitted would be made public.

Today, we can scarcely appreciate the excitement, confusion, even hysteria, which this announcement produced in the United States. Large numbers of the American people felt that a war between the United States and Russia was inevitable, because of the fundamental difference in their respective philosophies of government, if for no other reason. Everyone understood that the United States was far more vulnerable to atomic attack than Russia, because of America's much greater centralization of industry and population. And the degree to which the attacker in an atomic war held the advantage was fully appreciated.

Streamer headlines as big as those which had heralded the end of the war less than two years before carried news of the Russian announcement, and the editorial columns were devoted almost altogether to interpreting it in terms of the national interest of the United States Interpretations ranged all the way from the conclusion that "preventive" war should be commenced at once, to the quiet remark that this Russian development simply underlined the need for an immediate world-wide agreement to outlaw the dangerous uses of atomic energy, and thus might assist in reducing the areas of disagreement existing between nations regarding such control.

3

IN a few days, uncritical acceptance of the Russian announcement gave way to partial skepticism. Americans had been told by their scientists that anyone could unlock the secret of the atom, but they had also been told, by others, that no other country had the "know-how" (a barbarism of the time, meaning technical ability) to do the job. Many believed it unlikely that the Russians really possessed the knowledge and the physical plant

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necessary to make atomic bombs so soon after the United States had made its first disclosure that this could be done. There was a growing feeling that the Soviet news release might be a hoax.

Sturtevant, of course, was aware of the possibility that the Soviet claims were false, and almost his entire effort, once the original press release had been made, was devoted to attempting to discover whether or not a real atomic bomb was to be exploded in the Sindorsk Test, as it had come to be known. The interest of his principals in Washington was also concentrated on finding whether or not the Russian claims should be taken at their face value. An abridgment of the first report submitted by Sturtevant after the announcement of the Sindorsk Test shows how clearly he grasped the issues: —

"In what follows I indicate the lines along which it might be discovered whether or not the bomb to be used in the Sindorsk Test is a true atomic bomb. If the announcement is a hoax, the explosion of an atomic bomb must be counterfeited in a way which can deceive those attending the test. This deception will be made easier by the fact that the nearest foreign observer will be at least eight miles from the point of the explosion, and may be considerably farther away.

"What are the properties which characterize the explosion of an atomic bomb? These properties are the ones that must be faked if the Russian announcement is false.

"First, of course, is the appearance of the cloud which rises over the explosion. The 'mushroom' that is typical of an atomic bomb burst is now quite familiar. It may be less well known that a high-order detonation of any quantity of high explosive greater than about 3000 tons will produce such a 'mushroom.' Thus we cannot rely on the formation of a 'mushroom' as an index of the atomic character of the bomb.

"The energy release in the explosion of an atomic bomb is, of course, enormous. It is in the neighborhood of that produced by the explosion of 20,000 tons of TNT. This, however, is no help; for the actual explosion of 20,000 tons of TNT, if a high-order detonation is achieved by careful fuzing or otherwise, would counterfeit the release of energy required and the necessary blast pressures. When it is considered that 50,000 tons of TNT would occupy a cubical space only 100 feet on an edge, the feasibility of using ordinary chemical explosives to produce such a gigantic explosion becomes clear. The only lead this suggests is to try to trace the activities of the Soviet experts on high explosives.

"The detonation of a quantity of ordinary high explosive would not produce the great light intensities characterizing an atomic bomb explosion, without special attention to this detail. However, the addition to the explosive of suitable quantities of powdered magnesium and aluminum would probably produce a flash great enough to deceive observers at a distance of several miles, especially when they are wearing dark glasses and lying down with their feet toward the bomb. It would be necessary to add to the explosive suitable substances to maintain the luminosity of the cloud, but this can probably be done.

"Another characteristic of the explosion of an atomic bomb is the radioactivity produced. The radioactive cloud resulting from the Alamogordo Test of July last year was detectable in Washington, D.C., when the winds carried it there. It might be hoped that we could detect the presence or absence of such a cloud by means of instruments for the measurement of radiation if we placed them as near as we could to the test site. Our nearest consulate, however, is almost a thousand miles from the point at which this explosion will occur, and it will always be possible for the Russians to claim (as they will certainly do if the test is a hoax) that rainstorms occurring immediately after the test brought most of the radioactivity down to earth.

"Also, they can certainly assemble enough radium and other naturally occurring radioactive substances to render the area directly under the point of explosion quite active. No doubt, observers will be forbidden to enter this area until 'the original very strong radioactivity has decayed to a safe level' (which is good practice, even if the test is honest). It will probably then be impossible to detect whether the residual radioactivity is that of artificial or natural radioelements, without the use of elaborate equipment which the Russians will certainly not permit to foreign observers.

"The only aspect of an atomic bomb explosion which is both difficult to counterfeit and possible to observe without elaborate apparatus — so far as I can see — is the blue glow, due to ionization of the air, which surrounds the 'ball of fire' and the cloud from the explosion in its earliest stages. This glow is due to radioactivity so strong that it cannot be imitated by dispersing radium in the high explosive which is used to produce the fake 'atomic' explosion; and I have not been able to think of any way in which this glow could be counterfeited.

"I cannot overemphasize the importance of sending to the Sindorsk Test, as the American observer, a physicist with wide experience in the observation of atomic bomb explosions. I myself would possess the necessary qualifications, but I suppose that a more prominent scientist would be easier to explain as a choice. On no account should a non-physicist be sent. If I fail to unearth anything decisive in my work here in Moscow, our entire knowledge of the validity of the Russian announcement may rest on a few seconds' observation by the one man the Russians will permit us to send to the test."

4

NEARLY three months remained between the date of this dispatch from Sturtevant and the day set for

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the Sindorsk blast. In this time, Sturtevant made vigorous efforts to find some definite evidence confirming or disproving the Russian claims that they had mastered atomic energy. A crew of American economic experts and mining engineers did discover that known ore deposits containing uranium were being intensively worked by the Russians, and that new deposits were being widely prospected for in the U.S.S.R., but these things would have been done in any case. Of the foremost Russian explosives men, two had disappeared from their usual residences and occupations; but Sturtevant knew that an atomic bomb of the type familiar to him presented some rather novel pyrotechnic problems, and therefore refrained from forming a judgment on this bit of evidence.

Meanwhile, it will be remembered, popular hysteria in the United States and in England had resulted in the lynching of several scientists suspected of giving atomic bomb secrets to Russia.

A month before the test, at a time when the United States had still not named its representative at the great show, Sturtevant sent back to Washington a report which said, in part: —

"I regret to report that the intelligence activities which have been carried on here in Moscow have been entirely inconclusive. There appears to be a strong possibility that the Russians are working an elaborate bluff, and that the explosion of their 'atomic' bomb may be a fake, conducted by amassing a suitable quantity of chemical explosive. On the other hand, there is nothing which indicates definitely that their claims are false.

"Under these conditions, as emphasized in my first report after the Russian announcement, the greatest importance attaches to the selection of the American observer who is to be sent to witness the Sindorsk Test. He should be a physicist of the highest competence, and one who has observed two or more explosions of true atomic bombs. Only in his ability to detect the presence or absence of the blue ionization glow surrounding the explosion in its earliest stages can we hope for a valid assessment of the Russian claims."

Despite this clear statement from Sturtevant, the United States government yielded to political pressure in the choice of its official observer for the Russian test. The important official who was selected had been present at one of the United States atomic bomb demonstrations, and had taken a very considerable part in early United States affairs connected with atomic energy. He did not pretend to sufficient scientific competence, however, to enable him to make certain detailed observations suggested by Sturtevant, such as examining the spectrum of the light from the explosion by means of an inconspicuous transmission-type diffraction grating cemented to a pair of eyeglasses.

Sturtevant, of course, was appalled by this decision. During the thirty-six-hour stay of the official observer in Moscow, Sturtevant attempted to talk with him, but the necessities of official entertainment did not permit them to get together. Sturtevant contented himself with the preparation of a long memorandum outlining what to look for at the moment of the explosion, which he delivered to the official observer's aide.

What actually happened at Sindorsk will probably never be known. The observer's well-known official report makes it clear, in the light of the Sturtevant reports, that his observation of events immediately after the explosion was not sufficiently careful to make a decision possible on the blue glow. The French observer, who was located near-by, said later that the United States observer was in a considerable state of excitement. He got to his feet, the Frenchman said, immediately after the explosion, without taking off his dark glasses, and was knocked down some seconds later by the arrival of the blast wave.

The United States, British, and French observers had been put as close as possible to the actual point of explosion, as a mark of extraordinary respect.

The United States observer's report was unequivocal in describing the Russian explosion as that of a true atomic bomb. This decision has been accepted ever since. It seems, however, that there was no circumstantial account of evidence which convinced Sturtevant of the truth of this judgment. Sturtevant's evaluation of the official report, a masterpiece of self-control, says merely: —

"There is no convincing evidence in the report of the official United States observer at the Sindorsk Test which enables a decision to be made on whether the Russians really set off an atomic bomb. The blue glow which I believe to be the only decisive evidence is described in the following terms: 'The many-colored cloud ascended above the point of explosion, and soon took on the mushroom-shaped appearance characteristic of an atomic bomb explosion.'

"I have had the opportunity of speaking with the official observer, and find that he is not certain whether or not there was such a glow. The photographs released by the Russians show a nimbus about the explosion cloud which might correspond to this phenomenon, but they would certainly retouch the photographic negatives to give this appearance, if the test were really a hoax.

"No decision as to the validity of the Russian assertions about their progress in atomic energy seems to be possible without further intelligence work."

Thus, the United States authorities were entirely without knowledge of the truth of the Russian claims, even after the great test at Sindorsk. As is well known, their course of action in this crisis was decided upon only a few days later. The interesting fact revealed for the first time by the Sturtevant reports is that this action was taken in complete ignorance of the state of atomic energy development in Russia.

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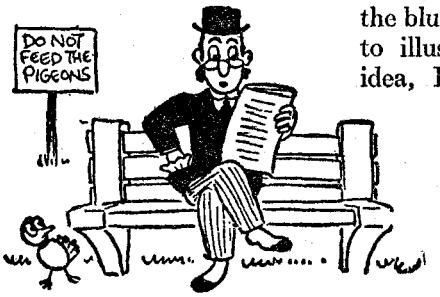
DAHL'S BOSTON

by FRANCIS W. DAHL *and* CHARLES W. MORTON

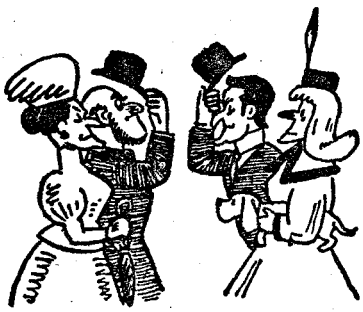
FRANCIS DAHL is an artist who, better than any other, has illustrated the foibles of Boston and the quiddities of the New England character. During the war years his cartoons on the editorial page of the *Boston Herald* took the curse off the news and reminded us of the imperishable comedy of human nature. A collection of his drawings entitled *Dahl's Boston* will be published as an Atlantic–Little, Brown book this autumn, together with a prose commentary by CHARLES W. MORTON, late of Omaha and now the Associate Editor of the *Atlantic*. We believe that a sample of each might be of interest to outlanders. — THE EDITOR

FRANCIS DAHL has turned out a daily cartoon for the *Boston Herald* since 1930. The basis of his work is the news item or a development in the news of the day, and Dahl is primarily a newspaperman, a commentator. An inventive fellow, able, if he chose, to work out of the blue, to create and to illustrate a comic idea, Dahl sticks to the news. He is not a gag man; in fact he would pass up many an easy job on a straight gag in order to search out just the right bona fide absurdity in the news itself for the next morning's *Herald*.



I say "the next morning's" *Herald* because Dahl is one of the real deadline artists of the whole field. With a newsman's respect for what is genuinely current, he will be sitting at a blank drawing board as late as eight o'clock of an evening, with a 10 P.M. copy time staring him right in the face. Composed and languid, he is turning over the pages of an evening paper, and he has just leafed through a half-dozen or so others. If a visitor drops in at this point, Dahl will declare himself barren of ideas but he will have plenty of time for conversation, a drink across the street, or even a pickup meal nearby. Time passes and the visitor finds himself in a growing state of concern about the deadline. As the minutes go by, he can see only catastrophe ahead — the morning when Dahl went bust. Dahl shows no anxiety; he sits twiddling a fork or reloading his pipe, with his customary air of sadness but quite without concern. He may remark that he has half an idea but that it's no good. Sooner or later the strain will be too much for the visitor and he will slip away. The next morning he will find the Dahl drawing to be, if anything, better than usual.

Dahl's Boston is essentially a village, not a city. It is a small place, containing not more than a couple of square miles. Its physical center is the village green, or Boston Common. It has a bandstand, Symphony Hall; a library, the Athenaeum. Its newspapers are dailies instead of weeklies, but in other respects they are reasonably to be compared with the lesser journals of Berkshire County, rural Indiana, and Long Island. The village school in this case is Harvard. There is an Opera House, where for a few days each year the villagers can attend the very latest operas — *Faust*, *Madame Butterfly*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Lohengrin*, and such — in which highly paid artists from New York are heard. The men enjoy the "club nights," which in other parts of the country would be "lodge nights." Their ladies join everything under the sun and divide themselves into committees and subcommittees. The people are all related to each other or know each other or try to find out about each other just as they do in any other village.



Thus aware that his doings are closely remarked by those around him, that living on Marlborough Street is like living on a party line, the Bostonian conducts himself most of all with caution. His first need is to withstand the scrutiny of his neighbors, not to impress strangers. He must appear as a man of caution, able to restrict his impulses, limit his conversation, and make the old car do for another five years at least.

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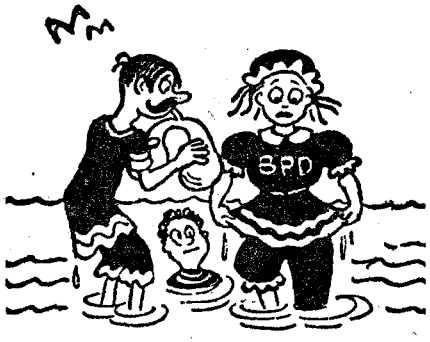
In matters of dress, these obligations have put Boston's men and women into a kind of uniform. For the man, it means a blue serge suit, napless and shining; a white shirt, with a stiff collar and a reassuring hint of fraying at the cuffs (nothing that couldn't be trimmed off readily enough with a pair of scissors); and an old, scrawny necktie. Black shoes, an heirloom watch chain, rubbers, and an umbrella complete the kit.

The hat merits special mention. The Bostonian is a one-hat man who has long since discovered that a single good all-purpose hat is just as useful at the Opera, weddings, and funerals as it is for fly fishing or New York. The hat is cleaned and "renewed" every two or three years, shrinking a little each time, and you will notice that almost every Bostonian's felt hat is just a shade smaller than you expect it to be.

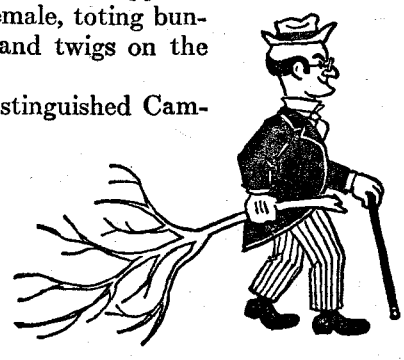
The women, similarly, are on the side of the high neckline, foot comfort, and warm, durable clothing. They swathe themselves in hard-bitten tweeds, often with long capes of the same doughty fabric. Woolen mufflers, fur neckpieces of great age, and hats that really protect the head, albeit with just a touch of ornamentation, are well regarded for routine daytime wear. By evening, the Boston woman gets out an immense collection of trinkets and jewelry, turning up at the Opera House or the bandstand all a-jingle with necklaces, chains, bangles, brooches, pins, earrings, a dozen or two bracelets and rings. Her husband wears an interesting old tail coat, white tie, black vest, red muffler, brown gloves, rubbers, and his Felt Hat. They make a memorable pair.



The attitude of thrift, so happily expressed in his dress, controls other details of the Bostonian's folkways. He is likely to save tinfoil, and many a downtown desk holds a large ball of this excellent substance. Pure salvage, costing him nothing, the ball has grown entirely from the retention of numberless fragments which more thoughtless people simply throw away. Its uses are limited, but it certainly is large. Odd lengths of string and twine, wound on bobbins made of cardboard or scrap paper, are another vehicle for accumulation; one can fill a drawer to overflowing with them in a year or two if he keeps at it.

A real-estate man once took me through a house in Cambridge where the attic was crammed to the rafters with pasteboard cartons full of empty medicine bottles of all sizes — pill, ipecac, iodine bottles; large flasks which had once contained rubbing alcohol, Pond's Extract, and milk of magnesia. They were all clean, in fine condition; lacking a ready market, perhaps, yet too good to throw away. I should judge that the whole collection had been some fifty years in the making.

The same agent also showed me a house in which the whole basement was piled from floor to ceiling with twigs. I should explain at this point that Cambridge is the same thing as Boston only more so. Cambridge trees are forever shedding small branches, twigs. The townspeople, being Cambridge townspeople, are forever picking them up and carrying them home to burn in the fireplace. Why pay money for wood when Nature has lavished her twigs on so many sidewalks? It is no uncommon thing to see shoppers around Harvard Square, male or female, toting bundles on one arm and twigs on the other.



I once saw a distinguished Cambridge burgher on his way home from church. A vestryman — doubtless of high position in the Laymen's League — he was turned out in a cutaway, striped trousers, a careful collar-and-tie effect, white carnation. (He had stood by his Cambridge hat, however — a stained, rumpled, brown felt hat.) The day being fine, he wore no rubbers and in his left hand he carried a Malacca cane. With his right he was dragging a large dead bough of a tree. The reason why twigs pile up in such huge quantities is quite simple: Is this fire really necessary? Wouldn't it be just as well to save the twigs for a colder spell when they would really be needed?

Judging from their conversation, one would think Bostonians lived entirely on chowder, fish or clam. They talk of it incessantly, brag about their particular version. The chowder is always the same, although one man's fish chowder may have fewer bones in it than another's. The conversation is always the same too, being a reiteration of the well-known fact that New Yorkers put tomatoes in chowder and Bostonians do not. If you were to say to any Bostonian, "I had a good chowder in New York[1] the other day," he would start the tomato

[1] Of course no Bostonian would ever eat a chowder in New York, and this is a purely hypothetical example. As a matter of fact, a Boston man would not like to seem too well informed about anything in New York; his friends would think it queer.

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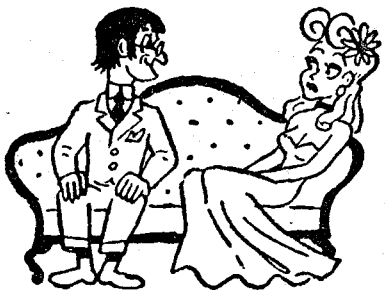
story and the whole chowder conversation would be played all over again. My own opinion is that Boston chowders differ only in basic strength, which in turn depends on the generosity of the maker. If he is like most Bostonians, he will probably add an extra quart of milk or even tap water to it in the belief that either is cheaper than clam juice or fish stock and no one will know the difference.

Next in conversational value is Indian pudding. One hears all sorts of fine distinctions drawn about this dish, which consists of a dipperful of a brownish mush, tasting only of molasses, sometimes topped by melting, gelatinous vanilla ice cream. Indian pudding is demonstrably the worst looking and least interesting dessert of them all, and not even the English have anything to match it.

I tried once to argue all this to a well-situated Bostonian, an admirable host and possessor of a fine cellar. "Indian pudding is not very nice looking," he replied, "but it makes good eating when properly done." His point was, of course, that instead of being a merely frivolous dessert, Indian pudding is nourishing; a chance to take aboard valuable calories and energy-giving food. After all, that's what you are paying for, and so far as the dessert business goes, Indian pudding is sweet, isn't it? Naturally, he did not express these considerations in so many words, but they seemed to me implicit.



The New England boiled dinner is the third of these cherished specialties — a collection of wan vegetables and an unidentifiable cut of meat, all of which taste like cabbage. The dish, as its name implies, is achieved simply by boiling everything, hard, for hours.

Among his lesser habits, the Bostonian gives a high rating to mackerel, an oily fish abounding in bones. He sets equal store by its watery, flabby counterpart in the low-priced field, the haddock. (Whereas the dark parts of mackerel have a bitter taste, haddock has no taste at all.) He talks intently about pie.

When I first moved to Boston from Nebraska, I was astonished to find the people here really eating beans; eating them, I mean, with some regularity and even enthusiasm. I had supposed it only a sorry joke, a fable, but a pot of baked beans is actually a Saturday fixture on many a table. One sees people in restaurants, of a Saturday, ordering and eating baked beans and brown bread. The leftovers reappear Sunday morning as a side dish to the usual dropped eggs, fish balls, and pie.

Chowder, boiled dinner, Indian pudding, and beans have, I believe, a great deal to do with the Bostonian's psyche, his sense of guilt, his frugality, and, at the same time, his local pride. These dishes are inexpensive, easy to prepare, filling, and God knows they are plain and simple. By habituating his household to the week-end of beans, for instance, the Bostonian creates the moral and financial equivalent of a Fast Day, perhaps two Fast Days. There is that much less marketing to do, kitchen work is cut down, a kind of culinary hair shirt is undergone by the entire family, and — best of all — beans are cheap. For reasons of such obvious merit, the Bostonian has long since persuaded himself that beans are a noble meal and that to omit them for a week or two would be an unpleasant deprivation. He will fire up at any taunts about beans, and he will talk just as earnestly about cooking them as about Indian pudding.

I repeat that the dishes mentioned above are what get most of the conversational emphasis in Boston. Here again is a psychological twist by the natives, a red herring, intended to show their Spartan character, their abhorrence of rich food and high living. But to leaf through any S. S. Pierce catalogue is to realize that this is no more than protective coloration like the shiny blue suit, the battered hat. I doubt that any grocer in the world could outdo Pierce's opulence and variety. In normal times, Boston's per capita use of U.S. prime beef is said to be the highest in this country. The point is that Pierce's goods and the better cuts are consumed by the Bostonian *privatim*, in his home, where none may wonder at their cost and whether he is "living on Capital" in order to eat them.

Food is thus a secret vice in Boston, like an addiction to vanilla extract. Public eating places suffer in consequence.

For the people who inhabit Dahl's Boston, censorship comes to full flower in the New England Watch and Ward Society. It's a philanthropy, a gesture towards the common good just like bird feeding, the Anti-Vivisection Society, or the Horses' Christmas Tree which used to be an annual fixture in Post Office Square. Various peddlers and

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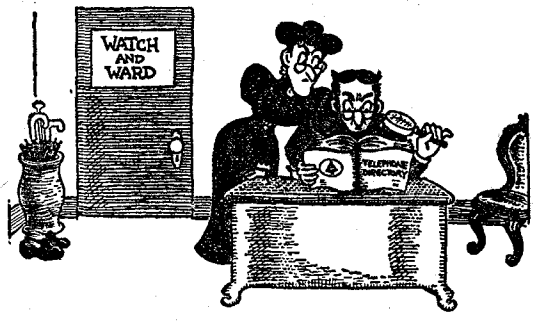
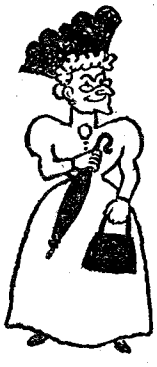
draymen were persuaded to bring their animals around for a gift, and the horses would be given a carrot or a sugar lump to munch, and a drink of water if they wanted one, in addition to the natural enjoyment which they derived from the atmosphere of high holiday and Christmas cheer. The event was always treated as a good, solid tear jerker by



the Boston press, but I believe it was allowed to lapse during the distractions of World War II.)

At any rate, the Watch and Ward is supported by private donations just like any other worthy charity. The sale of cigarettes to minors, for instance, is a matter for serious watching and warding by the Society. It will be found from time to time that "conditions" in overnight camps have become intolerable and that couples have actually shared the same room in such places even though they weren't married at all. Comic books and pulp magazines are sometimes no better than they should be, and, in the summer especially, Young Girls are seen on Boston Common at unconscionably late hours. And always, year in and year out, the novelists of Alabama and New York, Texas and Connecticut, Georgia, San Francisco, and Chicago, steadily seek to undermine the community with their abominable tales of infidelity, miscegenation, and worse. The Society holds a meeting each year at which the city's narrow escapes are reported, with warnings that the year to come will be even more perilous. The donors produce their checkbooks, the treasurer's report is accepted, officers are re-elected. The membership returns to its homes wondering what on earth the human race is coming to. Where can it all end?



I happened to interview an Executive Secretary of the Society some years ago. He was in high spirits and told me, when I was shown into his office, that the Society had just brought off another conviction in the courts.

I asked him what for.

"Selling cigarettes to minors," he replied, rubbing his hands. "Yes, we had that fellow dead to rights."

He was eager to talk, filled with the craftsman's pride in a job well done. I might add that at the time of the interview, Boston was in the final convulsions of national prohibition and the city was not wholly free from peccadilloes in that direction. But the Watch and Ward was determined to hold the line on coffin nails against all comers.

"Yes," the Executive Secretary said, "it was a very simple case and the fellow didn't have a leg to stand on. He was a Greek, over in Charlestown. Runs a fruit stand. We'd been hearing complaints about him, so I went over there with one of my agents and the agent's son — boy of fourteen. We simply told the boy to go in and say that the cigarettes were for his father. The Greek sold them to him, and that was that. Cost him twenty dollars in court this morning."

But wickedness is everywhere. Boston could scarcely depend solely on a little group of humanitarians in the struggle against it. The city and state governments do what they can to cut down wickedness. Public authority is invoked, and if its sources seem a bit unusual we must at least appreciate the intent.

The control of the theater, for example — but hold on. I've already misstated it. Let me go back and begin over again.

There is no censorship or control of the Boston

stage. A producer can put on any show he wants in Boston. All he has to do is find a theater for it.

Theaters, in turn, operate under a city license. This is available, on an annual payment of a nominal fee, from the Clerk of the Licensing Division of the City of Boston to any theater owner whose building meets the prescribed requirements of public safety: sound elevator cables, proper exits and fire doors, sufficient state of repair.

Now you might think that the city's bona fide inspection of a theater property would establish the building's safety or lack of it at least for a while. Very likely it does. Maybe that is exactly what actually happens. A theater is inspected, gets its license renewed, and everything is fine.

But meanwhile, we find that the Clerk of the City Licensing Division, whose main obligation is to ring up the correct receipts, make change, and not put a strain on his surety bond, is a great one for going to shows. These clerks over the years have become inveterate first-nighters. Some of them even frequent rehearsals. They feel the lure of the footlights. Furthermore, they develop strong likes and dislikes on all manner of details. The chorus may be showing too much skin to suit the Clerk of the

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Licensing Division of the City of Boston. A line may abrade his sense of the verities. He has ideas about profanity. If the play happens to make sport of the Irish, the Clerk may not like any of it. If it

asperses a "clergyman," the Clerk will be seen fidgeting in his seat. During all these reactions the Clerk is the object of infinite solicitude on the part of the producer, author, theater owner, and others concerned.

At the end of the performance, the Clerk is urged to make known his pleasure. How did he like it? Would the show be improved by a few cuts and changes or would the girls look better with a little more upholstery?

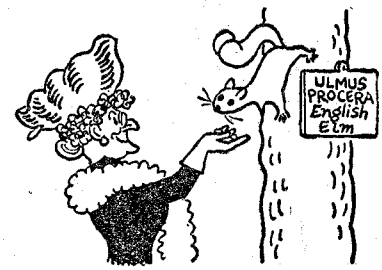
Just talking off the cuff and in a friendly way, the Clerk gives his opinions. He does not censor anything, because he has no legal right to do so. He just tells them what he thinks of the show. He may even say that the whole show is a bust, a turkey, and that it would be a waste of time and money to put it on at all in Boston.

Nothing in particular has befallen the fire doors, or elevator cables, or exit facilities of the theater while all this has been going on. Obviously. It's the same building, same doors, same elevators. But whatever he does say is the very next thing that happens to that show.

This is what is known as "the Boston system" and theater people have long since stopped trying to buck it. System or no system, it is regarded locally as a very smooth operation indeed. A change of pace sets in, however, when it comes to burlesque. While the Clerk of the Licensing Division is busy in his *ex officio* role of first-nighter, cleaning up the better plays, *somebody* is dirtying up Boston's burlesque shows, which are nasty beyond compare. No one can quite account for it.

Genuinely fond of nature and the out-of-doors, the Bostonian gets plenty of exercise. He keeps on with tennis and squash, bird walks, sailing, rowing on the river, and scrambling about with the Appalachian Mountain Club long after middle age. He is brown in the summer and pink in the winter. His waistline is decent, and many Bostonians still buy their blue suits from the same London tailor who took their measurements on their graduation from Harvard, when they were first making the Grand Tour. Having no desire to travel again, well satisfied with his clothes, the Bostonian keeps himself at about the same dimensions, and the original measurements hold good whenever he buys another blue suit at five- or ten-year intervals.

The wildlife of Boston Common and the Public Garden naturally fascinates these people. Squirrels and pigeons cut a large figure in a Bostonian's day. The little creatures must be fed, and a great deal of argument goes on about it. Some feed peanuts, others cracked corn, bread crusts, and even pecans. Letters to the Editor are forever advocating more feeding, or less, or a radical change of diet. Every so often the squirrels — overfed consistently, by any standard — develop rare diseases. They molt, become mangy, dispirited, or their eyes may suddenly show a wild gleam. On such occasions, the correspondence to editors is voluminous. Professional advice is sought from the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or from the Animal Rescue League, its arch-rival. If the emergency persists, the police may intervene with a prohibition of squirrel feeding or even a threat of euthanasia for the whole colony of squirrels. The pigeons have long since developed a tolerance for unlimited quantities of feed, remaining healthy however lamentable their deportment.



The Public Garden is the main parade ground, also, for household animals, usually Pomeranians, Pekes, pugs, poodles, and spaniels. Their custodians are elderly women, who carry on a spirited conversation with them on more subjects than you might believe possible. All Bostonians are anthropomorphists in respect of dogs, cats, squirrels, horses, birds, trout, and salmon. If a dog would misuse a tulip bed, its owner will give him a regular progressive-school explanation of why he should stay out of it, making it plain that the tulips are for the benefit of the many and not for his private sport as he seemed to suppose.

As in the case of the stage, there is no censorship of books in Boston. The Superintend-

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ent of Police, however, is a great one for reading; or maybe he knows people who read books or has a few book readers in the Police Department. Sooner or later, the Superintendent or one of his trusted deputies will be browsing around the best-seller counters, looking over the jacket blurbs and leafing through the new novels. If the proprietor of the bookshop should happen to stroll by at such a moment, that would be no uncommon thing. Small talk would develop about the fortunes of the Red Sox, or the latest sleet storm, hurricane, or heat wave. "I see you have a new book here, *Frosted Venus*," the Police Department man might remark. "I haven't read it."

"I haven't read it either," the bookseller would answer, "but it was very favorably reviewed everywhere. Don't you want to take a copy along with you?"

That will do perfectly for a go-in, the early stage of negotiations on almost any book. Just a chat, glad to see you again, how've you been, on both sides. The next words of the Police Department's man are what count. If he puts the book back on the counter and says it looks to him like a mighty good book, nothing is going to happen. But if he replies, "No, I haven't read it and I don't believe it is at all the kind of book I should enjoy reading," all hell breaks loose. Strictly speaking, he won't even have to make such a declaration in plain English. He may just put the book down and leer at the bookseller or frown at him. "Looks like rain," would suffice. He would then take gracious leave of the bookseller and wish him well in all his affairs.

The bookseller would rush for the phone, summon his lawyers, and pass the Word to the other bookshops. *Frosted Venus* is no go. Can't do it. Drop it. Put it away.

You will note both parties have tucked into the conversation the fact that neither has read the book. This is important. When the blowoff comes later on and certain hotheads begin asking questions, the Police Department man will blandly deny all knowledge of the matter. Why, he has not even read the book, he will say, let alone suppressed it. The bookseller has filed his disclaimer for an entirely different reason: he had not read the book and therefore didn't dream that it was dirty — that is, dirty in the Police Department's sense of the word.

At long intervals, objectors to this simple non-censorship technique of suppressing books will insist on what is fondly called a "test case." A bookseller will be goaded into making a "test" sale. He is thereupon arrested, experimentally, and given a "test" hearing and trial in court. The test is always successful: he is invariably convicted and fined and he discovers, to his astonishment, that it was not a trial spin at all but that everybody was really playing for keeps. He pays the fine not with practice money but with actual cash.

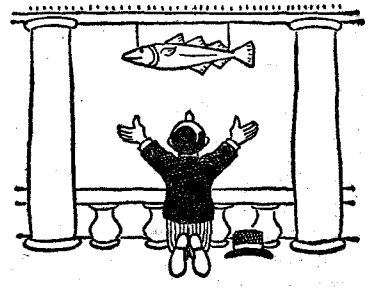
In any and all of these matters the Watch and Ward Society will "coöperate."

The Boston accent is a subject of humorous reference elsewhere in the country. A complicated affair. It retains a hint of the dialect spoken in near-by Marblehead — pronounced *Mabblehead* in that town, where people also speak of *Datmouth* and *hat-disease* — but the Bostonian has not eliminated the *r* altogether. Depending on his conditioning, he may or may not add the final *r* to such words as saw, law, formula, idea, and Omaha, and here again is an upstate influence rather than a Back Bay characteristic. (The standard allusion to Omaha hereabouts is always a question, "What is the capital of Omaha[r]?") Leo Carroll, the actor, came a frightful cropper in Boston in the role of the late George Apley; Bostonians professed to find his utterances all but unintelligible, while New Yorkers derided them eagerly as the genuine patois of the Brahmin.

My own search for a definition of the Boston accent at that time yielded me only a vague conclusion that it is one part Boston, one part Harvard, and one part hick.

Accent or no, the Bostonian expresses himself in disconcertingly exact language, giving each word its full quota of syllables. His avoidance of such sounds as *doncha*, *woncha*, *gimme*, *wanta*, shocks the Western or Southern ear. He will not speak of *Noo York* or *noospapers*.

All these qualities give the Bostonian a faint air of slumming when he appears in other parts of the United States. The shiny blue suit, the old hat, and his air of piety and calm will sometimes lead the unwary to treat him as a pliant thing, a setup. But after he has clipped out a precise, inexorable statement of his wants, in a firm, carrying voice, in airtight, virtually legal language, he becomes a matter of uneasy respect, even deference. A New York hotel clerk, for instance, will feel that perhaps he had better humor the man until more is learned about him: he may be the holder of the first mortgage or a dangerous lunatic.



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THE INTEGRITY OF "TOP SECRET"

by RALPH INGERSOLL

1

THERE is nothing so reassuring to the author of a book which touches on history as to have a Professor go to work on it with a microscope, looking for factual flaws, misplaced minutiae, and so on, and have him come up with an unqualified endorsement of one of the author's major themes! The conclusion of Professor Taylor's study on *Top Secret* is an agreement that "General Bradley is *the* great field general of the war in Europe."

It feels good to one who entered the campaign in Europe by the landing craft route on D-Day to find that even the men who stayed in headquarters and rustled papers came to this same conclusion.

As to the unkind things that Professor Taylor has also written about *Top Secret*, in view of his conclusion, it would be ungenerous of me to engage him in a battle of commas. Besides, Professor Taylor has more commas than I. Probably he is heavier-armed in colons and semicolons, too.

When I wrote *Top Secret*, I had only an intimate knowledge of the strategy, tactics, and personalities of the campaign gained from a little over two years of 7-day a week work with the men who were making, commanding, and executing the plans. I did *not* have the files of the Historical Branch, European Theater of Operations. Neither had I the services of a staff of fellow historians. I had only the advice of a score or more of other officers who, like myself, were participants in the actual campaign. Although most of them were professional — and several of them were general — officers, only one of them had been a Professor at a University. And he not even from Harvard. So, it should not be too difficult for Professor Taylor's comma-tipped rapier to draw my blood!

But let us see how he made out.

Obviously, the Professor attacked what he considers my book's most vulnerable passages. The first clinking of foils is over my secondhand account of what happened at Omaha Beach. It is "secondhand" because I was reasonably busy on the beach called Utah at this time. Professor Taylor certainly gives me a case against the Commanding Officer who told me he had been "pinned there for six hours before the destroyer screen swung in." Obviously, the account my friend gave me was not as authentic as Professor Taylor's. Possibly the wound my informant received while leading his troops up the cliff distracted him a bit and he failed to note in his diary that units near-by had gotten through in two hours whereas it had taken his men six.

But, when Professor Taylor tells me that no clean break-through was made from the Omaha sector, he will have to take that up with the First U.S. Infantry Division. Officers and men of the First are still convinced that they had pierced the crust beyond Caumont when they were ordered by Field Marshal — then General — Montgomery to stop in their tracks. This may seem like buck passing on my part, but the plain fact is that I haven't the nerve to try to tell them that a Professor knows more about what actually happened out there in the woods than they, who were there. Their feeling is still very strong on the subject of the orders which halted them. These orders permitted the Germans to re-form on their front, and to sow the mines, and to site the mortars that were to kill and maim so many Americans when the attack had to be resumed.

Nor will I stand up for Professor Taylor in his argument with the terrain experts who gave me their description of hedgerow country — and whose understanding was good enough, at least, to provide them with a basis for planning and executing successful operations against the Germans.

Rickey Harrison, my map maker, however, I will turn over to the Professor, bound hand and foot, *if*, in his simplification of the official battle maps (which had just been released by the War Department), he did — as alleged by Professor Taylor — ink in a big, black arrow a whole quarter of an inch from where it was supposed to go.

I also deliver to him, in appropriate fetters, the German noncom from whom, after interrogation, I got the story of what happened in German Headquarters the night before D-Day. I wasn't there. I may, however, suggest to the Heinies' Defense

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The Editor of *PM*, a writing man who has proved himself a good fighter, RALPH INGERSOLL is the author of *The Battle Is the Pay-Off* and, more recently, that much discussed book *Top Secret*. In this paper he is replying to the critical scrutiny of Professor Charles H. Taylor, whose article "The Errors of Ralph Ingersoll" appeared in the October *Atlantic*.

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Counsel that a good answer to Professor Taylor's charges might be that events in the field are not always recorded for historians in higher headquarters in the way they actually happened. Some people, he might add, prefer to believe the firsthand reports of men who were there.

I deliver myself, in sackcloth and ashes, if I put the First Army's engagements, which broadened the base of the American peninsula salient, on the wrong side of the fall of Cherbourg! Professor Taylor just says I omitted *all* mention of these battles — and then goes on to quote the very words with which I described them, to prove that I had the date wrong. Well, the conscientious professional soldiers who checked my narrative before publication caught me in a number of other places and I know I was a trial to them. The sense of the whole always seemed more important to me than whether the scene I pictured took place on the moonless night of Friday, the 13th, or actually happened on the cloudy night of Saturday, the 14th. And my choice, of course, was whether to let the book go to press or hold it up a year or two until, say, the Nuremberg Trials were over, and I could get from such affairs enough supporting detail to choke a scholar.

But I didn't care then about scholar-choking and still don't. The important thing about the truth is its telling — and one of the standard ways to keep it from being told at all is to insist that it cannot be printed until its significance has only academic interest. So, I went ahead, knowing full well that there were Professor Taylors in the world and that one day they'd be picking at me with itching fingers.

2

As to the Professor's case that misplaced commas destroy the validity of the conclusions in *Top Secret*, it seems to me a little like a man standing on the shores of the Mississippi, studying carefully the swirling of eddies at his feet and concluding that because a few straws float north, there must be something wrong with other people's observations that the river, as a whole, is actually flowing south.

Top Secret was not written to chart eddies. It was an attempt, first, to tell the story of a campaign which every American should know and be deeply proud of, in terms which most Americans could understand. Secondly, it tried to do this at a pace that would hold the reader's interest and give him a real appreciation and understanding of the measure of the American victory. Far from challenging such scholarly works as Professor Taylor will no doubt one day write, one of my principal objectives was to encourage such works.

Professor Taylor is, quite obviously, a sincere servant of the truth. Approaching it by quite a different route than mine, he comes, in the end — and by his own words — to the same conclusion that I did, to wit: that Omar Bradley was the military genius of the campaign. Yet, Professor Taylor knows perfectly well that this great truth is not generally accepted. He knows that during the war the diplomatic General, Dwight Eisenhower, had the authority to paint any picture of General Eisenhower's accomplishments he pleased. He knows that General Eisenhower's Headquarters — ably assisted by the British Ministry of Information — used that authority, freely. Therefore, I cannot feel that Professor Taylor's implicit endorsement of the Public Relations version of the campaign becomes him as a Professor of History.

Professor Taylor knows very well — for he studied General Eisenhower's and General Marshall's reports — that Field Marshal Montgomery was stubborn, vain, and uncoöperative. He knows very well that General Montgomery's own British Army failed at Caen in the opening days of the campaign — and failed again when General Eisenhower bet all the chips he had on him at Arnheim — and grossly and insultingly exaggerated his contributions to the American victory in the Ardennes. Yet, in the Professor's attack on *Top Secret*, he appears to deny these facts. The position he takes is in defense of their suppression.

Professor Taylor refers to *Top Secret's* narrative of General Eisenhower's and Field Marshal Montgomery's roles as "a build-up [of General Bradley] at the expense of his commander, his allies, his fellow generals, and — above all — of the facts." It is a very sad commentary when a bona fide Professor of History at one of America's foremost Universities becomes so partisan, and loses his objectivity so completely, that he sees in *Top Secret's* narrative of the campaign only an attempt to "build up" one man at the expense of others — even though the Professor's own conclusions about that man's worth are identical with the conclusions of the book.

I sincerely hope that time will return to Professor Taylor his lost sense of perspective. With the return of his sense of perspective, I hope he will devote himself to seeking the true facts of the campaign with as much zeal as he displayed in attacking my right to seek them. May he start with the story of Omar Bradley and see if *he* can write an honest history of Bradley's campaign *without* including and commenting on General Bradley's historic differences with the Supreme Commander and the Field Marshal.

If he tells the facts, I will offer, in advance, to defend him when *he* is attacked by other Professor Taylors, who would have the record of history altered for personal, political, or other considerations — as it would be by a denial that command complications existed or that they had historical significance. I guarantee I will put up a good show for him, for it will warm my heart to welcome so distinguished a convert back to the ranks of those who believe it is holier to seek the truth than to plead for its suppression.

It also occurs to me that Professor Taylor teaches history to the students of Harvard University. Is

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he going to tell future students the history of the campaign as put out by the Public Relations Office, SHAEF, and the British Ministry of Information? Or, is he going to tell them the truth? Professor Taylor knows very well that the two versions are not the same. It is commonly agreed that during the war facts may legitimately be withheld — even from one's own people — for fear the general knowledge might aid the enemy in his conduct of the war. But, does Professor Taylor agree, say, with Soviet purists who preach that history should serve only the interest of the State? The war has been over for a year now. Professor Taylor had better begin making up his mind what kind of history he is going to teach at Harvard.

The monolithic facts that tower over Professor Taylor's defense of what isn't so are, of course, available to everyone. It is certainly not necessary to read *Top Secret* — although I like to think that it helps. The big, important facts are in General Marshall's official report. They are documentated again in Commander Butcher's highly personalized account of his life as an Aide to Supreme Commander Eisenhower. No official account of the war in Europe — however carefully prepared to serve the subtle purposes of propaganda — can omit them entirely. They are too huge and solid.

These towering facts — each a mountain in itself — run together into a single range marked by a succession of peaks. The first few peaks are the record of postponements of the trans-Channel invasion. Then comes that great fact mass which has to do with the way the legal command was established over our forces in the European Theater. It is silhouetted against the skyline, sharp and clear. Although we were, eventually, to contribute overwhelmingly the largest part of the effort — the lives, the material, the money — American forces were not even to have fifty-fifty representation. The three Commanders-in-Chief, who held our fate in their hands, were all British and the American "Supreme" Commander was required to turn over his authority in the field to them. Originally, this Commander-in-Chief was to have been General George Marshall, but the British rejected him because they felt his character was too strong and his emotions too truly American. (This last has come to light since *Top Secret* was written.)

The mountain range of inescapable fact stretches on. The significance of the political campaign in Italy is unavoidable. There is no way of arranging Field Marshal Montgomery's operations around Caen to spell Victory — nor can any words, however cunningly strung together, blot out the truth that it was Bradley's genius at St-Lô that broke the German defense of the Continent.

Attempts to make it all seem otherwise appear, in perspective, as no more than damp mist clinging to the base of these facts. It can only obscure them until the sun of truth rises to burn away the fog. Montgomery's long campaign to buy British victory with American men and American material, his failure at Arnheim, his tragicomic crossing of the Rhine after Hodges and Patton were both on the other side, and finally, Churchill's last minute attempt to alter American strategy — all these are of too solid substance to be permanently hidden behind a propaganda-created smoke screen.

Better men than Professor Taylor have been trying ever since the war ended to hide the pushing around we got from the British while the war was on. In *Top Secret* I didn't even attempt to tell the *whole* story. *Top Secret* is an outline of the campaign's factual geography — written in the hope, for one thing, that it would make it easier for the Professors to understand the minutia when it came to them for study.

In this sense, even though Professor Taylor is gracious enough to say he agreed with me about General Bradley's role, I am disappointed in him. Take his reaction to my charges that the British used us for their own ends throughout the war. No one has a right to blame the British for this and I, specifically — and repeatedly — in *Top Secret* stated that *I* didn't. The British were simply looking out for themselves — not always at our expense — and on their side of the fence, the Russians were looking after themselves, too. But Professor Taylor is no Englishman. His self-chosen role of apologist seems to me unbecoming — first because, as I have noted above, his primary allegiance should have been to the truth for its own sake; and second, because he has not the extenuating circumstances my British friends can claim. He has not, to the best of my knowledge, ever sworn allegiance to the King. He should not even feel any compunctions about admitting truths favorable to the American cause.

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THE RETURN OF EUGENE O'NEILL

by ERIC BENTLEY

1

EUROPE'S loss, in the past decade, has very often been our gain, and in the new post-war era New York *could* become the center of artistic theater in the Western world. Whether it *will* become so depends on the talent it discovers, native and foreign, and the encouragement it gives to the discoveries.

Of our native talents in playwriting the most remarkable so far is that of Eugene O'Neill. I suggest 1915 as the birthday of American drama because in that year the Provincetown Theatre, Mr. O'Neill's first professional home, was founded. Between the First World War and 1934, Mr. O'Neill had many plays produced. They won him the Nobel Prize (not to mention Pulitzers) and established him as the best American playwright. Then the stream stopped. Not for a dozen years has a new O'Neill play been released. Hence one's pressing curiosity about *The Iceman Cometh*, which will be on Broadway by the time this article appears. I ask the forbearance of those readers who have seen it; what follows is an impression of the script.

Mr. O'Neill has two stories to tell — or two situations to reveal — and I had better give some notion of both. The first story is about a "hardware drummer" nicknamed Hickey who periodically goes on a spree and afterwards is always forgiven by his wife even though after one of his jaunts he gives her syphilis. The forgiveness and the wife's pipe dream that he will reform get on Hickey's nerves. At last, before going on the spree that is held annually on his friend Harry's birthday, Hickey decides to get his wife off his conscience by killing her. To the corpse he says: "Well, you know what you can do with your pipe dream now, you damned bitch!"

The second story is about a woman named Parritt who believes in freedom and becomes a leading Anarchist on the West Coast. Her little son grows up to hate her because he objects to the fact that "she just had to keep on having lovers to prove to herself how free she was." He also notes that although she is devoted to the *idea* of freedom she is herself a tyrant. Resentment grows in him to the point where he gives away his mother and the Anarchist gang to the police, though he knows his mother can't last long in jail. Thinking of her fate he says to himself: "You know what you can do with your freedom pipe dream, don't you, you damned old whore?"

What does O'Neill make of this material? The first act opens soon after Hickey's murder and young Parritt's betrayal. The fourth and last act closes with Parritt's suicide and Hickey's giving himself up to the police. Throughout the play the scene is laid in a New York backroom and bar in 1912. In this setting Mr. O'Neill assembles a group of down-and-outs who for the most part have abandoned their various callings for drink and dreams. The bar is symbolic: —

> It's Bedrock Bar, the End of the Line Café, the Bottom of the Sea Rathskeller, the Last Harbor! No one here has to worry about where they're going next, because there is no farther they can go. It's a great comfort to them. Although even here they keep up the appearances of life with a few harmless pipe dreams about their yesterdays and tomorrows.

These pipe dreams are the subject of the play. If you were to ask why the inmates of Harry's bar don't shoot themselves, the answer is that each of them is fooling himself with a comforting illusion about his past and future. There are two scarred relics of the Boer War who dream of going back to England and Africa respectively. An ex-policeman, discharged for graft, dreams of returning to the "force." One character is actually nicknamed Jimmy Tomorrow. The landlord is called Harry Hope. His hope is to return to Tammany; but he has not left the Last Harbor for twenty years.

Human wrecks, then, kept afloat only by pipe dreams, form a kind of choral setting for the story of Hickey and Parritt. And there is a third main character — the man whom Parritt's mother would presumably have married, had not marriage been against her principles, Larry Slade, another wreck, a spectator "in the grandstand" of life. Having washed his hands of the Anarchist Movement, Larry regards himself as the one man without a pipe dream.

A member of the English Department of the University of Minnesota, ERIC BENTLEY is the author of *A Century of Hero-Worship* and *The Playwright as Thinker*. His new work in progress will be *Bernard Shaw* in the Makers of Modern Literature series.

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He remains alive because he is afraid of the alternative.

O'Neill tells his story in the manner made famous by Ibsen: the crucial events having taken place before the curtain rises, he lets them leak out so slowly that we are still discovering some of them in the last act. Up to the end of Act II the audience knows nothing against Hickey. It sees in him a reformed drunk who seems to have got religion. He spends his time asking everyone to share the peace in his heart, which, he says, they can do by giving up their pipe dreams and being true to themselves. But the Ibsenite "leakage" occurs with equal regularity. Act II ends with the announcement that Hickey's wife is dead; Act III that she was killed; Act IV that Hickey himself is the murderer.

During the first three quarters of the play we seem to be witnessing a call to a change of heart, with Hickey as the preacher and repentant sinner. His preaching, moreover, has some effect. The lost souls of Harry's bar start shaking off their illusions and trying to live again. They make their arrangements to leave and take up their lives where they left off. Harry himself actually struggles out into the street to prove that he can face the outer world. But before we can tell how far Hickey's evangelical campaign might go, the collapse comes. Hickey's remarks about his wife's death have aroused suspicion, and he is compelled to tell the whole story.

Now apparently he wouldn't have minded revealing the facts very much, for he has called the police and is fully prepared for his fate, except for the fact that more truth comes blurting out of his mouth than he had intended — more, indeed, than he knew to be there. Hickey has been fooling himself all this time that he killed his wife for her own sake and out of pure love. He now finds himself saying that he resented her pipe dream and that he killed her for his own sake and out of pure hatred. Agonized, he tries to disclaim the thought. If he *really* had said, "You know what you can do with your pipe dream now," must he not have been mad? He appeals to Harry and the gang, who gladly accept the notion that Hickey has been mad all along. Hickey sees how utterly his attempt to redeem the gang has failed. "It was a waste of time coming here." He is led off — to the chair or, more likely, to the madhouse. The gang gives up its plans for reformation and goes back to the bottle.

The story of young Parritt is laid side by side with that of Hickey, for his crime is the same and yet different: the same in being motivated by hatred, different in that Parritt could not pretend he acted out of either love or insanity, different too in that his mother was not peacefully dead but enduring a living death; there was nothing Parritt could give himself up to the police for.

Mr. O'Neill brings his main characters together and preserves the unities of time and place by having Parritt, driven by guilt, seek out his mother's former lover, Larry Slade. The "leakage" of Larry's story is as symmetrical as that of Hickey's. In Act I we learn that a stool pigeon has landed Parritt's mother in jail. In Act II we discover that the stool pigeon is Parritt himself, but we are given the false reason that he acted from patriotic motives. In Act III another false reason is provided: that Parritt wanted the money offered as reward. In Act IV when Hickey reaches the end of his narrative with the words "So I killed her," Parritt "suddenly gives up and relaxes limply," saying: —

> I may as well confess, Larry. There's no use lying any more. You know, anyway. I didn't give a damn about the money. It was because I hated her.

Throughout the play Larry has feigned indifference to Parritt and his story, but it becomes more and more obvious that he has never lost his affection for the mother. Hickey wears down the resistance of both Larry and Parritt, and when, at Hickey's downfall, Larry at last tells Parritt to kill himself, the latter, who has been hankering for punishment all along, throws himself down from the fire escape.

Thus two of the main characters are disposed of. Larry, the third, remains. How long he will remain is doubtful, since he is the one person who is fundamentally changed by all that has happened. Although he still does not want to live, he is no longer afraid to die. "By God, I'm the only real convert Hickey made here. From the bottom of my coward's heart I mean that now!" The final stage direction reads: "Larry stares in front of him, oblivious to all their racket."

2

What does the play mean? When the audience gets up at the end of Act II it may well think it is in for another *Days Without End*. (This last play of O'Neill's ended with religious salvation.) But O'Neill has been pulling the wool over our eyes. His preacher is a murderer. This foe of pipe dreams is the victim of the most terrible pipe dream revealed in the whole play: the dream that he killed in a spirit of love. And so his gospel turns to ashes in the mouth. Larry, the man without a pipe dream, is no savior either. To be true to himself means in his case turning from cynicism to — death. The Iceman is death, of course. Hickey always used to say in jest that his wife was in the hay with the iceman. And in the end he made sure that she was. The Iceman assuredly earns his place in the title of the play.

It has been said that O'Neill's plays do not "mean anything," that they simply present a picture of life. Certainly the most striking thing in *The Iceman Cometh* is the strange light that is thrown on human nature by Hickey's evangelical episode. The upshot is bad (some critics will call the play pessimistic), yet it is not what Hickey preached that is questioned but his right to preach it. Hickey himself sees this at the end when he advises Harry not to believe that he has been mad all along, for this belief will

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turn into another pipe dream, another excuse for relapsing into inactivity.

Pessimistic or not, the play involves a system of thought, the same one, in fact, that has underlain all O'Neill's plays. O'Neill's formula (for perhaps it is less a system than a formula) is: all good forces are those of love and life, all bad forces are those of hate and death. Like *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra*, *The Iceman Cometh* portrays only the forces of hate and death. But the Hickey episode shows in a weird way that the opposite forces lie slumbering beneath the surface. Could they be quickened into motion by someone with no pipe dream like Hickey's and no death wish like Larry's? Mr. O'Neill does not pose this question. But obviously his play does "mean something." It means several things. And those who have followed O'Neill's account of human aspirations and attachments, horizons and roots, from his earliest plays on will have no difficulty in finding the principal meanings. Those who come newly to the dramatist I advise to listen to Hickey, for, whatever his behavior and his motive, his gospel of love and life is O'Neill's own.

How good a play is *The Iceman?* As an experience in the theater it is likely to be less "terrific" than the *Interlude* or *Electra;* yet I find it a more interesting play. To everyone except O'Neill-worshipers the two earlier colossi seemed contrived, labored, overloaded, and at times false. It was not that there was too much Freud but that there was too much ham melodrama. Though such roles as Nina and Lavinia have a sound and fury that must impress every actress and every theatergoer, the new play is the cooler, the steadier, and on the whole the better, for their absence. The two women whose lives have much to do with *The Iceman* are dead before the first act opens. All the chief roles are male. This fact, the low-life setting, and the slangy vernacular of the dialogue give us an atmosphere quite unlike that of O'Neill's other "big" plays, though not so unlike that of his earlier pieces in which, as here, a remarkable working union was effected between naturalism and symbolism.

New and old also is his use of Ibsen's analytic exposition — *Emperor Jones* was an early exploitation of it. New and old is the political-social motif. As in *The Hairy Ape*, Mr. O'Neill's approach to society and politics is neither sociological nor political. Politics provide a background for a "timeless" theme, thus annoying the Marxists who look in vain through O'Neill's works for a social message. Nevertheless, the political disillusionment of Larry Slade and young Parritt, not to mention one of the minor characters who is a hostile portrait of a power-mad radical, will mean something to a generation that knows Arthur Koestler and George Orwell.

The Iceman Cometh, for all its length, is not an "experimental" play. The masks of *The Great God Brown* and *Lazarus Laughed*, the double appearance of John Loving in *Days Without End*, the allusions to Greek myth in *Electra*, the asides of the *Interlude* — all these seem to have been experimental not in the true sense of being part of a process of discovery and development but in the cheap sense of being freakishly unorthodox. None of these devices is used in the new play. Yet one thing about *The Iceman* is of technical interest.

I allude to the effect of the Ibsen technic, to the concealment from the audience of the play's starting point — the fact that Hickey has killed his wife and the fact that he too has his pipe dream. Of course the modern audience, inured to the thriller, is used to histrionic concealment. And, *as a thriller*, the value of *The Iceman* is not impaired by mystery so long undispelled. On the melodramatic level, this play, like all of O'Neill's, is grandly successful.

But what of its interpretation of life? Is the theme as impressive as it is simple? Is it perfectly presented? Many theorists of the drama have questioned the advisability, in a matter of dramatic irony, of keeping the audience as well as the characters in the dark. Their objection seems germane here. What is gained by keeping us in the dark except an added mysteriousness of atmosphere? Mr. O'Neill might claim that his intention was to let a wrong view settle gradually in the mind and then to drive it out with a sudden dramatic shock. But, in the first place, the shock is so sudden and laconic, the preparation so slow and loquacious, that an audience might well be bewildered rather than enlightened. In the second place, very much is lost by the delay. Not knowing what Hickey really is, we are in no position to appreciate the irony of his evangelical efforts while they are in progress. Possibly Mr. O'Neill has damaged his drama to save his melodrama.

Over twenty years ago the poet-playwright Hugo von Hofmannsthal complained that there was something labored, ponderous, and crude about Mr. O'Neill's plays. He found the dramatic repetitions so numerous that they canceled each other out — a point not without relevance to *The Iceman*, which is hampered with too many exact symmetries — character balanced against character, plot against plot, Act against Act. Since most of the characters are rather wooden and diagrammatic — the whores are stage whores, and so on — since the raciness of the speeches is the raciness of Broadway convention rather than that of great realistic dialogue, we have the impression less of fine dramatic form — which is, so to say, organic — than of a skeleton's rigidity. Of course there is much emotion in the play. But you cannot pass off a skeleton as a man merely by enveloping it in a cloud of emotion.

These are rough words. I should make it clear also that I am judging Mr. O'Neill, as he deserves to be judged, by standards far above those of Broadway. If we were to follow the critics' formula: "*The Iceman Cometh* is the best American play since x," then x could only be some earlier play of Mr. O'Neill's. The present season will show how he holds his own against such European playwrights as Sartre, Camus, and Brecht.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE FAMILY?

by DELLA D. CYRUS

1

SOMETHING is wrong with the family. It is a subject on which almost everybody is ready to express an opinion in newspaper and pulpit, on platform and street corner. The trouble is the breakdown of character, they say. People nowadays think they should be happy. It's time they got back to the old-fashioned virtues of responsibility and adherence to duty. The trouble is with modern women. They should stay home and take care of their children. Alcohol is the key to it all. People don't believe in God and don't go to church. There aren't enough parks or playgrounds. The war accounts for it.

Everyone seems to know the answer, and almost everyone knows what should be done, but the symptoms continue to become more alarming, and actually nothing is done to stop the steady statistical disintegration of the family.

We are so fascinated just watching and denouncing the symptoms of family disease that we fail to see the source of the infection — the family itself. The family falls apart in modern urban life not because human nature is more depraved than it used to be, but because *the family* is out of harmony with the modern world and no longer meets the most vital needs of its members. The statistics which we all view with so much alarm reflect the simple fact that the family lets people down, and there is nothing else to supply the values and satisfactions which the family once supplied.

Family life was well adapted to the ways of Europe in the twelfth century, and even to the ways of the isolated American pioneer in the nineteenth century. Then it provided its members with work, food, clothing, shelter, education, love, companionship, religion, and social life. The family was the community and the community was the family. The family as a unit produced the things necessary for its life as a unit. A man without a wife was as crippled economically and as lonesome as a woman without a husband. The more children a couple had, the better living they could make and the more secure was their future. It was a life which set the family against the world, and for its survival it cultivated strong feelings of possessiveness within the family, and strong feelings of suspicion and hostility toward outsiders.

In the heyday of the family there was incompatibility, of course, and frustration and boredom, but these things were offset by a common cause and the knowledge that every member of the family was essential. If, in the past, families faced up to their problems and stuck together, it was not because they had more character or more religion than we have, though they did have more assurance about what they believed, but rather it was because they had no alternative.

Clearly the family is no longer an independent world of its own, but completely dependent on the rest of society for the necessities of its life as well as for most of its education, culture, and amusement. Nor is the individual any longer dependent on the family for the satisfaction of his own needs. On the contrary, both men and women with earning power are better off without a family. Every child they produce decreases their standard of living. Both men and women can live comfortable lives, filled with friendships, social activities, and even love, without ever taking on the responsibilities and restrictions of family living. Even children and the aged, if sufficiently neglected, will be taken care of at public expense in the modern city.

If the family has nothing distinctive to offer in the modern city, which cannot be obtained more cheaply and less painfully elsewhere, why do people still cling to it? The fact is that no adequate alternative to family living is available for the man and woman who love each other and who want to have children.

This then is the sole cohesive element in the modern family — the love of a man and a woman and their love for their children. Not economic necessity, not to produce together the means of staying

"My qualifications for doing an article on the American family," writes DELLA D. CYRUS, "are not orthodox, but I believe they are qualifications. After graduating from Tufts College and taking graduate work at the University of Chicago, I was for five years a case worker in various Family Welfare agencies, where I knew at first hand the problems of several hundred families. For ten years I have been married to a Unitarian minister and I am the mother of two children. Because of my interest, I have in a sense been preparing this article for ten years, and bring to it the experience and opinion of many friends."

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alive — just love. This means that the modern family puts a burden on love which it was not compelled to carry in the past and one which it cannot carry now.

Since our sexual morality does not approve of love outside of marriage, the family automatically fails whenever love fails. The far greater number of divorces among childless couples than among couples with children indicates that many families keep operating just to protect their young. But the increasing number of divorces among couples with children shows that parental responsibility is not enough to save an institution which draws so small and tight a circle around its members.

We are still trying to maintain the isolation of the family in a world which makes that isolation impossible, and we are still trying to find values in the family which are no longer there. We still expect to find the world there, rich, warm, various, exciting, and alive. But the world is outside. We cannot understand why we feel so restless and so unfulfilled when we exercise the old family attitudes of exclusiveness, possessiveness, and suspicion toward outsiders, which suited so well the pioneer family of the past. By trying to pretend that the family is a world of its own, we only succeed in cutting it off from the world.

2

Let us look at some specific ways in which the family fails to meet our needs as individuals. Because women usually work within the limits of the family, they suffer most from its failures. It isolates them especially from any vital relationship with the world outside the family, and under modern conditions they cannot find an adequate sense of calling or purpose within the family. Not only are they forced into unhealthy dependence on their husbands and children for most of the satisfactions of their lives, but the family does not even provide them with a physical or spiritual environment in which they can be successful wives and mothers.

Modern conveniences plus modern high standards, while freeing women from the back-breaking physical labor of the pioneer woman, have increased enormously her petty cleaning-up tasks. The number of things which modern women have to wash and polish and starch and iron and sterilize, and the number of times they have to do it, have multiplied until many housewives spend most of their time cleaning one thing or another, and cannot imagine how the pioneer woman found time to do all she did. If the pioneer woman had spent so much time on the luxury and boredom of cleanliness, she wouldn't have been paying her way, and the modern woman knows in her heart that she isn't paying hers either. She knows that in a world dirty and bloody with wars, alive with hatred and starving children, it is criminal waste to devote a lifetime to the cleanliness of a single family.

The preparing of food has a little more status as important work and may have the virtue of saving some women from complete futility. But even this is very different from the role the pioneer woman played in providing a family with food. Then the preparing of a meal was an incidental task in the long process of growing, picking, processing, and storing in which she had taken an essential part. The modern woman, spending money earned by her husband to buy food already produced, canned, or tastelessly prepared by others, cannot have the same feeling of being an essential part of life.

Women who have servants to do their cooking and cleaning up for them are not average American women. In the best of times, the great majority of American homes are without domestic help of any kind, and the indications are that domestic help will be progressively more expensive and less available. Let the magazines call a woman Homemaker, Queen of the Kitchen, Princess of the Parlor — the woman herself knows that she is the unhired help doing the hack work of the world. Her multitude of petty cares leaves her feeling essentially futile, menial, and lonely, until her human nature, and only incidentally her woman nature, hits back with glaring failures as wife and mother.

But, we keep arguing, housekeeping and cooking are not the essential jobs of a woman. These jobs take time, of course, and involve a considerable amount of drudgery, but everyone has some drudgery — even business executives and college presidents. A woman's real job is the care and training of her children. No job is more important, more satisfying, more close to life, than the directing of young lives from infancy to maturity. A mother has a full-time job by definition. Any woman who can't be satisfied with a home and children should never get married. These are prevalent beliefs which amount to a national faith and sink so far into so many generations of feeling that many people are incapable of examining them at all.

If they are valid beliefs, why is there so much evidence that women are making a botch of motherhood? Why do they abandon their children or leave them with incompetent strangers and go to work outside their homes? Why are they so often unhappy and unsuccessful as mothers? Why is there so much juvenile crime, and why is there an increasing number of emotionally disturbed, maladjusted children coming to the offices of psychiatrists, child guidance clinics, and social agencies? What is so difficult about being a mother in the modern world?

There is no need to dwell on the shortcomings of the urban neighborhood, or the urban tenement, apartment, duplex, or house as a place in which to rear children. How can even that rare thing, the fenced-in yard with swing and sandbox, compare with barns, sheds, cows, horses, dogs, and all outdoors? Not having all outdoors, and often no outdoors at all, what can a child do in the polished orderliness which modern advertising tells us should

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be our homes, or in the crowded, dirty, disorderly rooms which are too often our homes?

Because modern families are small, children are often hungry for friends. Most children under five are thrown entirely on their mothers for a twelve hours a day, seven days a week companionship which is as much a starvation diet for them as it is for their mothers. Both are yearning for companionship with their contemporaries; both are wanting to do things in the world which can't be done within the four walls of a house. Modern psychology has succeeded in making everyone aware of the importance of the mother-child relationship, but it seems to have left almost everybody with the impression that all that is required is that there *be* a relationship. All that is necessary is that mothers "stay home with their children." Actually the intense, mutually exhausting emotional and physical relationships which develop between mothers and preschool children in the typical urban family lead inevitably to that worst of all maternal sins, overmothering with undercurrents of hostility, and that most fatal of all child responses, overdependence with undercurrents of resentment. With no place for her children to play and no aunts or grandparents to watch them, the young mother is as bound to her home as if she were tied to it with a rope, and cannot even go to the corner drugstore without running the risk that the house will burn over her children's heads.

3

The crucial years in the life of the family are the years during which there are children under school age. They are the years when the important groundwork of the child's personality is being formed. They are the years which convince everybody that a woman should never try to be anything but a mother, and they account for the fact that most women linger pointlessly at home long after their job as a mother is done. They are the years which place the heaviest burdens on marriage. Divorces are not so frequent during these years as they are later, but this is the period when many marriages in fact get broken, whether or not they end in divorce.

Why are these years so difficult and so often fatal? Exactly what takes place in a family of two or three small children? The mother in this family, whether she has a fourth-grade education or a Ph.D. in philosophy, has less freedom and less leisure than anyone else in our society. Even if she has a washing machine, mangle, vacuum cleaner, and Mixmaster (sometimes she doesn't have any of these things), she works hours which have long been illegal for anyone in industry. When her children are well, she works twelve hours a day, seven days a week. When they are ill or when there is a new baby, she works from fourteen to twenty hours, often going for months without an adequate period of unbroken sleep. And never, even in her deepest sleep, is she entirely free from her responsibility. Consequently, a woman is almost always tired during these years, if not actually ill, and this alone makes her an unhappy and unfit companion for her husband and children.

The mother's working day is divided between caring for the house and caring for the children, which, under modern conditions, is a simple neurosis-producing situation. In the small shut-in urban dwelling, these two jobs are mutually conflicting, if not mutually exclusive. The mother and her children are constantly at cross purposes, because the children, if they are normal, are bent on noise, mess, dirt, and destruction, while she is struggling to create quiet, order, and cleanliness. Her children, because of their lack of equipment and companionship, and because of their very youngness, need her attention, her time, and her help, while she needs more time and energy than she has, to accomplish the essential jobs of washing, cooking, cleaning, and putting away. In this contest, either the house or the child is bound to lose; and whichever happens, the mother is left with a feeling of incompetence and failure. Nor is there any time or place, from her children's waking in the morning until their going to bed at night, and sometimes not even then, which the mother can count on as her own to rest or read, to collect her thoughts, to regain her perspective and her self-respect and begin over again.

As she drags hopelessly about the work of her house, her children bump into her, spill things, write on the walls, fall down, cry, whine, fight, and require a thousand attentions which she stops her work to give. She forgets what she was trying to do before she was interrupted. The telephone and doorbells ring. Something boils over on the stove, the puppy howls to go out and makes a puddle, and the man to read the meter pounds on the back door.

This is material for boisterous, low-comedy slapstick, full of the kind of frustration and anguish which depraved people laugh at. Every father has heard the story of this day repeated until he has become bored with its shameful and petty details, and it should never be repeated again if it were not for the fact that its very triviality blinds everyone to its true significance. These troubles of a young mother are not real troubles, but such days, following one after another, month after month, and year after year, corrode the spirits of women, wear away their minds and talents, eat into their self-respect, destroy their sense of direction, until they know hours and days of desperation and defeat so complete and final as to make it a matter of wonder that there are any good mothers at all, or that any mother is ever a successful person.

Most people recognize this period in a woman's life as a difficult but inevitable one. The typical remark made most often by older women is: "But it only lasts a few years and then you wish you had your children back again." This endlessly repeated

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bit of wisdom is, all unwittingly, the most devastating comment which could be made on the prevailing ideal for the mother. It amounts to smug acceptance of the fact that in those years the mother loses the value of her education and training for other work, loses touch with the large problems of a larger world, and loses confidence in herself as a mature citizen of the world who might have something of value to contribute to it. It is acceptance of the fact that women really have nothing to live for after their children are grown, and that if they do, by the grace of God, allow their children to grow up, they are faced with long empty years which they must fill somehow as best they can. And so they fill them with keeping their houses cleaner than ever, or by joining organizations which, though they may have social value, are too frittering and inefficient to give any strong and capable human being a clear sense of usefulness or integration in society.

"Only a few years" in the life of the child means the most crucial years of his development, during which he is cramped and lonely and pushed away and overwatched by a mother who is too tired and too busy and too unhappy to give him the kind of mothering he needs. Sometimes an honest older woman will recognize this fact by expressing deep regret over the lack of time she had for her children, and, above all, the lack of energy she had for just loving them and enjoying them when they were young.

Young mothers themselves are often the most timid about expressing dissatisfaction with their lives. Because it doesn't occur to them that anything could be wrong with the family, they suppose the fault lies in themselves. They want desperately to be good mothers, and when they get too much of it, they are ashamed of their unhappiness. Haven't they everything they want in the world? A home, a husband, children? Of course they have, and so to cover up their disappointment and confusion, they concentrate on all the small materialistic devices which are supposed to make a home beautiful and happy — flowered stencils for the kitchen cupboards, lace and satin for the bassinet.

Young mothers will discuss for hours the problems and irritations of home and children and will express with feeling their frustration at being tied down and their frank relief at getting their children in bed for the night, but such discussions are guiltily ended with, "Children are a lot of fun, though." This is their wistful way of saying that they know children are supposed to be a lot of fun, and could be a lot of fun, but somehow they are hardly any fun at all.

4

Meanwhile, what is happening to the marriage during these years? If the husband is a mature and sympathetic person who can throw himself into the spirit of the rough-and-tumble life of babies, diapers, chaotic meals, and sleepless nights; if he is vocationally adjusted, economically secure, hopeful for his future, not too overworked, and takes the attitude that things are temporarily a bit too tough for his wife, they can grit their teeth and pull through without irreparably damaging their relationship. When these favorable conditions prevail, they can, on occasion, laugh and have fun together. But obviously these are rare conditions.

Too many men in the modern city get too little satisfaction from their work, are worried about money, overworked, and apprehensive of the future. These are just the years when men are trying hardest to make a career or to make money. Far from being able to wade happily into the noisy discontent which is their homes, most men have far too little energy for their children and almost none for the problems of their wives. Instead, they need someone to sympathize with *them*, someone to allay their fears and listen to their plans. Above all, they need someone to play with, laugh with, and relax with.

So they come home to a physically exhausted, nervously taut, emotionally dissipated woman who still has several hours of work to do. Both are so aware of their own needs that even when they understand the needs of the other, there is little they can do about it. Both know that somewhere there should be help for this situation, that somewhere in the world there should be rest and laughter and love. Almost in spite of themselves, they hit out at each other, because it was in their marriage that both had expected to find these things.

Both are caught in a situation too painful and too difficult to understand, and the air rings with accusations, demands, resentment, or hysterics. Finally the marriage falls to pieces in fact, if not in court, or it settles down into the quietness of resignation and despair. Couples caught in this situation often feel that it could be saved if they could leave the home together and go somewhere to dance or drink or talk in a new atmosphere. But even this kind of shock treatment too often is unavailable, because it is too difficult and too expensive to get anybody to stay with the children.

Playing at home is more difficult still. If the children don't shatter the relationship between husband and wife — and very small children are capable of breaking into life's most poignant moments at any hour of the day or night — still the home is the wife's eternal workshop and she, at least, cannot experience there the sense of freedom and new experience which she and her husband both need. Because playing together is so hard to arrange, a frequent solution is for the husband to go off to bowl or to work overtime, or to make love to someone who is available and gay and will take him the way he is, while the wife stays home more lonely and resentful than ever.

Add to all of these difficulties of marriage and children the problems of emotionally warped individuals who demand an abnormal amount of love

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and consideration, the sexually repressed or maladjusted, the physically ill who cannot carry their share of the load, and it is hard to understand, not why so many families break up, but why so many still hang together.

Men are even less critical of the family than women because, superficially, they are less affected by its shortcomings. Men suffer because women suffer, and, suffering, cannot give them what they need and expect to find in the family. But although men are aware of the disappointing contrast between what they want and what they get, they are so blinded by the traditional promises of home, love, food, and fireside that when these things are cold and unappetizing they look everywhere but at the family itself for the trouble. If, night after night, the children are crying and the living room is a shambles and the dinner isn't ready and his wife snaps at him to stop reading his paper and lend a hand, the husband is likely to conclude that his wife is the nervous type, or women are funny, or life is hell, and let it go at that until he can get away.

That he might find what he wanted in a very different kind of family life rarely occurs to him, and he resists changing the family pattern long after his wife is willing to do so or in fact has changed it by going to work outside their home. His resistance is not difficult to understand, because young mothers who work at outside jobs can almost never make arrangements for home and children which are satisfactory for everybody.

If a good nursery school is available for the children and the family can get and pay for a first-rate housekeeper, the woman may work at an outside job she likes, to the greater satisfaction of everybody, including her husband. But desirable housekeepers and nursery schools are available to only a select few. Most mothers must resort to makeshift arrangements which are bad for the children and leave the mother with most of the work to do at home in addition to her other job. Under these circumstances, women may be more tired and demanding than when they stay at home all day, thus justifying their husbands' reinforced conviction that home is where their place is.

The family's failures have not ended when it has sent its last child off to school. The mother may have gained a few blessed hours which she can fill according to a plan of her own, but she is still bound to the same pattern of life and cannot, for several years, engage in any interest or work which requires more than two or three consecutive hours of her time. Because this is true, and because "there is always something to do around a house," and because most mothers by this time don't believe there is anything else they can do anyway, women continue to live an isolated, undernourished, haphazard life within the family, brightened now and then with meetings, bridge parties, and shopping tours.

The young child, if he is still reasonably normal, is so happy to be in school and among his contemporaries that he takes life in his stride for several years without causing anybody too much anxiety. But what about the older child and particularly the adolescent? What does the family do for him? It may have disintegrated altogether, leaving him without any real ties to anybody. Or the parents may be hanging together by threads of grim duty or resigned boredom waiting for him to get old enough so that they can stop pretending to be a family. Or the mother may have thrown all of her longing for life into plans for her adolescent child so that he is unable to have any life of his own. But even if none of these frequent conditions exist, the very best family cannot meet all the needs of an adolescent in the modern world.

The adolescent suffers as much from the social isolation of the family as he does from its individual failures. Adolescents, by definition, are trying to outgrow the family and their problem is that they have nothing to grow into. Delinquents are not delinquent because their parents don't watch them, or because they haven't any place to play basketball, or because there are too many beer joints on every corner. They are delinquent because, in addition to their tension over the individual failures of their individual families, they have no real part to play in the life of the world. They are boiling over with vitality and ability which our society does not want or need.

Instead of giving them an important and useful social function which their growing maturity demands, we tell them to stick to their studies, help their mothers, and stay out of trouble. We insist that they stop acting like children but refuse to let them act like adults. Juvenile Court judges and Community Welfare Councils talk about uniting community facilities for combating juvenile delinquency, or uniting delinquents to solve their own problems, but no one says anything about uniting families into the kind of communities which might give an adolescent something real to belong to.

5

When we are faced with so much tragic evidence of family failure, why do we keep telling people to make better families while we accept the defects of the family itself as if they were something final and inescapable? Why do we not look at the family with loving but dry eyes and see it for what it is, an antiquated institution designed for another time and another way of life, but now badly in need of remodeling if not actually remaking?

The isolated autonomous family in the modern world is not only a source of personal failure and loneliness, but it is also the breeding place of prejudice, ignorance, fear, and hostility. How can there be successful international relations, enlightened world government, or any world peace as long as society is made up of millions of ingrown, com-

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pletely self-interested families? How can such families produce world citizens who alone can change a world psychology from murderous rivalry to rational coöperation?

All changes in family living must be in the direction of a more vital relationship with the community and the world. Anything which loosens up the rigid exclusiveness of the family, broadens its sympathies, brings its individuals into significant relationships with the members of other families, is contributing toward this end. But in a modern city the relationships between people and families are too often superficial and essentially meaningless.

Being a citizen of the world means forming relationships beyond the rigid boundaries of the family which have some of the meaning which family relationships have had in the past — meaning discovered in the sharing of vital experiences and common goals. The unit of the family must open enough of its doors and windows to make it possible for a larger group of people to form a larger unit which embodies the basic pattern of the family — combined strength to meet common problems. Only when families are willing to release the habit and the spirit of coöperation into the community can we begin to have a community in the true sense of the word.

Current efforts toward social improvement in urban areas made by social agencies, community funds, and citizens' committees, achieve the inadequate results one would expect in the absence of any community to improve. Such groups are always engaged in the struggle to get the lost and suffering individual or family in touch with "community resources." The community resource method is an effort to pick up the worst casualties of a society and to relate them to a pseudo-community made up of relief agencies, hospitals, clinics, clubs, social centers, family counselors, and the like. These resources are supported and sponsored by the fortunate for the unfortunate who have no real relation to each other or to the so-called resources.

Although this method helps many people who need help and saves some from complete disaster, it is no surprise that several years of applying community resources to a family so often fail to put it back on its social feet. Nor is it any surprise that so many families continue to get out of joint with society no matter how many new resources are added to the list. People who are out of joint with life do not want to learn ceramics at a social center or find a friend at the Y.M.C.A.; they want to get back into joint with life. There must first of all be a community for people to belong to, and the community, or in other words the people themselves, must together meet their own needs. The modern city is too big to make effective community life possible, but perhaps such a life could be created by groups of families within a city voluntarily banding into communities and meeting as a group the problems and needs of its individuals.

Sporadic and timid beginnings have been made in interfamily coöperation. Families have coöperated in running nursery schools, tot yards, and victory gardens. Whole communities have built common heating and refrigeration systems. Housing projects have included common nurseries, laundries, and recreational halls. During the present housing shortage, groups of families have been forced to live together as one family in the same house — with conspicuous lack of success. The horror of anything faintly suggesting communal living prevents even timid and partial coöperative projects from being taken up generally. But the need is not for half-hearted coöperative projects or for communal living. The need is for effective communities. Must we always wait for bombs, fires, and floods to see in a tardy flash that we all live together in the same world? Can't we see now that that old bus, the family, has broken down on a lonely road at night and that we are all in it together?

6

Suppose a group of families in the same neighborhood of a large city decided to pool their problems and their strength. If they began on the problems of young mothers and children, they could as a group establish a child center for children of all ages in their neighborhood, to be run for as many hours a day as the group wished, perhaps twenty-four. They could secure a spacious building with ground around it, — perhaps a school, — get equipment, and hire a trained staff, perhaps some of the mothers themselves, who might be assisted by untrained mothers who wished to assist. This center could provide everything which children need: outdoor and indoor space, things to make and do, physical care, companionship, social experience, and supervision. It could be near enough to everybody's house to make it convenient for children to come and go easily at whatever hours fitted into their particular family plan.

The objection that this takes the responsibility for children off the mother, where it belongs, and places it on the community, where it doesn't belong, is an irrational objection. Under our present lack of community, child welfare agencies, juvenile courts, reform schools, detention homes, and crèches testify to the fact that society is already taking unsatisfactory responsibility for too many children whose parents have given up entirely. Under a truly community plan, parents would not be relinquishing responsibility but would be pooling it. In a sense, all children would be the responsibility of all parents. Under such a plan, parents would be much less likely to give up entirely, because the burden would be shared by all. By freeing children for the kind of play and companionship which they need, a community plan would give mothers some time in which to use capacities of their own. And only when a

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mother has some satisfactory life of her own can she give her children the unmixed love and unselfish guidance which are her special gift.

The next step for a group of families to take in creating a community life might be a coöperative house-cleaning plan. Commercial house-cleaning companies are already in existence in some large cities, but a community might have its own, composed of some of its own members, or several communities might form such a company together. Thus all general house cleaning would become a community business, carried on by people especially trained for the job, abolishing it forever as the lonely, unpaid, soapy preoccupation of some twenty-five million women.

Another experiment for such communities could be a coöperative kitchen and dining building. Immediately, of course, the noxious ogre of communal eating raises its ugly head. But there is no reason why a community could not run, or hire to have run, a coöperative kitchen without eating in common. A central kitchen could be located near enough to everyone, so that meals could be delivered to private homes. Or a dining building could be so arranged to permit families to dine in private intimacy if they wished. Or, since it is to be a democratic community, families who wanted to could go on cooking their own meals in their own kitchens. Most families would discover that their children would heckle them into eating with other children as often as possible. And wives, whether the working kind or the staying at home kind, when offered the choice of cooking a meal or eating out, often choose the latter. Whatever inevitable objection and resistance there is to anything so strange and unproved should be weighed against the freeing of human beings for a life of meaning and hope.

If families coöperated on the problems of child care, house cleaning, and cooking, women immediately would be free and obliged to make some choices about their own lives. Some who like to be homemakers could go on being full-time homemakers. Some could work in the community enterprises themselves, while others could follow part-time or whole-time careers for which they had been trained. Some could develop talents which now atrophy. But all would have the freedom and the responsibility to do something valuable with their time. All would have the freedom and the responsibility to be part of a world larger than the family. Can anyone doubt that women so freed and so responsible would contribute more to the gracious living of the family as well as to the good living of the world?

Community coöperation need not stop with meeting these problems alone. The community could have a recreational building or buildings for children and adults. It could have a sitters bureau or a clinic or a theater. Adolescents could take an important part in group planning and administration. Many jobs could be the special responsibility of adolescents for which they would receive both pay and community status. Whatever common problems the group decided to meet, they would not be met by "resources" or by "facilities" applied from the outside, but by the people themselves working or paying in common.

The question of how poor communities could meet initial expenditures required for community projects is relevant but of incidental importance. If subsidies were required they would not change the essential pattern of common effort to meet common needs. The planning and the work would be done by the group. As a nation we pay for what we think we have to have, whether it be battleships or war memorials or institutions for the insane; and if we decided we had to have a better kind of community life, probably we could find a way to pay for that too.

Communities, to function successfully, should be planned from the ground up. At a time when so much new housing is being contemplated, it should be possible to build communities which fulfill the emotional requirements of family living, and to forget all about rows of neat little houses — this time with stainless steel sinks. Even communities without any wish for a coöperative life should be planned to eliminate many of the present hazards to family living. Houses in which there are to be children should be grouped around small parks with no traffic running in front of them. This one thing would revolutionize family life, free children for many more hours of outdoor play, and free mothers from the fatal mixture of children and housework as well as from the ever recurring nightmare of traffic accidents. Houses grouped around parks would form natural communities for groups who wished to do things in common, the park to contain all community buildings.

To name all the difficulties and probable failures of this or some other experiment in community life would be easy and endless but beside the point. The facts show that the family is failing on all sides because it is trying to live on an exclusive diet of ingrown emotion with no real common life. Since neither a common life nor a whole life can be lived within the family any longer, what but a community can revitalize and reunite the family for a common goal? Only this time the goal of the family will not be to protect itself against the world, but rather to enter into the world which is already on its doorstep. Man has split the atom and communicated with the moon. The time is now past due for him to try something more difficult and more important — living with his fellow man.

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POEMS

by HELEN BEVINGTON

WALK THE SILVER NIGHT

WALK the silver night together,
Silver full within your eyes.
Never ask the moonlight whether
It will linger in the skies.

Never ask the moment whether
Love is lasting. Have no care:
Walk the silver night together.
Moons are everlasting there.

SONG OF ORPHEUS

AND they who listened wept,
The pitying, patient dead
Who were themselves deceived.
In unbelief they crept
To the sweet wailing lyre,
And for a time they grieved,
Who had such longing fled,
Who had forgot desire.
And for the song, they wept.

DO WHAT YOU LOVE

"Do what you love," he said. "Pursue your life."
And having no mind for trifles, or a wife,
He borrowed a narrow axe and built his hut
To live alone in, loving aloneness. But,
Aware of preferences like yours and mine,
'Do what you love," he said, and cut white pine
And shaped his own world, one within his means,
Then in a smaller clearing planted beans.

Even for love, he schemed and raised more fuss
Than would occur offhand to most of us,
Desiring more: the time for sitting still,
Companions of the loon and whippoorwill,
A margin to his days, the woods, the pond,
Room to pursue and circle, look beyond,
Look to his life. For Thoreau would improve
The nick of time, he said, and in it move.

And screaming jay, each bullfrog, came to be
Part of this beautiful economy.

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EDUCATION FOR THE MODERN WORLD

by SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE

1

I WILL start from some familiar phrases. "We need a modern education for a modern world." "We have to prepare our youth to live in contemporary society and face its problems." Such sayings, at first hearing, put heart into us. Their blunt common sense immediately commends itself, and they seem to point straight to the curriculum we need. And then come second thoughts. Certainly we must educate our youth to face the problems of the day. But what precisely are they, and which are the most important? Certainly we should have a modern education for a modern world, but what is the exact meaning of "modern"? In what sense is our world modern — that is, different from the world of a thousand or two thousand years ago? If uttered without much thought, as they often are, these plausible phrases may be only lullabies to put a problem to sleep.

Two letters to me throw some light on the questions asked in the last paragraph. One was from a professor of pathology, who in late life had been reading Plato in translation. "I am still reading Plato," he wrote. "It is remarkable to meet the vague ideas that knock about one's head succinctly stated, and that at a date about two and a half millennia ago; not to mention all the other things of which one has never thought at all."

The other letter was from an old school friend who wrote about his son in Burma, since killed. He says: "I remember Jim telling me in one of his letters how, when not actually engaged in fighting, he would sit in his dug-out and read Plato by the light of an improvised oil lamp. In another he spoke of always reading, before going into action, these two passages from Plato's *Apology:* 'A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living and dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong — acting the part of a good man or a bad'; and, 'Whatever a man's place, whether he has chosen it himself or been placed there by his commander, there he should remain in the hour of danger — he should not think of death or of anything but disgrace.'"

Strange and significant — these lights, lit so long ago, burning undimmed in the Burmese jungle and in the face of death! Clearly we must be careful about the word modern, which has two different meanings. It may mean contemporary in time; in this sense Plato and Epicurus, Shakespeare and Montaigne, are not modern. It may mean contemporary in spirit; in this sense, they are — Plato and Epicurus perhaps more modern than Shakespeare and Montaigne. Modernity is a question not of date but of outlook.

After these cautionary remarks about the use of the word modern, let us consider what education is needed to prepare us for the contemporary world. Here it is essential to be clear what the problems of the modern world are and which are the most important.

Superficially they seem to fall under two main heads. On the one hand are the social problems of our complex civilization — its trade and commerce and economics, its local and central government, its foreign contacts and international relations; and on the other is the vast field of science and applied science. It would seem that our education should equip us to deal with these two sets of problems, that its two main departments should be the social sciences and the natural sciences. Such an education would, it appears, cover the main needs of the modern world. Is this so, and would such an education be adequate?

2

FIRST consider what, for want of a better phrase, I shall call an education based on the social sciences. "It would be well," says a recent book on the curriculum, "if teachers made a conscious effort, both by the selection of material included in their courses and by their manner of handling it, to make clear to their pupils how a modern society is run and organized.

Teacher and classicist, SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE is the President of Corpus Christi College and the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. Throughout the war and into these taxing days of readjustment he has been one of the moving spirits in British education. His two books, *The Future in Education* and *Education for a World Adrift*, held out fresh hope to a country that had been stretched and pounded to the limits. Last autumn on a flying trip to Canada, Sir Richard delivered the Burwash Lectures at Victoria College. This is the second of two essays drawn from these addresses. The first, "Education and the Training of Character," appeared in the July issue.

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All our citizens should have some knowledge of the ways in which natural forces are harnessed, materials transformed, goods manufactured and distributed, public services organized, paid for, and controlled, the City and the State governed. They should, to some extent, understand what forces are at work changing and shaping our economic life and our social customs." Here surely is a modern education for the modern world. Is not this what we want?

I do not feel so confident. I may be unduly skeptical in thinking that, except in the hands of those rare teachers who can make any subject attractive, the average pupil would be bored by studying the organization of a world which he has not yet really entered, with which he has had very superficial contacts.

There are, however, other criticisms that I should make on such a curriculum. It is in itself a large order, but it omits still more than it includes; nothing is said of religion, languages, art, music; and even science, literature, and history are ignored, except in so far as they might be incidental to the subjects studied. Unless we are to drop these, is there any hope of escaping from an overcrowded curriculum? And overcrowding, in education as in housing, means ill health, and turns the school into an intellectual slum. Life in such a slum breeds a disease, common, serious, and often overlooked. It does not teach the pupil the meaning of knowledge. It must almost inevitably consist of superficial information — there is no time for more. Smatterings make life interesting and have their uses; but their use is limited, and they are the more dangerous because they incline us to think that we know when we do not know.

Uneducated people are a danger to the world, but they are not so dangerous as a less recognized menace — the half-educated, who have learned enough to express an opinion on subjects which they do not really know, but have never learned to be aware of their ignorance. Such people are familiar pests in every department of life, and a main duty of education is to diminish their number. It cannot do this by giving the knowledge required — omniscience is not a practical aim — but it can show people what knowledge is, so that they are aware when they do not possess it, and it achieves this in a very simple way: by seeing that the pupil studies at least one subject in the curriculum so thoroughly and so far that he knows what knowledge is and how much industry, thoroughness, precision, and persistence it demands, if we are to have even a distant sight of it.

A common fault of some modern forms of education is that they fail to provide this perspective, and it is a major weakness of the social studies curriculum that it diffuses itself over a multiplicity of enormous problems, contents itself with a cursory view of them, and neither leaves time nor realizes the need for thorough and intensive study of any one. There is a much more serious weakness in this type of education, to which I will return later. Meanwhile I pass to consider the claims of an education based on natural science.

3

A SECONDARY education based on the attempt to introduce the pupil to the social sciences inevitably leads to smatterings and superficiality and fails to give him an idea of the meaning of knowledge. No such criticisms can be made against a school curriculum based on science, for it necessarily involves exact and intensive study in at least one field. Further, though science and the scientific attitude are more than two thousand years old, applied science and technology are the most characteristic features of modern civilization, and their development, resting on pure science, has transformed the conditions of human life and apparently become its mistress and hope. An obvious conclusion is that, in keeping with this transformation, education should be transformed, that the weight should be thrown in the scale of science. It is a natural conclusion; but is it true?

Let me begin by saying that obviously science is one of the great achievements of man, and one of his noblest activities; that it offers the world almost boundless opportunities; and that, in its applied form, it is the most important new force in the present world. From this I should draw two practical conclusions: that we shall need in the future to produce a larger proportion of persons trained in its theories and its skills; and that everyone should have a clear sense of its significance and power in life.

Having said this, let me pass to the limitations of science. It seems at first sight to have none. I went recently into a laboratory in my own university, whose members were scattered all over the country and outside it on government business. One was doing statistical work for the Ministry of Home Security with 150 people under him, one was in the Far East in connection with chemical defense, one in Italy with the Medical Research Council Wound Shock team, one doing research for the RAF. In the laboratory I saw work in process on malaria, on jaundice, on wound therapy, and some secret work on gas warfare which has also yielded results of apparent importance for the treatment of venereal disease. These were the activities of one department in one university, to be multiplied, if one wishes to realize the total effects of science, a millionfold.

Add to these practical results of science the atmosphere of which one is aware in any good laboratory, the enthusiasm, industry, and patience, the ingenuity and burning intellectual life which drive the machine and in turn are generated by it. These scenes of practical power and beneficent activity are also homes of the great human virtues. Is it surprising if for a moment one feels that nothing else is worth study, nothing else matters, that science and her children are masters of all the kingdoms of the world and of the glory of them?

Then come second thoughts. Since 1914 we have fought two destructive wars. Science can explain much of the methods by which they were waged,

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but it tells us almost nothing of their causes, nor does it suggest how such disasters can be prevented. Clearly there are realms where its writ does not run.

It has equally little to say about those creations of the human spirit which alone are immortal, great literature or great art. When we read Homer or Dante or Shakespeare, listen to a symphony of Beethoven, gaze at the Parthenon or the paintings in the Sistine Chapel, science has little light to throw on what we feel or why we feel it. More goes to produce the effect of Leonardo's *Last Supper* than a wall surface, a variety of paint, and the physical constitution of the human eye; Beethoven's symphonies are not merely the wood and metal and catgut and waves of air, through which they pass into audible sound. Robert Bridges has admirably expressed these limitations of science: —

> What kenneth she
> Of color or sound? Nothing; though science measure true
> Every wave-length of ether or air that reacheth sense,
> There the hunt checketh, and her keen hounds are at fault;
> For when the waves have passed the gates of ear and eye
> All scent is lost: suddenly escaped the visibles
> Are turned to invisible; the fine-measured motions
> To immeasurable emotions; the cypher'd fractions
> To a living joy that man feeleth to shrive his soul.
> How should science find beauty?

Science is dumb if we ask it to explain the greatest human works or emotions or experiences,

> . . . exultations, agonies,
> And love, and Man's unconquerable mind:

all that Shelley was thinking of when he wrote: —

> To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
> To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates, . . .
> This . . . is to be
> Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

Here we are in a mysterious yet familiar world which belongs to religion and poetry, but not to science. Yet these things, as well as atoms and elements and cells, are part of the world.

Further, science is not her own master. What she does for us depends not on her but on us. She comes with poison gas and atomic bombs in one hand, with anesthetics and penicillin in the other. She gives, but is indifferent about our choice or use of her gifts. It is not her fault if we choose the atomic bomb; the choice is ours, not hers. The words right and wrong are not in her vocabulary; their derivation must be sought in some other language.

The experience of Socrates still holds true. "As a young man," he says, "I had an amazing passion for the branch of knowledge known as natural science — to know the causes of things, why they come into being, why they are destroyed, why they exist!" But these studies first fascinated and then left him disillusioned; the scientific account of the universe seemed to him accurate so far as it went, but inadequate and partial; he complained that the materialist rejected any spiritual explanation of the world, and then in effect invested nature herself with spiritual powers; and, in his absorption in scientific study, he felt that he ran the risk of "losing the eye of my soul. I was afraid that my soul might become altogether blind, if I looked at things with my eyes or tried to grasp them through the medium of the senses." Other methods were needed to seek "the truth of what is."

4

I HAVE dwelt at some length on science in order to illustrate the danger of flying to phrases like "a modern education for a modern world" without thinking what they mean. Though the development of science is the most characteristic and in some ways most important feature of our civilization, yet how incompletely it covers life, how much remains outside its sway and range, to how many of our needs and problems it has nothing to say! The "modern world" is only partly modern, and the most important things in it existed millennia before Darwin or Faraday or Rutherford. Applied science, or technology, and new techniques in government and economics are only the changing dress of a human nature that changes all too little. Each age must learn to wear its peculiar dress and be familiar with its own techniques. But it must not be so fascinated with these as to ignore more permanent things. Show your pupil Vanity Fair, since he must live in it; but let him be at least as familiar with the Delectable Mountains. It is the weakness of rich and complicated societies like our own that they tend to live in externals, to concentrate on the techniques of their life. But education, while it must provide for these, can only *base* itself on them at the expense of neglecting more important things. Such an education will produce mere technicians. By a mere technician I mean a man who understands everything about his job except its ultimate purpose.

The complaint that I should make about those who wish to base education on the social or physical sciences is that they are aware of some needs of our time but not of its greatest need. Education has many tasks — training the intelligence, widening the mind and enlarging its interests, teaching the techniques on which modern civilization is based. But it may do all this and never reach our central problem. What raises man above the savage? His inventions, his science, the work of his engineers and chemists? We have only to consider recent history to see that these things do not necessarily civilize men and may be consistent with a lower level of humanity than that of any savage tribe. If economics, science, technology, and organization were all that were needed, there was nothing wrong with Germany. It is not our

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material civilization that is defective; it is ourselves. The real issue is whether men are to be ruled by power, pleasure, the latest bright toy which they have created, or by goodness, beauty, reason.

The more power science puts into our hands, the greater opportunities for evil as well as for good. A poor man, a poor world, are limited by their poverty in the amount of harm they can do; as their wealth increases, their power to do harm increases. We live in a world where our power gives us the chance of doing unlimited harm, and we need an education which teaches us not merely how to use that power but how to use it well. To build up in every man and woman a solid core, really and fully human, which will resist the attrition of everyday existence in our mechanized world — that is the most difficult and important task of school and university.

Barbarian tribes destroyed the Roman Empire. There are no such tribes to destroy modern civilization from outside. The barbarians are ourselves. The great modern problem is to humanize man, to show him the spiritual ideals without which neither happiness nor success is genuine or permanent, to produce beings who will know not merely how to split atoms but how to use their powers for good. Such knowledge is not to be had from the social or physical sciences.

5

I HAVE criticized the idea of an education based on either the social or the physical sciences. Now let me contrast with these two types an education which apparently is far less concerned with modern life, but which contained more of the vitamins which the mind and spirit require — the education given under the old classical curriculum. It had (besides deficiencies in the actual teaching from which no education will ever be free) grave weaknesses. The worst was that it was given indiscriminately to those for whom it was suited and those for whom it was not. Another great weakness was that in many cases it left boys in ignorance not only of science, but (what is far more serious) of the importance of science in the world. This defect could have been easily avoided without any loss to the classics, and indeed with a gain to the understanding of Greek thought, in which science and mathematics from the first played an important part.

Having said so much, let me return to the classical education as I knew it. (I must apologize for being personal, but one knows best what one has oneself experienced.) I learned Greek and Latin pretty thoroughly and enough French and German to read those languages; as much mathematics as I have ever needed; history, some of which was well taught but none which left any deep impression on an immature mind; "divinity" mostly in such a form that it gave me no knowledge of either religion or Judaism or Christianity, being largely concerned with the probable dates of some New Testament writings and with close attention to the explanation of such phrases as "the abomination of desolation"; and some chemistry and other science, which was so taught as to leave nothing behind except a memory of totally wasted hours and a bitter sense of ignorance of a great subject. Such was secondary education in a great school in late nineteenth-century England. Not a word of any of the subjects which the authors of *The Content of Education* mention as indispensable. Yet I believe that this education, with all its weaknesses, was infinitely better than the one which they propose.

It may be called narrow. Except for the gap in science — a gap for which the teachers rather than the curriculum were to blame — I do not think so. Of course I left school ignorant of many things desirable and important to know. To complain of this is to be guilty of the deadly heresy that education must be completed in school and university, that this is our last chance of learning, and therefore that we should be forcibly crammed with all the food of knowledge needed for the journey of life. That heresy, often unconsciously held, leads to educational damnation. The true faith is that education should send us out into life knowing thoroughly something which is itself first-rate, knowing how to learn, and interested in life.

Any good education must be narrow. There is, of course, a pernicious, anemic narrowness. But there is a healthy one too. Education prospers by economy, by exclusion. Two principles must be observed in it. The first is that certain subjects (they cannot be more and should hardly be fewer than two) must be studied so thoroughly that the pupil gets some idea what knowledge is. That lesson cannot be learned by studying a large number of things; it demands time and concentration. The second principle is that these subjects should bring the pupil face to face with something great. Nothing — not all the knowledge in the world — educates like the vision of greatness, and nothing can take its place.

Now the old classical education satisfied these two principles. Those whom it suited learned two subjects pretty thoroughly, and thereby got a glimpse of what knowledge is and of the price which it exacts, and they met greatness in two great literatures. That is why I think that the education of the past was better — much better — than this attractive and plausible scheme which is to make clear to the pupils "how a modern society is run and organized."

You are feeling: Yes, but what have Greek and Latin to do with the twentieth century? I might reply that, with Christianity, they are its makers, and that a knowledge of the parents is a considerable help to knowing a child. I might say that fifth- and fourth-century Athens and Imperial Rome, in quite different ways, throw more light on our spiritual problems than any other ages, because they have more in common with us. I might add that our age, confused and divided in its aims, could presumably learn something from a view of life as clear, as rich

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in great achievement as that of Greece. And this view may commend itself the more to some people because Hellenism, though compatible with Christianity, as the history of theology shows, and though, at its highest levels, always associated with theistic belief, is not necessarily dependent on it.

6

A CLASSICAL education has its dangers, but so has a "modern" one. It is possible to develop myopia from too close attention to a subject, to be so familiar with one's own age that one cannot judge it. Those who are trained exclusively on "modern studies" sometimes develop such myopia, become too exclusively familiar with their own age to judge it, suffer from a provincialism self-centered, self-complacent, but not self-knowing: for knowledge of self is difficult without a comparison with things and persons different from and better than oneself. It is at least as important to be able to criticize our civilization as to understand it, to stand above it as to live in it, to see it in the setting of all time and as in some Last Judgment it will be viewed. As the Harvard Report justly says, "One of the aims of education is to break the stranglehold of the present on the mind."

How are you to give the mind this training, to teach it to judge rightly its own age and itself? Only by showing it the greatest things which men have achieved or dreamed. So and only so it will have a standard, an example, an inspiration. The achievements of men can be found in history, their dreams in literature, which comes from, speaks to, and helps to keep alive what, for want of a better word, we call the soul.

> Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high,
> Upon our life a ruling effluence send.
> And when it fails, fight as we will, we die;
> And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

The reason why Greek has maintained its place in education is not that, in the unthinking cant phrase of today, it is a vested interest or a survival from the past. Greek has maintained its place because of its value as a food of the soul.

I may seem to have slipped into a plea for the study of Greek. That is not my aim. My plea is for the study of greatness, and of Greek only because it is a supreme example of what is great, and because those who remain ignorant of its literature and thought miss one of the greatest achievements of man. Obviously only a small minority will ever learn the language; though those who do not, but who are interested in the problem of living, should at least read in English the *Apology*, *Crito*, *Phaedo*, and *Republic* of Plato. But my real point is that, in one way or another, everyone should see human greatness, the highest reach and scope of the spirit of man. Education without this, whatever else it contains, remains poor and incomplete. Mankind is engaged in painting a picture which may be called A Design for Civilization, without knowing exactly what it wishes to paint. However good their brushes and pigments, either painters in studios or in life do not succeed unless they have a clear idea of their subject.

To know what it desires to be is the problem about which the modern world is most uncertain and to which (apart from certain groups and individuals) it pays least attention. My suggestion is that the subject of the picture which mankind is trying to paint is a world of human beings as perfect as human nature allows; that our model is, therefore, human greatness and goodness, and that we must start with a vision of these, derived from the only source we know — from the revelation in religion, in poetry, in history itself, of human nature at its best. That study should be the center of all education, for our picture is the work of innumerable craftsmen cooperating on a common work. They will fail hopelessly if they are ignorant of the design; and though their individual skill may vary, they must all be given at least some idea of what they are trying to paint.

The subject of the picture is man at his greatest and best, and when we are clear about this central figure, we can group round it the accessories of its life, the means through which man acts, achieves his purpose, and becomes his fullest self: science, by which he increases his knowledge and control of the universe; politics and economics, by which he creates and regulates the society that will best serve the good life; languages, through which he has access not only to his fellow men but to the collective wisdom of the world; industry and commerce, regarded not merely as means of making money, but, as Plato conceived them, and after him Ruskin, as mothers and nurses that supply mankind with the necessaries of life. These accessories should be seen and studied with continual regard to the central figure and not, as they too often are, be treated as independent forces, each to be elaborated for its own sake without any care for the real subject of the picture. An education of this kind is the modern education that the modern world needs.

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THE BEACH BOY

by ANN CHIDESTER

VERY early in the mornings before the fishermen went down to the wharves, the woman could see the boy out there sweeping the bathhouse steps. He would wash the floors with a whitish, strong-smelling disinfectant. Then he hosed the walls and floors. Finally he scrubbed the foot baths and hung the clean signs on the doors, WOMEN and MEN. Floss Bixby knew that her husband had never employed a quieter, cleaner boy than this Skid Fenner.

"Young Fenner," her husband would say fondly where everyone could hear him in his paternal mood. "Old Bloody Fenner was his granddad. Fought in the Civil War. This Skid's got Chippewa blood. You can see it in the hair. They always have straight hair like that. He just came down from the woods."

She had become accustomed to the image of her husband as a man of forty, big and sweaty in his Western clothes. He had never been west beyond the Dakotas but he hankered after the far West. He said it helped business to dress like this. "Everyone knows me from Hibbing to Lake of the Woods," he said grandly. She was used to him and grateful because he had taken her from her home and all her mother's children and her thin, rawboned mother who made a living sewing for the fishermen's wives. Bixby had seemed like a miracle of good fortune to her, and she had admired him and even felt a kind of awe for him. She had been married to him almost five years now, and she was twenty-five. She thought of him as successful and popular among the natives — the fishing and trapping people, the miners, storekeepers, and guides.

She was a restless woman, but her restlessness had never destroyed her. There was always something to do. Bixby had a pleasant group of young men working for him in his resorts, trading posts, shops, cabins, and hotels. She went with him wherever he wanted to go, and she never tried to maneuver him or gold-dig. She had been thankful for everything he gave her; and until the beach boy, Skid Fenner, came along, she had stood quite comfortably in her place in the sun.

She was a tall, cool girl with restless hands and feverish, darting eyes, half hidden at times. The pale lights in these eyes often widened with some emotion she tried to keep from Bixby and the young men who danced with her and made much over her. Whenever she and Bixby drove in his big open car, she sat in the back seat with him while one of his young men drove, and she would watch the younger man's hands on the wheel, the signet ring, or she would stare at the back of his head, the clean collar, the way the hair grew. Bixby had business everywhere and little time to do anything else, and so she danced with these young men who held her a little away from them. She had nothing to say to them. They spoke a language which Bixby admired. Every summer, there was one in particular whom she would love in a quick, fierce way that ended in a feeling of defeat.

The Fenner boy was the newest of Bixby's young men. He wore blue swimming trunks and a faded, torn sweat shirt. He had made a bed for himself behind the men's dressing rooms. It was fashioned with ingenuity out of sailcloth and old gunny sacks, and he aired this bed, piece by piece, after he finished the bathhouse. Floss could see the pieces out there on the hot rocks just off the shore. Then he

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ANN CHIDESTER, who makes her residence in Stillwater, Minnesota, rated herself a failure on her twenty-sixth birthday because her first three published novels did not come up to her expectations. "This new book which I am now finishing I think is the best I have done by far," she writes. And personally we feel that there is not a little distinction in this the latest of her short stories.

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swam and threw his trunks on the diving platform and washed himself thoroughly. After that, he washed his trunks and sweat shirt and let them dry while he swam in the bay. He was effortless and skilled in all that he did.

He had come from the primitive region after his grandfather's death, three weeks before the season opened at Bixby's. It was a late Saturday afternoon when he wandered along the water front and up toward Bixby's fishing lodge. She and Bixby were sitting in the bar drinking with some fishing people from Chicago, and when she saw the boy, she felt a keen delight.

Bixby called to him. "I know this kind," he said. "They're shy like animals."

She herself had felt the boy's shyness. It was a memory of herself as a young girl in poor clothes. Someone had called her across the room, and she recalled every step of that journey, the burning and the sorrow of it. "Let him alone," she said in a low voice, but Bixby pretended not to hear her. They were watching the boy and his curious way of walking so that it seemed he did not touch the floor but passed over it with deliberate and native lightness and quietness. "You can do anything with these boys," Bixby was explaining. "Teach them poise, make them into good businessmen."

The boy stood near the table, and Floss looked at him and for a moment imagined that he looked at her, although their eyes did not meet openly.

"You. You're Fenner," Bixby said.

The boy contemplated Bixby quietly. He nodded. "Skid Fenner," he said, and then he looked at Floss. She saw that he was frightened of this place, which was all new to him, and of these people in their proper clothes; and in his own way he felt at once her alliance with him.

"Skid Fenner?" Bixby said.

"Skidmore," he said. "After the governor."

"Oh, yeah. Well, I suppose you'd like to hang around here."

"Maybe," the boy said.

"We can use a young fellow like you. I pay high, and some day you might work into something. You out of school?"

"Yes," the boy lied. He hooked his thumbs into the top of his beltless jeans. His long, powerful hands spread fanwise over his flat, taut belly muscles.

"Swim any?"

"Some."

"You know me, don't you, Skid?"

"Mr. Bixby," the boy said.

"Well, Floss?" Bixby asked.

She did not raise her eyes, but ran her lacquered nail over the edge of the table. All around her, the room tightened, and she desired to reach out to the boy standing there and touch his hand and feel the familiar, smooth, tanned skin these lake boys had. "I don't know," she mumbled. If she was for the boy too obviously, Bixby would reject him, and it might mean the boy would have nowhere to go. If she stood against the boy, Bixby might take him on to prove something, and then it would go rough with the boy.

"Floss knows the lake and woods people," Bixby was saying. "She was once a little woods savage herself." He turned to the boy. "You can bum around here, Skid. I'll find work for you."

The boy nodded.

2

After that, Skid Fenner worked in the bathhouses and on the beach and ate at the lodge kitchen with the wharf men, so that she seldom saw him — except in the mornings when she rose early and sat by her window watching him. Every morning she did that, and she could not explain to herself why it was such a delight for her to watch him. She could not name the simple quality the boy possessed which somehow pleased Bixby as well as herself.

"You ought to buy the kid an outfit," Bixby said.

"I like him the way he is," she said.

"A jersey and some white ducks," Bixby insisted.

She shrugged. "If you want him to look like a bellhop."

That day she went into town and bought the outfit, and on the following morning, very early, she carried the box to the beach. The boy was lying in the water watching her. Then he made several quick movements to pull on his trunks and swam to shore.

"I brought you some things," she said. With the water on him shining like this, his hair very wet and curly, he looked like a child. But then, in his eyes she saw the childish image fade and die away, and she moved a little from him, frightened because of this strange but delightful feeling which was almost like joy and yet was not joy or delight or awe.

"Thanks, Mrs. Bixby," he said. He took the box and laid it on a flat stone, unopened.

"How do you like it here?" she asked. She bit her lip. She did not know quite what to say to him, because she could not figure him out — he was either very simple or very wise, and he was a new kind to her. A lot of the summer girls lay in the sands in the mornings and afternoons and sometimes until it was dark, and they all watched him, but nothing came of that, either. Then, as she lay in her room, hot and bored, she would hear his deep, unfamiliar voice talking to those girls.

Sometimes, one of the young men would dance with her in the lodge as Bixby sat at the tables doing business, but underneath it all, this summer was not the same. She was conscious of the boy out there on the beach, and this summer was nothing like last summer with Freddy Ensore, who had gone off suddenly to Canada to join the Air Force. Last summer she had grown fond of the long hot room, of Freddy and the juke box and the summer

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ballads and the smell of fish frying and the delicate, fresh winds coming off the lake.

Through all the long, idle afternoons, she would hear the boy on the beach and see him down there, and he seemed to taunt her in many ways. He was too familiar. He reminded her of the long shabby years with her mother and her brothers and the poor shack they had at Bird Island, the fishing town. Really, she should be able to talk to the boy easily since they had both come from the lake and wood country. She felt a curious anger that he would not talk to her as he talked to the summer girls from the cottages.

She ran her fingers through her thick, loose blonde hair and shook it out, and he watched her without expression. Some of the summer girls were coming down the road, and their soft voices rose in the hot, still morning air.

"I lived at Bird Island," she said. She had not told that to anyone in years, and the name was awkward, and the memory now rose sharply. That was why she had married Bixby, to get away from Bird Island, and here she was making a point of it to the boy.

"I know Bird Island," he said. "That's the best place on the northern peninsula."

She waited, but he had nothing more to say about it. "I don't look much like it now," she said. "You change." She admired her lacquered toenails. "There are a lot of nice girls here," she said.

"Yes."

"Pretty, too," she said.

"Sure," he said.

"Aren't you going to open the box?" she asked.

"It's clothes," he said. "I heard Mr. Bixby talking about it one time."

She wondered how old he was — sixteen or seventeen, and he knew everything. Her heart shrank inside of her, and the touch of her own skin under her fingers was distasteful to her in this moment. She had forgotten all of it so easily, eagerly forgetting what it was to live up in the northern lands. And now she belonged to Bixby's kind of life, the life she admired so much. She bit her lip again, and her mouth felt dry and empty. "I hope you like them," she said quickly. She started back over the dry sand toward the lodge. I am only twenty-five, she kept thinking, and he is a child, and yet he knows everything and I know nothing — or else I've forgotten. I've forgotten all of it, and now I'm sad.

The boy was climbing into his white watchtower. The summer girls came down on the sand, and she could hear them call to him and his reply.

3

Did you take the boy his clothes?" Bixby asked.

"Yes," she said.

The young man named Grover grinned at her. His eyes were small and close together, and he always smiled at her like that. Today she wanted nothing to do with Grover.

"You can get dressed, Floss," Bixby said. "I have to go up to the peninsula. Afterwards, we can stop for dinner."

"Okay," she said.

"Floss," he said in his low, controlled voice, "what about the beach boy? Think we can use him around here?"

"He might not like it up here," she said frankly. The water and the beach were the boy's places.

"He'll do what he's told, I think," Bixby said.

"He won't like it up here," she said.

"Don't baby the boy, Floss," Grover said.

"I'm not babying him. Only he does very well down there. You said that, Charles." She looked at Bixby, and then she felt herself flush under his eyes, the little brown eyes squinting and searching like that. It was an old look from him. She ought to be used to it, the suspicion and the sneer he gave her when he compared his kind of life with the life from which he had taken her.

"I have to get a little more out of him, and he might as well pick up a few pointers."

"I'm against it, though," she said.

They looked off toward the tower where the boy sat, his arms folded, his face turned toward the water. His flat body was dark and erect, and there was an air of security and peace around him. A few women and children sat comfortably on the beach. Farther out the young girls dived off the high tower into the calm water of the bay. Watching them, she wanted to be with them and like them.

"He manages well," Bixby said. "I'm growing fond of that boy."

Grover shifted uneasily. "He's all right," he said flatly.

The next day, in the morning while she was watching the boy from the window, Bixby began to talk of his plans. "I'll go down there and speak to him," he said. "You come along, Floss."

Floss dressed quickly. This year she was wearing starched summer dresses and almost no make-up, and whenever Bixby mentioned this, she shrugged it off. "I have to change my style," she explained. She looked like one of the summer girls, but she felt that everything was beginning to go wrong. She didn't want the boy hurt or confused. He was sweeping the cement steps. He did this well as he did everything. He scooped the sand from the steps into his hands so that it would not fall on the grass around the bathhouses. Then he carried the sand down to the water. This morning, she felt curiously awake as she walked toward the boy. When Bixby began to speak, she watched the boy's face, and she felt that she was with him and not with her husband in any way.

"I like it down here, Mr. Bixby," the boy said. A thin vapor of sweat covered his face.

"Well, you can always learn new things," Bixby reasoned smoothly. "You could come up to the

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lodge one or two nights — maybe three hours a night."

"Yes," the boy said.

"I want you to feel that you can go a long ways in this business," Bixby said.

She knew the boy was not pleased and that Bixby was disturbed by this lack of pleasure. "A nice-looking, smart young boy like that ought to get onto hisself," he said on the way back to the lodge. She smiled secretly. With the boy, she had shared this feeling, for Bixby had once talked to her in the same fashion, only she had been confused by it.

In the bar and restaurant, the boy was as quiet as he had been on the beach, only here his quietness showed itself more. He learned the names of the regular customers, and he was always pleasant and quick to serve, but he did not like his work, and she knew it. "Dance with the ladies, boy," Bixby said. "Keep them amused and happy. That's part of our business, too."

And so in the evenings, the boy came off the beach dressed in his striped jersey and white ducks. He danced with the women whose husbands had gone off fishing or camping. Some of the young men at Bixby's were there doing business or dancing with these idle women or drinking at the bar waiting for something rich to fall into their mouths.

Floss loved to dance with the boy. It was like the summers at home, long ago, and they danced in silence. Grover and the others stood around watching them. She knew that now they were remembering Freddy Ensore and the others. They think this is the same, she thought, and the idea would flame and flower shamefully in her mind, a memory of something that had passed and was now suddenly distasteful to her. We are both lonely. We are both young. But though she thought many things, her lips with only a pale tint of lipstick never shaped the words for the boy to hear.

He was a wonderful dancer, but his face was always grave and slightly worried. The women liked to dance with him and send him on errands and tell him little stories which somehow puzzled him, though he laughed a little. He soon ceased altogether to help around the bar. "It's not necessary, boy," Bixby said. "You dance too well to waste yourself. Let someone else do the work."

4

Toward late summer, the women had made a pet of him, going down to the beach when he was there, so that the summer girls no longer sat around him, joking. Bixby was pleased. "That boy will do all right with me," he said many times.

But the other young men did not like the boy. He was not their kind, and they complained among themselves. They said he was a handsome hick kid with a curious way of looking at all of them, the women and the men. They talked about Floss's favorites from other summers. She would hear them talking like that, and she would go away quietly and not dance with the boy that evening. But he grew accustomed to asking her, and she felt that perhaps he liked her a little now and felt they shared a lot of things. After a time, he began to talk to her slowly and shyly, and she understood him. They talked of the woods and lake and their homes. She listened to him with such attention that he no longer felt he was alone in this big, low room filled with smoke and many eyes.

At first, the women talked of Floss and the boy in low voices, and Floss knew it. And then, as women will, they carried the news to their husbands, and she knew that, too. So that, in time, she knew the gossip would reach Bixby as well, and she was frightened. Bixby thought he knew everything about her. She would lie across her bed fully dressed, her hair brushed out, her lipstick pale and faint on her full, quiet mouth. She would stare at nothing for hours, and she knew this disturbed him.

"What's on your mind, Floss?" he asked.

"I want to go home sometime soon, Charles," she said.

He swore. "Back to that dump?"

"I want to see the folks again."

He roared with laughter. "After I drag you out of that place and give you everything! Oh no you don't, Floss." He held her face between his hands and tried to see into her curious eyes, to see what enchanted her so deeply, but he could see nothing. "Red Casey's wife went back to her folks that way. She stayed."

"I won't stay."

"No," he said again.

"I promise, Charles," she said.

"You're off your base."

She contemplated him calmly. "What kind of people are we, Charles?"

"Busy people. Rich people."

"Don't you ever feel tired?" she asked.

"No," he blustered. "I'm fit as a fiddle."

"Sometimes I feel tired," she said.

"You dance too much," he said in a manner that told her plainly that he knew what everyone said about her and the boy. She knew that his mind was growing black and thick with suspicion. But she hoped for the best. Surely, she reasoned, surely there was nothing wrong in this. The boy was her friend, and she needed a friend.

One day Bixby said, "People are talking about you and the beach boy." He spread his hands wide and uneasily on the table in the barroom. "I don't want to sound suspicious, Floss, but I think maybe you and Skid had better not see too much of each other."

"He's my friend, Charles," she said.

"He's no kid," Bixby said.

She turned away from him quickly for the tears that came into her eyes. She could see the boy on

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the beach as always, the hot sun moving around him, and she was afraid that Bixby would do something to spoil all of it. "You have to let him alone," she said.

"It's like that, hey?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. Still, she had no words to explain. "You see, he's my kind of people. And he's a friend. He needs a friend down here." The very simplicity of her own words shocked her. "Just let him alone, Charles." If he would forget the other times, he might understand how she felt about the boy.

"That boy's clever. All those people are clever," he said.

"He doesn't know the first meaning of the word."

"He's a fox," Bixby said angrily.

"No."

"I know his kind. You pick them up out of nowheres, and they do you dirt. Like you are doing me now, Floss."

5

She felt no fear at his words. It was as if inside herself she were grateful to Bixby for all he had done for her, but suddenly she saw that it did not matter. He can do nothing to me, nothing at all, she thought. "I want you to leave him alone," she said firmly. "That's all I want." She went up to her room, but she watched and saw him go outside and stand looking down toward the beach. After a moment, she followed him.

"Look here," he was saying to the boy. "Look here, now —"

The boy was pulling on his jersey. His face was pleasant but closed to them, and Bixby was breaking out into a sweat. She felt that if Bixby hit the boy, the boy would do nothing about it. Bixby motioned for her to go away, but she stood so that she could see them and hear them.

"Something wrong, Mr. Bixby?" the boy asked.

"Plenty," Bixby said. "I want to know about this business between you and my wife."

"I guess you don't want me to dance with her any more," the boy said. "You want me to dance with the others because they're customers."

"That's not what I mean," Bixby said through his teeth.

The boy waited. He looked at her. But what could she do? She said, "Charles, he doesn't even know what you're talking about. Stop before it's too late."

The boy stared at her. Then, a startled expression crossed his face. It was as if she, personally, had struck him or betrayed his confidences.

"It's all my fault," she said quickly. Yes, it is my fault because of the other times. I am his friend, and I wouldn't harm him. I could never do anything to harm him, but it's too late now.

Bixby told her to be quiet. "Now get me, boy," he said. "I like you fine, but I can't have anything like this."

The boy shook his head. "We always talk," he said. "She comes down here, and we talk. Sometimes we talk when we're dancing. I thought that was what — I mean, you said to dance with people."

"People are talking plenty," Bixby said.

The boy made a kind of sighing sound and turned away so that his face was hidden. The whole pose of his body took on a rigid aspect, and watching him she knew that now, of his own accord, he would go away. This was some weird, mossy scene she had dreamed, and in a moment, if she raised her hand, she would wipe away the mist of this dream and find it untrue. She was crying without sound.

"You're a good beach boy," Bixby was saying. "You stay down here and mind your own business. We don't want any talk — no hard feelings, either." He put out his hand, feeling paternal, but the boy did not take it. His face was white, and his eyes were large and empty.

"No," he said. He ran toward the bathhouse, leaving them there together. Bixby stared after him and then looked at her, crying so that she could not stop.

"I just thought —" he began, his face red and sweaty.

She shook her head violently. "I don't want to talk about it, Charles. No!" She ran up the ledge, slipping on the rocks, running to her room. She knew what it was the boy had had, the name of the quality, and it was innocence and knowledge at the same time. Once long ago, back home, she herself — But that was so long ago she could now scarcely recall the place at Bird Island. If she went home, it might not be as she hoped, and then that would make it worse.

She knew at the same time she would not leave. The moment had passed. She might resolve to go home, pack for the trip, even write the letter, but she would not go. I have no one now, she thought, no one to be my close friend. The soft music from the juke box came to her, and she saw Bixby coming up from the beach, slowly in his confusion. After all, he had been good to her, and she was no child and therefore shouldn't be as hopeful as a child who did not know the score. She was twenty-five. At the same time, she found herself watching through the window to see the beach boy once more before he left, just this once and never again.

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THE SURVIVORS

by VIRGINIA HAMILTON ADAIR

All of earth's men are on the march somewhere.
Out of two stolen continents depart
The sons of heaven and the supermen;
Mirages take the maps; none can refind
The way he came; the herded slave, once more
A man, repeats the names of vanished towns;
The bearded skeleton sees an unknown world
Beyond the wire, through layers of vertigo,
Where roofless women push their carts and children
To the last ditch beyond the famished farm;
Exiles still seek, through the indifferent nations,
A halt, a habitation, and a smile.

Blessed citizen of a country still uncharred
Our cast-off worker reconverts to hunger;
Hunts through the critical cities for a sign.
Even our soldier, banished in such glory
To set the world to rights, looks in a daze
Down to the dock and the returning transport;
Relaxes his hazy purpose and his fear:
Tries to remember, was home there, or here.

War's hated and intense environment
Shared by unshaven misery through shock
And deprivation and profane endurance
Now as he leaves it no less hated still
Reclaims him darkly; clamors in his head:

This despised earth received his excrement,
Yielded him brackish water for his throat
And burning body; took his exact weight
In fever and in sleep and while he fed;
Buried his fear for him in sodden holes
Beneath the iron singing and fall of shells.
Here too his brothers lie, rebuild the soil;
And but for some ballistic error, here lies he.

Uncentered present pushes the fondled past
Slaps at the future's pale, unfeatured face.
The soldier asks, "This transport take me back?
Back where? What map can show the point
To which I can return and call my home?"

Arrived, he shuts the door, faces the room
Of past, well-dusted peace, with smiling eyes.
Doubt waits at doors, hums at the windy eaves,

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Hides sleepless in the dry leaves, slyly enters
The echoes and the silence of his bed,
Hinting, this is not home. Departure, not return,
His lot forever now if he would find
Where the center has shifted to. For some will search
And some will shut the door and marry doubt.

All men are now survivors of one hour
When by their knowledge and their desperate need
They split the unseen, indivisible core
Of God and matter, scattering their last belief.
Scientist, soldier, worker, preacher, planner,
Fall in with all men henceforth on the march
Within themselves, imploring passage home.

GROWTH IN YEARS

by ROLLO WALTER BROWN

1

FROM somewhere — possibly from long-lived parents and grandparents, though I do not feel sure — I gained an impression that what people call the late years of life ought to be full of activity. To have a human life consist of an overlong period of mental infancy, a noisy middle age in which one tries vainly to capture both the world and a very worldly kingdom of heaven by direct assault, and then a long period of enforced quiescence from which one is "relieved" by death — to make a life cycle mean nothing more than that could be only the work of hellish monsters. Why chant about the glories of experience and then refuse to make use of experience?

And then, as if it were not inhuman enough to deny any recognized life to the graying, this certain coming of the period of inconsequence is held before them so long in advance that it paralyzes them before they have yet come up to the deadline. No device could be worked out for a prize that would do as much to make men and women contribute their worst, instead of their best, as the scheme in which every person who will submit is compelled never to forget that the day is coming, no matter how full of energy and ideas and wisdom he may be, when his only appropriate occupation will be "fussing around a little."

Life ought to be pear-shaped, with a rounding out into the greatest possible completeness at the end. And for the creative-minded who have not been irrecoverably thwarted, that is what life is. The story of creativity is the story of human beings of all ages who are scarcely aware of years as a measure.

Titian was coming into a great new burst of energy at seventy that lasted right through to ninety-eight. Chevreul, the distinguished French chemist, received an honorary degree from Harvard University when he was an even hundred, the age at which Fontenelle died. But Chevreul worked on till he was a hundred and two before he retired as chemist for the Gobelins studios. Verdi was busy with *Otello*, *Falstaff*, *Ave Maria*, *Stabat Mater*, and *Te Deum* between his middle seventies and his middle eighties. Monet at eighty-one complained that he had been a little troubled about his future, but that now work was going well again. Hardy wrote *Winter Words* so late in his eighties that he slipped away without inserting the date in a space that he had left for it in the preface.

And right where one lives, wherever that may be, there are men and women who work on and on if the circumstances of life give them something of a fair chance. Professor George Lyman Kittredge on his seventy-fifth birthday, looking more than ever like some brave Anglo-Saxon king, said, "I'll be damned if I'll retire," and taught on and worked away at his monumental edition of Shakespeare.

Down at Harvard Square one bright morning I met Professor George Herbert Palmer when he was

Author who through his lectures has carried his creative philosophy to many an American campus, ROLLO WALTER BROWN, the disciple and biographer of Dean Briggs of Harvard, now makes his home in Cambridge, where he is busy with his writing.

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out for a breath of fresh air. He was eighty-seven at the time and was at work on his *Autobiography of a Philosopher*.

"When I saw you coming," I told him, "I thought I'd ask you a question — some day."

"Why not ask it now?" he wished to know. "What is it?"

"Oh," I said, perhaps a bit hesitantly, for the sidewalk was crowded with hurrying people who bumped our elbows, "I thought I'd ask you some day how it feels to be an old man. You see, I hope to be one some day."

"Why," he said, "I don't know that it feels very different from being a young one. I can't dodge an automobile quite so well, but you know I never was very good at that." Since he had always had poor eyesight, he crossed Harvard Square by putting up one arm as a semaphore and wading in; and once an automobile had knocked him down.

In memory, I suddenly heard the Irish policeman saying, "That damned old bird causes me more trouble than any other ten people who cross this Square."

"As a matter of fact," said Professor Palmer to me quite as if nothing had flashed through my memory about him, "the second half of my life has been the more enjoyable part — and the more productive."

He stood there in the hurry of the multitude and told me how it had been — a slight little man with heavy white mustache and bushy eyebrows covering much of his face, and a nondescript little hat covering most of his magnificent forehead.

"I was not sturdy when I was young, and my eyesight troubled me, and I could not sleep — you have heard me say all that before. But gradually I learned how I could save up my strength and use it, and how I could relax and rest without sleeping. I sometimes think it would be a good thing if people in general could have a nervous breakdown before thirty-five, for they might then learn how to take care of themselves for life, and make the most of what they have. Anyhow, I think I learned."

Some thoughtless husky, rushing to catch a car, almost toppled him over; but he went right on: "So by the time I was fifty I was quite well started." He spoke of his translation of the *Odyssey*, of the "rather gratifying" reception that *The Glory of the Imperfect* had had, of *The Nature of Goodness*, of *The English Works of George Herbert*.

What he said about *The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer* would have pleased any author. "One of the members of Houghton's thought it would be read only by our relatives and a few Harvard men and Wellesley women. He thought it might sell a thousand copies. I almost had to agree. But when the sales had climbed to seventy-five thousand and had not stopped, I changed my mind.

"So you see, my late years have been my harvest years. I've had many students in my Harvard classes who have become millionaires — if they were not at the time. If one of them were to come to me and say, 'Now see here, Professor, you've never had more than a teacher's salary; so here's a million dollars that you are to use in buying something you'd like to have,' I don't know what it would be. I've done the things I've wanted to do. You couldn't very well buy the experience of living and working with such men as James and Royce, anyhow."

His face suddenly brightened in amusement. "Perhaps I've overstated the case the least bit. You remember, I think, that I have one unfulfilled ambition: I'd like to become the oldest living graduate of Harvard College."

He smiled, for once when my wife and I were spending a week-end with him in Boxford, he confessed to me that when he chopped wood and in other ways kept himself in good trim, his unfulfilled ambition sometimes came to mind. "So when any of those still ahead of me pass on, I read the news of their going with complete equanimity."

And he smiled a half-mischievous smile and hurried off toward Quincy Street to work for two or three hours on *The Autobiography of a Philosopher*.

I had meant to ask Professor E. L. Mark, the anatomist, the same question some day, but always when I saw him his mind was moving so straight ahead that I never ventured to break into its sure course. Once I chanced to fall in with him on Divinity Avenue when he was on his way from his laboratory immediately after a prolonged and heavy snowstorm, and the snowplows had ridged fresh snow three or four feet high along the streets, with no paths at crossings. When we came to the first crossing I edged toward my question by asking him — he was ninety-four at the time — if he wished to have me help him over the high ridge of snow. He shook his head the least bit impatiently, clambered to the top, and then while he stood there, like a small-sized colossus in a cape astride a mountain, he said: "I have always meant to tell you something about Dean Briggs that your book made me think of. . . ."

And he jumped down with such sprightliness to the sidewalk, and began telling me what it was with such enthusiasm as we walked along, that I was never able to get back within reach of my question.

But I did find it possible to put the question to Mrs. Edward MacDowell as she moved busily up toward ninety, and she answered it for me: "Why, I don't know how it feels to be old. I've never been old."

2

That was how it was. Men and women of good inheritance who had not been hampered by the circumstances of life worked right on toward eighty or ninety or a hundred and rounded out what they

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were doing. Life need not be a declivity from youth onward; it may be one steady ascent, with all the satisfaction that comes from ascending rather than sinking away.

There are vast advantages in the years that belong with gray hairs, provided one has not frittered away the earlier years and suffered arrested growth. On this point the grayhead has to be accepted as authority — if anyone is to be — since those who are younger have not yet had the second half of the experience necessary to a judgment. And when a man is having the second half of the experience and life still is a progression, it ought not to be inappropriate for him to say so — to say that for the younger there may be experience ahead that transcends what they have already enjoyed.

Perhaps the most basic of all these advantages lies in the simplification of the concerns of life. When the world is breaking new upon us we too often try to have everything in sight. Life becomes a kind of desperate complicated round — a perpetual round of making the rounds. There is no time for anything, neither sleep nor the savoring of experience. But one learns in the course of enough years that it is not necessary to be concerned with everything in order to be living all the time. There is always place for the expanding essential things if one wishes in truth to have them. There are ways of putting aside not only the fluff, but the matters that are pleasant enough in themselves but not indispensable to the rounded integrity of one's life. One can refuse to be disturbed at the shouting — or the screaming — about matters that are not world-shaking, but are only coming to the attention of some undisciplined mind for the first time, and can concentrate on the important matters, which the screamers probably treat as trivial. One learns that.

There is something more than parallel in the simplification and consequent enriching of one's emotional experience. A single incident in youth is the beginning of a growing thread or a growing stream that comes all the way through one's life until there is vastly more than there was near the beginning. When I once said, in speaking of the growth of love with the passing of years, that there were associations in an old song for a grayhead that could not possibly be in it for a younger person, I had in mind a specific song in my own experience, "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

Once in an essay I tried to set down how it had multiplied in associations as it had come along. When I first heard it, it was only a pleasant song sung by a group who enjoyed singing, under the direction of a man who cared for Scotland. But today when I hear it — and a Scottish neighbor chooses to hum it very often — I see the hall where I heard it the first time, and the people singing; I see a dark wooded bluff rising high above a narrow valley called Snell's Hollow, where I later often heard an Irish girl singing her favorite stanza of it; I see a college professor standing at the end of his desk with a volume of Burns in his relaxed hand as he "read" the poem from memory with something of the lyrical music of a song in his reading; I see the Burns cottage at Ayr on a wet day when I visited it, and the races I attended before I went to the cottage; and — strangely — I see a little man from Scotland telling brightly how he went down from his poetic world to London and became the discoverer of penicillin. Today the song is no longer just a song, but a stream of events and agreeable states of mind flowing down to me from the past, through the past.

And the whole of one's life may be carried along in this way so that its total effect is an enveloping richness. I made the discovery one day when I sat alone in the country in a little studio that I had built for myself. It was late in the forenoon on a calm day in August, and I lifted my eyes from my work and looked out through the wide window directly in front of me, past a clump of white birches and across a gently rising meadow to a line of tall maple trees.

A breeze was lifting the leaves of the maples gently, almost silently. A breath stirred in the birches directly over my head. And suddenly I heard the breeze in the maples outside a country schoolhouse that I had once attended, and life from that early day, somehow the whole of life, came in an easy flowing that was half sight and half sound — like the breeze — out of the hills, over the hills, over the seas, wherever I had been, the whole distance through the years. It swirled many things aside and left them along the margins of its way. But the important things came on until they were related to everything I was thinking or doing.

It is certain death to go back into the past and try to live there. But just as certainly is it increased life when one makes the past roll along unceasingly into the present. It is then that one's emotional life has opportunity to become both stimulating and deep.

It must be so. How can there be any creation — how could there be — without memory, without memories? This is not merely my own experience. The older creative men in diverse fields with whom I have lived have without exception had more than an ordinary headful of stirring memories: images, their own feelings, miscellaneous raw materials essential in the cross-fertilization of ideas, incipient conceptions of one thing and another, poems that they had liked, people who had led them to think this or that, music they had heard.

To remember, to remember everything out of your youth, the color, the sound, the odor, the flavor of things, and how you felt about the world when you were having the experience, back there when all life for you was beginning, when the push of growth was irresistible, and then to let everything

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come and be related to the present moment — that helps to make one ready to create anew, and sometimes in new depths.

"For the young," said a sagacious French painter, "new efforts, dangerous exaltations, dazzling triumphs and resounding defeats, disillusions, prodigality, daring experiments, and the noisy trumpeting of new reputations! For the old who have retained their vigor, the free and radiant flow of sublime inspirations concealing profound knowledge, the more profound the more it is concealed."

3

But the greatest enrichment that has come to me in the mounting years has been through a growing receptivity to new ideas. I know it is not the style to say so. Within a few weeks I have heard twenty different men of supposed importance say that there is something wrong with a young man who is not a radical, and something wrong with an old man who is not a conservative. This is the nonsense of those who have suffered arrested growth. With increase in years one ought to see the many more things that must be done, and that can be done.

The history of such progress as the human species has made is the history of the courageous exploring mind. If one goes far enough back in the development of any idea now accepted as a part of the "great human tradition," one comes to the time when it was something unaccepted and probably only half respectable, with some "radical," or "visionary," or "theorist," or "impractical dreamer" boring away at the point of the movement with great enthusiasm because he saw clearly and had strength of conviction. It must never be forgotten that such men and women along the way are a great and more or less unrecognized constant in history. Their minds are so "fanatically" fixed upon their idea that they will give the world no peace until the world comes to see something of what they have seen with a clarity that was almost terrifying.

By offering a favorable ear to these clamorous young ideas I have found much enlargement of life, not only in the ideas themselves — for even a foolish idea can set one's mind going — but in the better ways they have brought to me of determining the value of ideas already generally accepted. It is not that I believe all new things to be good. But where is there anyone who can point to a means of determining whether an idea is good or not if we refuse to give it consideration? And giving consideration to a great diversity of new possibilities in the world does enrich one's life.

So with instances of the great and the less great and the very modest who have been active late in life to point the way for me, and with accumulating enrichments in my own experience extending their invitation to live, why should I not be busy, regardless of any approaching deadline fixed by industrialists, college boards of trustees, and others lost to the priceless nuances of life? In twelve or fifteen years I have published eight or ten books — biography, fiction, essays — that could not by anyone be regarded as casual writing. No one of these has gone into more than six or seven printings. But my audience is a good audience, and since I have in mind for the future at least as many books as I have already written, I can see no reason why I should announce that I expect soon to be sinking into apathy.

It is always possible for a man to deceive himself about his own growth or decline. On the other hand, it is possible for him to make comparisons and tests and to know where he stands. It is possible, for instance, for him to compare what he has just written with what he has already published that has withstood scrutiny. There are ways, too, of getting views of himself from understanding fellow craftsmen — if he is the detecting listener that any craftsman must be. And for purposes of honest self-measurement, I have found the practice of writing now and then anonymously, or under a pen name, to be useful — and so interesting that some day I mean to write an article entitled "The Style is the Name."

All, then, is clear enough in my mind. I plan to be a busy man. Only one thing can stop me, and that is something beyond my control that I therefore do not need to worry about. To be able to rise up morning after morning with no cricks in one's body or — so far as one can tell — in one's mind, and work in quickened awareness at something that one wishes to do and that seems to be worth doing — where has anybody ever found a deeper satisfaction than that?

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UNCLE DECK

by JOHN WATSON

GRANDPA was seventy-six years old. I guess that's the reason that while he was wandering around in the pine hills looking for buried treasure, his mind was wandering around somewhere else. Because there wasn't nothing wrong with Aunt Dode, mentally, nor Skeeter nor Doshie. It didn't seem to run in the family.

They didn't worry about Grandpa getting lost, because he knowed all the hills and hollers in Chaparral County as well as he knowed the back gallery where his cot was that he slept on. Grandpa's one great obsession was the forty jack-loads of gold the Spaniards had buried when the Indians got too hot on their trail. Plenty of the old-timers could tell you it was buried somewhere in Chaparral County.

Nobody ever paid much attention to Grandpa and his eternal diggin' until the depression hit and money got so scarce. On Uncle Deck and Aunt Dode's place money wasn't scarce: it just wasn't. They had done run slap out of cash, and things was beginning to look bad.

And all the time Grandpa was still scourin' the country with his broken-handled pickaxe. If he could find one rock on top of another or three rocks in a row, it was a sign and he would dig. But all he ever found, as far as I know, was the gallon syrup bucket he dug up out behind the hen house. It was the one Skeeter had buried with the nickel in it, and as I was just fixin' to tell you, it wasn't a bad strike after all.

Skeeter hoarded the money, but nobody ever thought of him as a miser. He was a first-class businessman at the age of eight. Several months before, he had found the nickel in the gutter one day over in Oakville. Aunt Dode had seen him pick it up, and the next day when she asked him what he'd done with it he told her he had buried it. Aunt Dode just snorted and went on sopping her mesquite brush in the snuff-box. But even that early you could tell that money was beginning to get scarce in the neighborhood.

He learned a great lesson from that buried nickel, Skeeter did, especially after times got so tight that he had the only cash in the family. That was when he really begun to realize the power of money. What a person can do if he has money and the other fellow hasn't got none! The other fellow will bring in the wood for you and gather the eggs and shell corn and throw it to the chickens, and you don't even have to use up your capital.

Skeeter was smart. He heired it from both sides of the house. And he knowed what was back of this change of attitude toward him. It was that nickel, already turned black in the bottom of that gallon syrup bucket buried nobody but him knowed where. He had sense enough to know that if he let Aunt Dode borrow it to buy a box of snuff, his power would be gone. Even on the morning when Uncle Deck went up that seventy-foot pole and Aunt Dode threatened to take the hide off of Skeeter's back, he wouldn't let her have that nickel.

I guess Aunt Dode was the biggest woman anywhere in Texas outside of a circus. She was such a mountain of flesh that you would have to see it before you'd believe it. And even then you wouldn't believe your own eyes. You had to see Aunt Dode walking barefooted down a cotton row with Uncle Deck dancing along in her shadow trying to keep the hot sand from burning his feet. Or see her shuffling sideways through the door, or see her getting in the old Ford with the running board weighted clean down to the ground on her side while the other side hitched up in the air about four feet. Or see her sit down on

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JOHN WATSON is an assistant professor of English at the A. and M. College of Texas. He tells us that he spent last summer in the Ozarks with Weldon Stone, working on a novel in which Uncle Deck, Aunt Dode, and their relatives are placed in juxtaposition with a group of university professors. It sounds like more.

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a chair and you can't even see any sign of the chair. And you can feel the floor give when she comes in the room, and you steady yourself and hold your breath. You have an uncanny feeling that your part of the floor is going to buck up, because you know if it goes down so much in one place it's got to come up a bit somewhere else.

Aunt Dode was standing behind the chicken house watching Grandpa to keep him from digging the foundation out from under it, and saying, "Pa, what in tarnation you going to dig up next?" But she couldn't stop him, because he had done dug up a piece of horseshoe and he knowed it was a sign. So when he struck the syrup bucket Aunt Dode was there to take possession of it. It had the nickel in it and she had done got it all figured out what the nickel had to be spent for. Skeeter was down on the creek ketching crawdads, so she didn't have to bother about him.

2

But that was the next day after Uncle Deck had climbed the pole. I don't know whether Aunt Dode had caught on from the start or not, but if she did she didn't let on. Ever'body that come that first day to look at Uncle Deck up on top of that seventy-foot pole asked Aunt Dode what he was doing up there. "You got eyes?" she would say. "I guess you can see what he's doing up there."

I don't know, I think she was on to it all the time what he went up the pole for. Because Aunt Dode was quick to ketch on. She was smart, but she wasn't as smart as Uncle Deck, because he was the first one to think of it. She admitted later that she wanted a box of snuff so bad she would have gone up that pole herself if she'd of had gumption enough to think about it.

I guess Aunt Dode would have been an artist if she hadn't got off on the wrong foot and married a tenant farmer and liked it and stayed with it. She had an artist's feeling for balance. She had a delicate sense of proportion that most folks don't have. One time she had her picture taken by herself, but it somehow didn't give her no satisfaction to look at it. There was something missing, she said. Just that one big gob there in the picture and nothing to counterpoint it. So she tore it up and took Uncle Deck to town and had another one made with her hand on his shoulder.

That something missing about Aunt Dode was Uncle Deck. Like when an artist draws a picture of a lion and then puts a pan of water or a bone down there in the corner to balance it off. Or like when you used to draw a picture of a house in the second grade with crayolas, you always made a V-shape up in one corner with wings curved and that was a buzzard or some other kind of a bird. Uncle Deck was that pan of water, that bone, that bird.

He never took up any space in a room. He just kept the room from looking bare. Uncle Deck was small, but he had a complicated piece of mechanism up there in the loft. He must have, to pull the whole neighborhood out of the worst depression in history.

He was a good worker too, and he was a good manager. Aunt Dode never blamed him for the awful mess they got into. She knowed he had worked that year and he had drove the boys hard too. Ever'body in the whole family had done their part. Hadn't nobody shirked.

There was plenty of corn in the crib for the stock and plenty left over to take a sack to mill ever' Saturday and grind meal for corn bread. There was plenty of sweet potatoes in the bank too — the kind that the juice oozes out when you put them in the oven and they get hot. Come springtime there was fresh black-eyed peas and butter beans and turnip greens till you couldn't rest. The whole place was covered with Rhode Island Red fryers fattened on yellow corn till they wouldn't even take the trouble to run after a grasshopper. And there was a half a dozen big shotes and three or four yearlings that hadn't never done nothin' in all their born days from morning till night but eat. So there wasn't nobody starving to death on account of the depression.

Aunt Dode never blamed Uncle Deck because money got so scarce. She put the blame where it belonged — on the gover'ment. If the money had all got wore out, she said, why in the name of common sense didn't the gover'ment up and print some more money? But all the time she wasn't convinced herself that the money had wore out, because she knowed the folks in Austin had plenty and the railroad families in Oakville had some too. Seemed like it was just the farmers that didn't have no money.

I guess ever'body in the neighborhood had got into the same kind of a jam Uncle Deck's folks was in. The year before, ever'body had almost starved to death because they didn't plant nothing but cotton and corn, like the landlord said. It was a good crop year, but cotton was dirt cheap and you couldn't give away the corn. So when the end of the year rolled around and the accounts was settled up, nobody had any cash money left because ever'body had been feeding their whole family out of the store and the landlord standing good for it with a lien on the crops. But the lower the price of cotton went, the less he allowed folks to buy from the store on credit. So it was a hard hungry winter.

When the crops was laid by, most folks did the same thing Uncle Deck did. They squared off a couple or three acres of the best land, far enough away from the house so the chickens wouldn't bother it, and they made a big garden. They got ahold of a sow and raised a litter of pigs, and they quit giving away the calves for three four dollars apiece. Eggs wasn't worth nothin' at the store, so they set them and raised a bunch of chickens. Of course, there was some friction with all that stuff growin' on one little tenant farm. Now and then a chicken would stray

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off down to the garden and scratch up a potato and eat it. And once in a while the sow would grab up a chicken and eat it. But if the chicken et the potato, and the sow et the chicken and suckled the pigs, there wasn't nothin' lost. You would eat the pigs, and who wouldn't rather eat a piece of pork than a potato?

So it looked like ever'thing was going to be all right. But it wasn't, because the landlord come around beefing about his rent on them two three acres of garden space. And he didn't want potatoes and chickens and pork. He wanted legal tender. He couldn't sell the stuff any more than you could.

Uncle Deck loaded the wagon with vegetables and chickens and eggs and drove into Oakville and tried to sell them, but all the stores was getting their stuff by the truckload from the Rio Grande valley. He tried peddling the stuff around to the houses, but the women didn't have any money. They had to buy their stuff from the stores, because they had to put ever'thing on the bill. He didn't even sell a dime's worth. Brought it all back and turned the chickens loose and throwed the vegetables to the hogs. And the next week he took a load all the way to Austin, but it was the same over there.

3

It was about this time that things all begun to come to a head. The landlord rode out on his horse one day and told Uncle Deck if he didn't get the cash money to pay for the garden space he would come back with the sheriff and have him thrown off the place bodily — him and his garden and chickens and family. He'd keep the shotes and yearlings to pay the rent.

And about that time Doshie's courtin' was about to become a problem. She wanted to get married, and Booger Red, her beau, wanted to get married, but there wasn't no place for them to sleep. Doshie had been sleeping on a cot in the kitchen. It was like Aunt Dode said: there was plenty of room out on the back gallery, where Grandpa's cot was, but they almost had to have a bed. And the only way to get ahold of a bed was to take two or three dollars to Oakville and buy one at the secondhand furniture store. At which place Uncle Deck's credit was poor.

And then too, Aunt Dode was awfully unhappy, because she had done long ago run out of snuff. She had took to just sitting around with her head tucked down and wouldn't talk or anything. She had tried Uncle Deck's homemade chewing tobacco, but it wouldn't seem to give her no satisfaction. She said after she spit out a wad of it she always wanted a dip of snuff to take the taste out'n her mouth. Just aggravated her thirst for a good snuff brush made out of a mesquite root with the big end well chewed by a pair of strong young jaws like Skeeter's.

But I guess what really sent Uncle Deck scampering up the pole was to realize that summer was just around the corner and he hadn't yet got them two quart bottles of XXX Spring Tonic. He hadn't missed taking them for over twenty years, and he knowed if he did miss, he was sure to take down sick right in the big middle of cotton-chopping time. That scared him, and I guess that's what sent him up the pole — that and the landlord.

I don't know where Uncle Deck thought Aunt Dode was going to get any salt, because he knowed there sure God wasn't a grain on the place. He had done et enough flat-tastin' vegetables and chickens to know it, and he had heard Aunt Dode say it enough that if somebody didn't rustle up a nickel box of salt they was all going to have a goiter and she didn't have any place to put hers.

Anyhow, he went on up the pole that morning about sunup. It was the same seventy-foot pine tree out in the cowpen that he had been practicing on with the old pair of climbing spurs that Grandpa had found — or stole — out on the Texas Power and Light high line. He took a board up there with him and a hammer and some nails and a saw. He sawed the top out of the tree and there wasn't nothing left but just that seventy-foot pole stickin' up there with Uncle Deck settin' on that board and it nailed across the top. And then he chunked the hammer down, and the saw and the spurs, and there he was, left high and dry and no way to get down.

As I was saying, I guess he had the whole thing figured out in his mind, except where the salt was coming from, because how could he know that Grandpa was going to make his strike the next day, after forty years of diggin' in dry holes? But maybe he just left that little detail for Aunt Dode to figure out.

Anyhow, Aunt Dode didn't pay him no more mind than if he had been a bird perched up there. And all that first day she wouldn't let on to a soul if she knowed what Uncle Deck was settin' on the pole for. I guess ever'body in the neighborhood had come over to look at Uncle Deck before dinnertime that first day. And after dinner, folks from Oakville begun to drive out in their cars.

Aunt Dode didn't seem to take no interest in the business at all until Grandpa dug up the syrup bucket. But as soon as she got her hands on that nickel she hitched up the mules to the wagon and hit a beeline for Oakville. She didn't trust nobody to run that errand for her. And all the way to town it was nip and tuck whether she was going to give way to temptation and buy that box of snuff. But an hour or two later, her and the wagon and mules come charging up the lane again, and sure enough, she had a little sack of salt under her arm.

But it wasn't till Uncle Deck had been roosting on the pole for three days and nights that business really begun to pick up and the folks around in the neighborhood begun to understand what was happening. And even then, some of them was slow to

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ketch on. Because it was the third day that the man come out from Austin and took a picture of Uncle Deck on the pole and one of Aunt Dode and borrowed the picture of her with her hand on Uncle Deck's shoulder. He went back and wrote a story about it, and the pictures and the story was printed in the Austin paper.

4

I don't know how Aunt Dode could tell that the time had come, unless it was the pictures that give it away. I guess she was smart enough to know the pictures was for the paper, and if it was going to work at all, they ought to start arriving that evening.

Anyhow, they did.

When the newspaperman lit a shuck for Austin to ketch the evening edition, Aunt Dode begun issuing orders. In fifteen minutes she had got every one of the neighborhood farmers up off of their heels, where they had been squatting and chewing tobacco and watching Uncle Deck and betting bushels of corn and horses on how long he would stay up there. She had got them all up and put them to work, and the womenfolks too.

A few cars had come cruising up the lane during the afternoon — big Buicks and shiny new Chevrolets with Austin license plates — but the local folks was too busy workin' to pay them any mind. And as the day wore on, more and more cars come off the highway and on down toward the house and parked under the cedars and around at various places. The city folks got out and stretched their legs and collected in groups and gawked at Uncle Deck still roostin' up there on the pole. But none of them didn't leave. They had seen Uncle Deck's picture in the paper and read where it said he had been settin' up there three weeks. I guess they all figured he must be about tired out and they was afraid to leave for fear he would fall off and they wouldn't see the splash.

Well, along about an hour by sun Aunt Dode got caught up with her end of the work and went over and set down on a stump kinda in between the three old fifty-gallon oil drums. By that time a half a dozen of the city folks was easin' in toward the smoking drums, following their noses. One of the men sidled up to Aunt Dode and sniffed in the direction of the nearest oil drum and said, "What you cookin' in there, sister?"

"Cookin' supper," said Aunt Dode.

"Oh," said the city man. Then he changed the subject, lookin' up at Uncle Deck. "What's he doin' up there?"

"Chewin' tobacco," said Aunt Dode. "If you watch close you'll see him spit."

"Oh," said the man. "I'm Senator Snodgrass. Texas Legislature."

"That right?" said Aunt Dode.

"Yes," said the Senator. "I heard he had been up there three weeks. How does he manage to stay awake?"

"Three months," said Aunt Dode. "It was a misprint in the paper. He's going to dive off in a bucket of water."

"Most remarkable," said the Senator. He sniffed again. "What you havin' for supper, ma'am?"

"Barbecued pork in that one," she said, pointing at the nearest oil drum. "It's been cookin' all evening. That's hickory charcoal gives it the flavor you smell."

"Ah," said the Senator. "You wouldn't by any chance be willing to sell a small piece?"

"Just cookin' a bite for the family," said Aunt Dode. "Barbecued beef in that one over there, and chicken in the other one."

"I been thinking about getting this neighborhood electrified," said the Senator. "You think you'd like electric lights?"

"Not me," said Aunt Dode.

"Ah," said the Senator, and he inhaled deeply the aroma of hickory-smoked barbecue.

Aunt Dode got up off of the stump and straightened her dress out in the back. "Them chickens ought to be ready," she said. She took the fork and waddled over to the drum and lifted up the sheet-iron top. When the top come off, the smell oozed out and drifted off down among the cedars where the city folks was.

Aunt Dode yelled at the men to bring the wash bench over there and she forked out a chicken and laid it on a piece of paper on the bench. Then she hollered in the direction of the house, and the women begun to bring out platters of hot bread and bowls of sweet potatoes and black-eyed peas and gravy.

The Senator took out his wallet and got a dollar bill out of it. "I know it's downright rude of me, ma'am," he said, "but I wonder if you could spare me a wing off of that there chicken?"

Aunt Dode took the dollar bill and put it in the inside pocket of her apron. She went over and forked out a hunk of sizzling brown pork and laid it on the table. Then she went to the other drum and returned with a side of beef ribs. "Which you prefer, Senator?" she said. "Chicken or pork or beef?"

"My God," he said. "Do you mean —? Beef, if I may. Thank you, ma'am."

Aunt Dode cut him a nice piece of barbecued beef ribs and laid it on his plate. "Help yourself to the gravy and bread and butter and vegetables," she said. "They all got plenty of salt in them. Ain't a flat-tastin' bite in the bunch."

"Thank *you!*" said the Senator.

"Any more in your party?" said Aunt Dode.

"Ma'am?"

"I said, you want a plate for your wife or anybody?"

"My God," said the Senator. "You mean —? Could I?" He reached for his wallet. The other city folks was sneakin' in closer with dollar bills in their hands, sniffin' the air.

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By dark the food was all et up and Aunt Dode had a pocket full of one-dollar bills. I don't know whether she made the arrangements for the next day or not, but I guess she did. She wasn't nobody's fool, Aunt Dode wasn't.

Anyhow, the next day the neighbors all come back to work and they all brought chickens or pork or beef or something. And that evening they must of fed half of Austin and the whole Texas Legislature.

5

WELL, that went on for about a week and Uncle Deck still perched up there on the pole and ever'body wondering when he was going to go to sleep and fall off and mess up the cow lot. So one night Aunt Dode called a meeting of the neighborhood folks and divided up the money according to how much each one had furnished. And then she asked them if ever'body had enough cash money to pay the rent on their gardens and buy salt and snuff and other things they had to have. Well, ever'body said they did and Uncle Deck must be awful tired and they had better let him come down and call it quits.

Nobody didn't know how Aunt Dode got word to Uncle Deck seventy feet up there on the pole, but the next evening after the city folks left, Uncle Deck come sliding down the tree. He looked as fresh as if he'd just been up there one day. And that's the night the neighborhood folks had their big blowout. As far as they was concerned, the depression was over.

Aunt Dode had gone to town in the wagon that evening and bought the three-dollar bed for Doshie and Booger Red. She had paid the back rent on the garden and also the rent for the next year. She had bought two quart bottles of XXX Spring Tonic and three dozen boxes of snuff and a hundred pounds of salt. She had bought a gallon of white Karo, emptied the syrup out in the hog trough, washed the bucket, put a silver dollar in it, give it to Skeeter, and told him to bury it. "Be careful," she told him, "so Grandpa don't see you, 'cause I bought him a new grubbin' hoe today and he's going to turn this place wrong side out looking for them forty jack-loads of gold."

After the wedding was over and the newspaperman from Austin had took Doshie and Booger Red's picture with a flash bulb, he got Aunt Dode off to one side. "Would you answer a question for me?" he said.

"Sure," said Aunt Dode. "I guess I'm beholdin' to you anyhow. If it hadn't been for you, we wouldn't of had the crowds we did."

"I tried to help out," he said, "especially after I caught on to what you was doing. But one thing's still got me puzzled."

Aunt Dode took the mesquite brush out of her mouth and sopped it in the snuffbox contentedly. "What's that?" she said.

"How did he stay up there so long?" he said. "It ain't humanly possible."

"Oh," said Aunt Dode. "I forgot to tell you. He swapped places ever' night with his twin brother from out in the Big Bend Country."

"I knowed there was a trick to it," said the newspaperman.

"Yes," said Aunt Dode. "I was sure Hank wouldn't come unless it was a matter of life and death. Which it was. So I telegraphed him collect that Deck was dead."

"Most ingenious," said the newspaperman. "Could I have another picture of you?"

"Certainly," said Aunt Dode. "Wait till I call Deck."

VULNERABLE

by JULIA McGRANE

MISTAKE is costly to a man
In life and limb.
Miscalculation by an inch
Can render him

Upon the instant, sightless, maimed.
For nimble mind
Endows its creatures with a strength
It ill can bind.

But faulty judgment of the heart
Admits no cure.
Hate, cancerous, will slay its host.
The end is sure.

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NOT SO BONNIE SCOTLAND

by ROSS CAMPBELL

1

On leave from a Royal Air Force station, I made a sentimental journey to Edinburgh, the city from which my great-grandparents went to Australia a century ago. I walked up the Canongate, the gray street which runs from Holyrood Palace up to Edinburgh Castle, and which has survived nearly intact from the seventeenth century. Barefoot children scampered through the prison-like courtyards of what were once the town houses of Scotland's nobility; for the Royal Mile — as they used to call this street — is now a dismal slum.

A medical student from Edinburgh University was leaning against the parapet of the Castle, looking over the smoky city, and we began to talk.

"The Canongate must be the most romantic street in Britain," I said. "It's a pity they don't clean it up."

"That's the trouble with you Scots from overseas," he said. "You dream of bonnie Scotland, and then you are shocked when you find that Scotland is a distressed, poverty-stricken country. You are what we call Balmoralists."

"What are Balmoralists?" I inquired.

"They are people," he said, "who think Scotland is all pipers and kilts, and Annie Laurie and Rob Roy, clansmen waving claymores and lassies doing Highland flings. The real Scotland is not so romantic.

"Nearly half the people in this country," he went on, "live in places of one or two rooms. You think the Canongate is a slum, but you should see Glasgow. There are thirty thousand families in Glasgow who live with four or more families sharing a water closet. The death rate of babies in Glasgow is higher than in any other white city in the British Empire."

When I asked him what caused the poverty of Scotland, he jerked his thumb towards the south. "England," he said. "The curse of Scotland is the Act of Union of 1707. The English got Scotland by borrowing her kings, and they have been ruining her ever since."

An Australian, Ross Campbell went as a Rhodes Scholar to Magdalen College, Oxford. During the war he served in the Royal Australian Air Force and was awarded the DFC in 1945 as the navigator of a Halifax heavy night bomber. His squadron was based in Yorkshire, and after the war he was transferred to London to work on the official history of the RAAF.

This bitter young man belonged to the extreme wing of the small Scottish National Party which last May voted to petition the United Nations for self-government for Scotland. His Anglophobia was exceptional; unlike the Catholic Irish, the great majority of Scots do not hate the English — they have fought stoutly beside them in both world wars. But the opinion that union with England has caused the country's decline was repeated to me many times.

Since 1707, they tell you, Scotland has been governed by the combined Parliament in London, where Scottish members are a small minority. Not until 1885 was a separate office created in London to look after Scottish affairs, and it was not shifted to Edinburgh until 1937. Its policies are still decided in London and administered, as one Scotsman put it, by civil servants rushing up and down the London and North Eastern Railway. Parliament can spend only a very small part of its time on Scottish affairs, and the 74 Scottish members are lost among the total 640 members of the House of Commons.

Curious to find what had happened to the bonnie Scotland of my ancestors, I went on to Glasgow, the tough industrial city where nearly a third of the nation lives. The Clydebank shipbuilding yards are still as busy as they were during the war. They have more than 500,000 tons of shipping on the stocks, and expect to be working at top pressure for three more years; but people there are worried about the future.

After the First World War there was a big drop in the demand for the products of the Clydebank heavy industries — girders, locomotives, and, above all, ships. Things got worse until during the depression a quarter of Scotland's workmen were unemployed for six years. Thousands of the best shipbuilding craftsmen in the world lounged sullenly with hands in their pockets, while razor gangs made the Glasgow slums the criminal capital of the British Isles.

The recent war gave work to all hands, but when the present shipping shortage is made up, another slump is expected on the Clyde. Already the biggest wartime armament works in Scotland — the Rolls-Royce aero-engine factory at Hillington, near Glasgow — is being closed, throwing thousands out of work.

There is all-round agreement about Scotland's

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main economic trouble: too many of her people — at least 40 per cent — depend on coal-fed heavy industries which boom in wartime and then slump. Her economy grew that way because she had the materials; the heroic tasks of heavy industry suited the stern Scottish character; and until the last quarter century there was a world market for the ships and bridges they made. Scottish industrialists have continued obstinately to specialize in these products; they have never turned to the manufacture of automobiles or aircraft.

In England light industries, powered by electricity, are busy making clothes, pots and pans, vacuum cleaners, cosmetics, iceboxes, and radio sets. In Scotland factories of this kind are few. Scotland needs light industries to keep her people in work, but the London Government has done next to nothing about it. In the years 1933 to 1936, out of 2052 new factories opened in Great Britain, only 16 were located in the distressed areas of Scotland. On the other hand, large British corporations have closed down a number of factories in Scotland. A big dye works at Grangemouth, for example, was bought and closed down by Imperial Chemical Industries.

The small purchasing power of Scotland's working class has discouraged local production of consumer goods. Because Glasgow has long been politically to the left of the rest of Britain, manufacturers have been apprehensive of strikes in factories built on the "Red Clyde" — though in fact strikes have not been more common there than elsewhere. Another reason many manufacturers prefer not to set up plants in Scotland is that they are already doing well with light industries around Birmingham and London. They regard Scotland as a place that buys English-made goods, not as a place that could make its own.

In the train to Glasgow I had read Lord Macaulay's description of the ferocious clansmen who routed the English at the battle of Killiecrankie. Very different from those iron warriors seemed many of the people I saw in Glasgow streets, with their pale faces and weedy bodies.

"The Scots used to be a rugged people," a Glasgow doctor told me, "but decades of underfeeding and bad housing have done great harm to their physique.

"Our pre-war health statistics were appalling," he said, producing some figures. "Scotland's infant mortality in 1937 was 80 deaths per 1000 births, compared with a little over 40 in the U.S.A. and 31 in New Zealand. Sir John Boyd Orr, the diet expert, estimated that 2,000,000 out of Scotland's 4,800,000 people suffered from malnutrition. In 1936, out of 80,000 Scots who tried to enlist in the Army, two in every three were rejected as physically unfit. Out of 100,000 school children examined in Glasgow in 1934–1935, 93 per cent had physical defects.

"The Scots," he said, "were better fed during the war than for many years before because they had more money to spend. In 1944 our infant mortality had fallen from 80 to 65 per 1000 — still 50 per cent more than the U.S.A. Unless there are big improvements in the Scottish way of life, another slump will make the country as sickly as before."

Bad nutrition was reported by a Committee on Scottish Health Services to be widespread in the Highlands as well as in the cities. The diet that nourished the brawny clansmen of the past has given place to more starchy, less invigorating food. Porridge is now made with processed instead of raw oatmeal. Tinned meat is eaten more than fresh herrings, shop bread instead of oatmeal cakes. With the spread of mechanized food, cooking has deteriorated. The matchless biscuits which old Scottish ladies made famous all over the earth are now not easy to find in Scotland; in restaurants and hotels they are not found at all.

In Glasgow I saw the rows of tall, insanitary stone tenements where so many babies have died. A quarter of the families in Glasgow live with parents and children occupying a single room. In Scotland as a whole the proportion of overcrowded buildings — those with more than two people living in a room — at the last count was six times as great as in England, and England is no paradise. Part of the problem is the durability of the gray granite with which Scottish slum tenements are built. Unless a determined effort is made to pull them down, they last forever. Housing in many country districts is no better than in the cities. Of farm servants' dwellings inspected in some representative Scottish parishes before the war, three fourths were condemned as unfit for human habitation.

2

From Glasgow I went north into the villages of the lovely but depopulated Highlands, where nearly everybody has gray hair. Some of the young people are still in the Services, and the rest have gone away to find work. Deer forests have been allowed to encroach on farm land until they now cover a fifth of the whole area of Scotland. Millions of acres of this land would be suitable for agriculture and cattle raising, but instead it is rented out by the great landowners to sportsmen from England and America. The whole area of deer forest employs fewer than a thousand men.

On the remaining land of the Highlands it is difficult to earn a living. Crops are hard to raise without lime fertilizer, which, though it is plentiful in Scotland, the Highlanders cannot afford to buy. To market their products they have to pay heavy rail freight charges — it costs as much to send a ton of meat to London from the far north of Scotland as it does to send it from Australia. As part-time fishermen or part-time makers of homespun yarn for Harris tweed, the Highlanders fight a losing struggle against more highly organized commercial competition. A small number of men are employed by whiskey distilleries. But at the moment almost all fresh barley is being sent to feed the Germans and

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its use for distilling is prohibited; the only firms making whiskey are those that still have reserves of barley.

"The Highlands," a young Glasgow economist told me, "are the dying remnant of a pre-money economy. Under the old clan system they fed and clothed themselves and traded locally by barter, and the system worked. Today, when the clan system has broken up and they must buy and sell goods for money, the Highlanders cannot make a living. Failing a thorough reorganization by the state, within a few decades the Highlands will be completely deserted."

Of the descendants of the proud clansmen who split the English skulls at Killiecrankie, there are some who linger in the Highlands as gillies or hotel servants to prosperous visitors from the south. Many have been killed — the Highland regiments have the doubtful privilege of being regarded as a *corps d'élite*, and have often been used as shock troops with heavy casualties, especially in the First World War. Most Highlanders have gone in search of work to the Clydeside, to England, or to countries overseas.

So have thousands of coastal fishermen. Between the two wars the number of Scottish fishermen declined by nearly half, and the industry was disorganized further by the recent war when many fishermen and their boats were on naval service. The big demand in Britain today is for coarse, cheap fish to serve countless fish-and-chips shops. The way to supply cheap fish is to send out large modern trawlers to deep-sea grounds and bring in a frozen catch. That is what English companies do. The debt-ridden Scottish fishermen operate round the coast in smaller boats and bring in their catch fresh.

With efficient marketing the Scottish fishermen would be able to sell a lot more herrings — these are eaten in the United Kingdom at a rate of only one or two fresh herrings per person per year. But the Government in London has not helped the Scots to sell their herrings by rapid, cheap transport, by protective tariff, or in any other way. The fault is no doubt partly in the Scots themselves, who have little talent for smart modern sales promotion. Their goods sell themselves — whether whiskey or woolens or ships — by their old reputation for high quality, but beyond that the Scots' idea of advertising any product usually begins and ends with a picture of a sandy-haired character wearing kilts.

The plainest sign that their country is not happy is the number of people who leave it. In the last fifty years Scotland has lost one and a half millions in this way. For a nation of only five millions it is too many, especially as those who leave are often the most vigorous people. The rate of emigration between 1921 and 1931 was sixteen times as great as that from England.

Recently the drift has been mainly to English factories, which employed thousands of Scottish girls during the war; and those who go south often show no desire to return. They come to prefer the milder atmosphere of England, which, compared with Scotland, is a land of Mediterranean gayety. Much of the old severity of Scottish life persists, expressed in the frowning stone houses, the strict Sabbath, and the somber liquor bars, where women are not welcome. Many Scots understandably need a drink to cheer them up, as is implied by the very popular song: "When I have a couple of drinks of a Saturday, Glasgow belongs to me." The grayness of Scottish life is partly due to the national temperament, but some of it is due to the exodus of spirited youngsters and to plain poverty.

3

Because the London Government did not effectively help them during their inter-war ordeal, many Scots decided they would do better with a government of their own. Unlike the Irish, they have never considered seeking independence by armed force, but some of them have tried political persuasion. Demands for Scottish self-government are not new. A Home Rule Association was formed in 1886, led by the romantic Cunninghame Graham, a notable writer, traveler, and horseman. Tall and bearded, Cunninghame Graham had a regal appearance and some of his supporters hoped to make him King of Scotland.

In 1928 at Glasgow, the center of Scottish discontent, a new National Party was founded, with self-government as its objective. It has never been big enough to count in practical politics, but its membership has included well-known writers and it has a loud voice. Compton Mackenzie has issued Nationalist manifestoes from the misty Isle of Barra. Eric Linklater stood as a candidate for the Party in a Parliamentary election in 1933, polling 3½ per cent of the total votes, and wrote the novel *Magnus Merriman* about his campaign experiences. In one of his speeches he said: "England and Scotland are like a fat man and a thin man in the same bed. What happens in a situation like that? The big fat man gets all the blankets and the little thin man wakes up and feels the cold."

The Nationalists hold various shades of opinion from Tory to Socialist and have not been able to agree on a clear economic policy. Also there have been several splits between the moderates and the extreme Anglophobes. Each year the Party holds a rally at Stirling Castle on the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn. In 1932 after this gathering a party of 150 led by a fiery little woman named Wendy Wood rushed to Stirling Castle, hauled down the Union Jack, and hoisted the Scottish Standard in its place. This action was repudiated by the National Party, and Wendy Wood seceded with her few followers to form an extreme separatist group of their own. One of Wendy Wood's teachings was that Scots should refuse to serve in the British Army.

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The National Party elected as its chairman in 1942 a young poet and Greek scholar six feet six inches tall, named Douglas Young, who had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for not attending an Army medical examination. Moderates who believed that winning the war should have priority over the Scottish home rule issue refused to accept Young as leader and broke away to form a separate party called the Scottish Convention.

What the National Party demands is independent national status within the British Commonwealth of Nations, which would put Scotland on a similar footing with Canada and Australia. The Party has run candidates for Parliament for eighteen years, but only one has been elected — a grim young doctor named McIntyre, who got in a few months before the end of the Churchill Government. On his first appearance in the House of Commons he defied Parliamentary procedure and refused to be sponsored by any two other members as he walked up the floor of the House to take the oath. Two Scottish Labor Members offered to sponsor him, but he refused, saying that he had promised "to maintain his independence of all London-controlled parties." The Speaker did not allow him to take his seat until he changed his mind the next day and appeared with sponsors. Dr. McIntyre lost his seat at the general election not long afterwards.

At various times the Scottish National Party has protested against the English Tudor Rose design on silver threepenny coins; has claimed that King Edward the Eighth should be called Edward the Second (because the first six Edwards did not rule over Scotland); and has demanded that King George the Sixth be given a second coronation at Edinburgh. These eccentric gestures have done the Scottish cause no good in English public opinion. They have encouraged the English to dismiss the claim for Scottish self-government as romantic tomfoolery. Paper rationing for years has reduced most English newspapers to four pages a day, and very little space is given to Scottish news. Few Englishmen are aware of the miseries that lie behind Scottish discontent; they are more familiar with the grievances of the Indians and the Arabs. Also, the English have plenty of troubles of their own.

4

Scottish voters have cold-shouldered the National Party because they have a hardheaded mistrust of its emotional flag-waving, and they have mostly adhered to two old political parties — Conservative and Labor. But this does not mean they are unsympathetic to the idea of Scotland running her own affairs.

During the war an advance was made in this direction by Thomas Johnston, a Laborite who was Secretary of State for Scotland in the Churchill Cabinet. He organized a Council of State composed of former Secretaries of State for Scotland, and also monthly meetings of Scottish Members of Parliament of all parties to discuss Scottish affairs. The arrangement was a kind of imitation Scottish Cabinet and Parliament, but with only advisory powers.

The Conservatives, Scottish as well as English, have always opposed home rule because they have expected that Scotland would elect a Socialist government. The recent decline of Scotland came about when the Conservatives were in power at Westminster. Nevertheless there are well-to-do Scottish Conservatives, like Colonel Walter Elliot and Lord Glasgow, who think their country must stand up for its rights. While stopping short of home rule they want monthly meetings of Scottish Members to be held at Edinburgh to debate Scottish affairs, as under the Johnston arrangement.

The key factor in the situation is that, partly owing to seepage of Nationalist propaganda, most Scottish Labor supporters now want self-government, and nearly all the Scottish Labor Members of Parliament are pledged to try to get it. Since Labor won the last election, Scottish home rule for the first time has become an issue of practical politics.

Scottish Laborites approach the matter in a different way from the Nationalists — they talk less of national pride, more of economic expediency. They are not Anglophobes, and lay much of the blame for Scotland's distress upon Scottish industrial leaders who they say collaborated in the policies of the London Government. They do not want independent dominion status, as the Nationalists do; they want a federal union of Scotland and England, and they point out that this degree of self-government is already enjoyed by Northern Ireland. While demanding their own legislature at Edinburgh, they would still send Members of Parliament to Westminster to debate on foreign and military affairs. They want to be independent only in the sense that California is independent of the U.S.A.

Their plans carry no suggestion of disloyalty to the Crown, but they believe a separate Scottish Parliament is the only way to end the housing and health scandals and to revive the Highlands and the fisheries. Chief of their economic proposals is to establish light industries by exploiting the hydroelectric power potential of the Highlands, and they are fond of invoking the example of TVA. They estimate that fully developed Highland water power could give work to half a million men. By building factories in the Highlands and moving families out of the city slums to a healthy life, they hope to relieve Clydeside overcrowding and unemployment at the same time. This Labor project aims also to arrest Highland depopulation by offering young people an inducement to stay there.

Already a third of the hydroelectric scheme has been finished, but not on the lines proposed by Scottish Labor. There is so far no sign of the power be-

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ing used to develop new decentralized light industries. Most of it is sent to the old heavy industries in the Lowlands or to new aluminum factories that employ only a small number of men, and some of it is fed across the border to factories in England.

The plans of Scottish Labor got much sympathy from English Laborites before they came to power in July, 1945. A few years ago Mr. Attlee, now Prime Minister, wrote a friendly introduction to a Scottish Labor pamphlet urging self-government. But since Labor took office at Westminster the Scots have been greatly disappointed. The Prime Minister's grand vizier, Mr. Herbert Morrison, is a Cockney, many others of the Cabinet are London-minded, and centralization of power in London increases every week. Scottish industries, such as coal, are being nationalized, but the nation that takes them over is not Scotland.

5

The Attlee Government is embarrassed by the subject of Scottish autonomy because, apart from its London bias, it does not want to add to its already colossal worries. Out of loyalty to the Government the Scottish Labor Members have not yet pressed for home rule. But Scots of all parties are restless because they consider the Government is continuing the traditional neglect of Scotland during the crucial period of Britain's reconversion. The loudest protests come from Conservatives, who, being in opposition, are free to speak their minds. They comment bitterly on the contrast between wartime praises heaped upon the Scottish regiments and the present unemployment in Scotland, already twice as great as it is in England.

Clyde anchorages were feverishly busy in the war, but the tonnage using Clyde ports now puts her seventh among British waterways. No promise can be got of the long-awaited naval base in Forth or Clyde. Another grievance is the road bridge over the Forth, which has been needed for many years by the fisheries but is now needed more than before. New coal fields are being opened up in Fife to replace worked-out deposits near Glasgow, and the Fife coal industry will have no road connection with the south until the Forth bridge is built. The Government has promised it, but has given priority to a big bridge across the Severn in Wales.

The biggest recent Scottish flare-up was over Prestwick. During the war this airport on the Ayrshire coast was the main terminal for the dense trans-Atlantic air traffic, chiefly because of its remarkable freedom from fog. The Scots hoped that Prestwick would stay busy after the war, because, in addition to its good weather, it is, more directly than English airports, on the route between North America and the northern countries of Europe.

But the end of the war coincided with the completion of a huge new airport on the edge of London; traffic through Prestwick was nearly stopped, and planes were routed to southern England. The Ministry of Civil Aviation gave strong indications that it meant to close Prestwick altogether, and the Government made an agreement with Eire for the use of Foynes airport as a trans-Atlantic terminal. As Eire had been neutral throughout the war while Scotland was in the thick of the fighting, this was more than the Scots could take.

There was a storm in the Scottish press, and Scotland's Peers and Commoners of all parties met at Edinburgh in February to demand their country's rights in the air. As a result of the row, the Government — which is taking over the whole British civil aviation industry — agreed to keep Prestwick going and designated it as Scotland's main air terminal. But it appears that Prestwick will not get much traffic, and the Scottish hope that it would become the main stop between America and northern Europe is ended. Scots say that if they had had their own government, free to negotiate with foreign airlines and to operate airlines itself, the scheme would have been realized.

Whether Scotland gets self-government or not, she is involved 100 per cent in the great post-war financial troubles of the United Kingdom. A Parliament in Edinburgh would probably run into many difficulties in trying to carry out the Scottish Labor Party's optimistic blueprints for the country's rehabilitation. But there appears to be no fundamental reason why Scotland should always be a poor, underprivileged country. In food production she is better off than England. She fed herself during the war — the Lowland farmers are the most cheerful people there today — and with full development of the land and fisheries could feed a larger population.

As industrial assets she has big reserves of coal and water power. Above all, there are the formidable character and technical skill of the people. They have given a long series of dominating, though not always lovable, executives to other nations. They have bred many great scientists and engineers, from the inventors of the steam engine and the telephone to Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, and Sir Robert Watson-Watt, the pioneer of radar. Self-government might possibly begin a happier period in Scottish history, in which, instead of losing emigrants, Scotland would draw them from other countries, and her ablest men would stay to make their careers at home.

Scottish Members of Parliament believe that the Government may yet grant federal autonomy to Scotland. This may be necessary if Labor wants to keep its Scottish support. After voting Labor for many years and getting nothing out of it, the Clydeside has grown cynical, and next time might vote for any party that promises to put Scottish interests before everything else. The chief Scottish handicap at present is lack of a leader; a single powerful personality might swing the whole issue.

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THE GIRL WITHOUT A NAME

by ALAN R. MARCUS

MORE than a score of months after their liberation from the Auschwitz concentration camp, both Anna and her friend without a name were still startlingly vulnerable to a whole host of prosaic, unportentous things — the fall of footsteps on a stairway, an unexpected imperious knock, a female shout, a laugh, sudden and mirthless, that might rise up behind them as they walked the streets of the cheerless, undamaged Bavarian town. Sometimes it was even less than these; sometimes it could be nothing but a sigh, a whisper outside a window, an expression of deep malevolence, turned upon their strolling backs, recorded with all the pain of a knife thrust and catalogued with ten thousand others equally unforgotten. Or sometimes it was only the elements alone, the wind repeating elegies, the rain which, coming down casually on the roof of the tiny third-floor room in which they lived, played the same peaceful music they had heard echoing from the shingles of a certain crematorium, in a time not yet long enough removed to be thought of without hysteria.

Yet, though they both struggled in the web of such recollections, they struggled not at all equally. Of the two girls, Anna was by far the more resilient. It was she who had stumbled, after who knows how many days, upon this little lost village. It was she who had insisted that they stay there instead of reporting to a Jewish survivors' camp. It was she who had rightly guessed that her friend's condition might be disastrously misunderstood by welfare authorities. As alike in appearance as the two of them were, with their bellies equally bloated, eyes equally cavernous, hair equally lusterless, ankles and wrists equally swollen, and with their left forearms similarly tattooed with a slaughter number, there was a profound mental difference between them.

For Anna no problem of reclamation existed; she knew very well who she was, where she was, what had happened to her, who her relatives and friends had been, and how they had perished. Her friend, on the other hand, seemed to have vomited years of association cleanly and bodily out, under the pressure of too much horror, bloodshed, and inhuman intimidation. It had been all Anna could do, the last few months in camp, to conceal this truth from the exterminators, but now that the thing had been accomplished, she had no intention of allowing anyone else, in the guise of friendship, sympathy, or professional competency, to interfere. She had saved the girl, she had brought her this far, she had even given her a name after her right name, with all other preconcentration camp associations, had fled from her mind; she would continue to save her, if need be, from the willing liberators themselves.

Accordingly, the two of them had, under Anna's leadership, settled down to a post-liberation life of dull, steady, and rural obscurity, helped by the local Military Government team to secure the little room they had and the meager rations they received. They went nowhere except for a random stroll, saw no one except a few specific food dealers, mingled with no one except the dozen-odd Polish-Jewish survivors in the town, who, like themselves, preferred this life to any life again under any circumstances in a camp,

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ALAN R. MARCUS, now in his twenty-fourth year, is a graduate of Brown University. He served for eight months in the American Military Government in Bavaria, and like other Americans there witnessed a number of heart-rending situations which have remained like burrs in the mind. "I am sending this story to you," he writes, "with the feeling that the situation it describes, because of its poignancy and the real personal tragedy involved, is as deserving of publicity as any other contemporary situation I know. To me the important thing is the monstrous irony: where broken, homeless, unwanted survivors live on in a martyrdom after the war which was supposed to have been fought, among other things, to accomplish their liberation."

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where they would have to be regimented, disciplined, and buffeted about.

In this situation Anna's friend, to whom Anna had given the name Sophia, after Anna's own gassed and cremated mother, seemed to improve. She evidenced interest in her own toilet, she no longer went into long, inconsolable sobbing fits, she now could bear to be away from Anna for long periods during the day, although as soon as the dark came, Anna had to be there to ward off phantoms; she could even talk for surprisingly long periods with complete, unhysterical rationality. She had, in fact, started in the right direction towards recovery, and that was the situation up to the time that Anna conceived the idea of buying the piece of cloth.

Even before she had decided upon the cloth, Anna had been thinking about buying something — ever since, in fact, a Jewish-American soldier who had been their benefactor for the five months he had been a member of the local MG team had presented the two girls with a parting gift of money after his redeployment orders came through. For some time now Anna had been considering, with not a little pleasure, just how this money might be spent. She had, moreover, injected the spirit of carnival into the thing. In a life drab to extremes, the prospect of buying something new, what to buy, where to buy it, was a game to be played at all hours, in all contexts, and Anna, after talking it over at length with herself, decided to broach the subject with Sophia early one afternoon when Sophia seemed unusually intelligent and receptive. She leaned down to where Sophia was rocking like a just-wound mechanical toy in an old audible rocking chair, and took the girl's arm.

"*Nu*, Sophia," whispered Anna warmly in Yiddish, "how would you like a new skirt now? What color would you like for a new skirt?"

Both girls looked down at Sophia's gray, decomposed-looking skirt, almost an exact replica of Anna's. Sophia's voice was electric with delight and curiously childish in inflection.

"Am I going to get a new skirt, Anna?"

"Tell me now what color would you like," asked Anna importantly. "How would you like a nice new blue skirt?"

"Are you going to get a new skirt too, Anna?" Sophia asked. She had a juvenile mincing way of pronouncing the name Anna, the accent falling on the last syllable. Her rocking speeded up with excitement.

"Yes — I'm going to get a new skirt, too."

"Will it be blue?" Sophia was asking. "Will yours be blue?"

"Yes, that's the best color for sure."

"Well, I want to get the same as you," Sophia declared positively. "I want to get just the same as you get."

Anna allowed herself to sigh once with the sudden realization that what she had been trying to do, get a positive preference from Sophia, unramified by reference to herself, was, in the present nature of things, impossible. As she continued to look at Sophia, a sudden tenderness came over her; her eyes were engulfed.

"Why are you crying, Anna?" Sophia asked anxiously. "Aren't you going to get a skirt, too? You can have mine, Anna."

"No, it's all right," Anna said unsteadily, and turned away, herself puzzled by the attack of tears. Her hands busied themselves with imaginary lint on Sophia's sleeve.

"Look, Anna!" cried Sophia, pointing towards the window. "Look, there's Lieutenant Burgess riding down the street. See him there?"

Anna followed Sophia's finger as it traced the slow movement of a jeep through the square outside. Since the reorganization of the small MG team in the area, Lieutenant Burgess had risen to second-in-command, but it was he who had originally seen to it that the two girls had adequate means to eat and sleep when they first arrived, despairing and frightened, from the East. Of course he was not a Jew; he was not like their benefactor Corporal Levy, who had just gone home. But he was not unkind, he had done the right thing. He had risen in their estimation to be a sort of sub-benefactor and right now he was their one source of protection, support, and security in a glowering alien climate. But Anna's mind was on a piece of cloth, on a bright blue roll of cotton material she had seen in the dry-goods store window of Herr Meyer. She went over to the cupboard and counted out the marks. She didn't know how much to take, and then she recklessly decided to take them all.

"Where are you going, Anna?" Sophia cried, as she saw the girl put on her ancient coat and hat. "Do you want me to go with you?"

"No, you stay here," instructed Anna. "I won't be gone long, and don't worry about anything. Just stay here and watch out the window. I'll be back in a little while."

Anna turned the knob of the door and was gone, her precise, flat foot-beats diminishing down the three flights of stairs and fading away. Eyes wide open on the square, humming a tuneless wail-like threnody, Sophia, the girl without a name, continued to rock inexorably back and forth like an ungovernable, indefatigable metronome.

2

Less than half an hour later, Anna had come to the store front window of Herr Meyer and was standing there, acutely indecisive. The sight of Herr Meyer inside, with his classic facial caricature of a type she had seen too often, weakened her, made her for a moment afraid. She moved away aimlessly from the store window, letting herself drift along the sidewalk, buffeted by the multicolored knobby-legged Bavarians who were swirling so frantically in every direction. She did want that blue material so much. She

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wanted it for the skirt it would give Sophia, for the work of sewing it would give her, for the bright new interest it would bring into her hopelessly unvaried everyday routine.

Yet there was something which had to be conquered before she could even enter the shop, some undercurrent of terror, vague but real. Nor was this feeling new. Though the sun was warm, the day pleasant, herself a nonentity, the danger past, she rarely felt entirely free from similar feelings of tension and anxiety whenever she walked the streets of the town. She felt too many eyes always on her, and a brutal unseen contagion waiting to strike; she was conscious of her own helplessness against a certain terrible something which might come today, tomorrow, or next week, although what it was exactly she never could say.

Her one specific fear was that the Americans would leave some day, a fear which she never dared express to Sophia. At times she dreamed this in a dream: the Americans were gone, she and Sophia were all alone, the tramping of hundreds of feet became increasingly thunderous, and then the door to their room was being broken in and they were instantly inundated by scores of cursing townspeople. And in the crowd she always recognized faces, the man downstairs, the boy who lived across the street, Herr Meyer, the *Herr Bürgermeister*, all of them with the same unbearable look of hate and savagery —

But this was all nonsense. Anna stopped herself in the crowd and set her lips determinedly. The war was now over. Whatever else she might feel, there was no cause to be so afraid. The Americans were here, they were all around, they were going to stay. Why shouldn't she go into Herr Meyer's shop. She had the money to pay, hadn't she?

Anna turned and breasted the onrush of sidewalk traffic. She found herself before the window again, she crushed down another deep urge to plunge back anonymously into the street. Finally she opened the door, dreading the moment when all eyes would be turned towards her, when she would be spotlighted, pin-pointed, impaled, focused upon. The door closed squeakily behind her, and back of a low counter a pair of pale bleak eyes were raised in question. For a terrible moment, Anna could not speak. Although she had rehearsed, on the walk over, what had to be said in her badly accented German — a German that was, despite all subterfuge, still more Jewish than German — she suddenly could not discover where those carefully planned sentences in her mind had gone to. She stood there, aware that another more powerful presence had come up to stand beside Bleak Eyes, a dark, sweaty, closely shaved face out of which two eyes coldly challenged. Herr Meyer.

"*Ja, bitte?*"

Suddenly, thankfully, Anna refound her voice.

"I — " (There's no excuse for faltering; don't be so afraid.) "I would like to buy some of the blue material in the window, please."

Herr Meyer looked incredulous.

"The blue material in the window, that is very dear, *Fräulein*. Very dear indeed. We have so little good material."

"I — I am very satisfied with that material," Anna said, refusing to meet the intense hostile gaze. "That is what I have been looking for."

"Have you *Marken?*" began Herr Meyer. "Oh — excuse me —" He broke off conversation and moved a few steps to the left to confront an American who had just entered in company with a tall, even-featured blonde.

Anna was glad to retreat for a moment and try to rephrase the dialogue. If he said it was very dear again, she would let him see the money she had. If he remarked on how little material he had, she would assure him it was only a little she wanted. She would be compliant and completely humble. She noticed that Herr Meyer was talking and laughing in an animated way with the American and his friend, and she hoped that some of the good nature would hold over for just a few minutes. Herr Meyer gave the American a package already wrapped, received from him something furtive and bulky, placed it hastily underneath the counter, and said a loud, cheerful *Aufwiedersehen*. Then he came back again to deal with Anna. His face changed. Again it became a cold, unfriendly mask.

"And now, *Fräulein*, you have naturally *Marken* to purchase this material with?"

Anna began to feel a sense of dismay. Her slight assurance crumbled. "*Marken?*"

"Of course you understand that everything is strictly rationed now. One must have ration stamps before one can buy. That is the system, *Fräulein*."

When Herr Meyer pronounced the word *Fräulein*, a certain inflection came into his voice. It was hardly perceptible, unless, like Anna, you were hyperconditioned to register the smallest fraction of a derisive accent. Herr Meyer said the word *Fräulein* the way prosperous businessmen address as *Doctor* their obscure, academic, financially unsuccessful nephews. But Anna felt her expectation ebbing, ebbing. She stood there in patent uncertainty.

"*Bitte, Fräulein?*" inquired Herr Meyer, but his voice was like a command.

"Well, I — well, *danke* —" Anna whispered, wanting desperately to be rid of the overpolite antagonism that exuded from the presence of Herr Meyer. "*Danke schön*," she said, rushing confusedly out and hurrying a full two blocks in the wrong direction before she caught herself and came to a halt. The feeling of fright broke through, came close to the surface, and drained away. She stood there and thought of Sophia back in the room, patiently rocking and expecting. Well, she told herself, you have a right to get *Marken* now. If that's what you need, go to the German office and ask for it. Nobody is going to bite you, *Dummkopf*. You have only to go there and ask in a polite way, and they will give it to you.

But the idea that she, Anna Berg, a Polish Jewess,

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might go boldly into the offices of the German civil administration and ask for something to which she might not have a completely legal right, seemed too preposterous at first. Reflection was needed. She came to a little strand near an old canal and dropped down upon a bench. Anna, Anna, she said, go get the ration tickets. Don't be a baby. No anxiety was allayed, however, by such cajoling. There is such a thing as tempting, she told herself.

Tempting what? a voice inquired.

Well, tempting them on to do things —

Nobody's going to do anything, the voice replied. It's a little, daily, unimportant thing, going up and asking for ration stamps. Everybody has to do it every day. Come along, now.

Oh, wait a minute, she said. Please wait a minute.

Don't be a fool, Anna, the voice reprimanded. The war's over, nobody's going to hurt you. Now come along.

As Anna sat there, she noticed a German couple strolling down the strand, looking for a place to sit down. The boy was tall, decisive, wearing a dyed Wehrmacht uniform; the girl was an adequate complement, blonde, billowy, pliant. They came up past Anna, looked, noticed the more than enough room on her bench, looked back at Anna, rejected the possibility.

Come on, you must go get your *Marken*, the voice insisted again. Come on.

Grateful for the excuse, Anna rose and commenced walking to the center of town, steadily increasing her speed. If she had looked back, she would have seen the tall dark boy and the blonde girl circle back, glance towards her a second, and then, laughing conspiratorially together, sit down on the bench. But then Anna didn't have to look back. Every expression and posture of the couple had been accurately anticipated. Even the laugh — she had known they would laugh in exactly that way. She hurried on towards the *Stadtverwaltung*, the ugly squat administrative center in the middle of the town.

3

"*Sie wollen, bitte?*"

Although the tall, bespectacled secretary reacted with sensitive distaste at what she saw standing in front of her, her official function had to be discharged.

"I — excuse me my German — I was sent here to get *Marken* for cloth — cotton cloth, and I —"

"Have you seen Herr Griebel, *Fräulein?*" the aquiline-faced receptionist asked. "All requests are to go to him first. That is the usual way."

Anna stood helplessly, fidgeting with the frayed edges of her pockets.

"*Ach*, since you are here, we'll take down the information. Please do not forget that in the future you are to go first to Herr Griebel."

The sound of the German girl efficiently gathering forms and data into place on her desk was like the quick explosive rattle of some rather complicated slot machine where you push a coin in and six or seven showy things commence to happen at once.

"*Nun — Name, bitte?*"

"Anna Berg."

"Polish?"

"No, Polish-Jewish," said Anna quickly, almost inaudibly.

"*Ach*," said the secretary, putting down her pen and looking at some undetermined point in space to the right of, and above, Anna's head. "That is different. For you, it will be necessary to get a written *Bescheinigung* from the Military Government. We cannot deal with such cases before we have a *Bescheinigung*."

"Please," said Anna, "I want to buy just a little cotton cloth —"

Before the phrase was completed, a tall, mustached figure had entered the office and plunged into rapid conversation with the secretary, who every now and then indicated Anna by a nod of the head or twist of the eyes. The dialogue was much too fast for Anna to follow. All she could understand was "*Jude*" and "*judische*" and that was, after all, all she needed to understand. She turned to leave, when the mustached man called after her.

"A moment, *Fräulein*, where do you go now? Do you know where you are to go now?"

Anna, balanced in her half-turned-around position, retreated from the impact of what she saw in the man's eyes. Her impulse was to flee. She had seen exactly that kind of expression too many times, when its bearers had worn impeccably creased SS uniforms. She came frighteningly near an outcry there in the office.

"*Fräulein*, you must go to the Military Government for a permission. *Verstehen? Eine Erlaubnis.*"

What the man said was quite in order, what he told her was quite inoffensive, but how he told her — that was something else again. Why did he shout, why did he look at her so, what was behind the spasm of hysterical violence that seemed ready to break through at any moment?

(What indeed? Ask any one of ten thousand spoiled, withered young men and women scattered in hundreds of homeless groups throughout the conquered land. Or the ash heaps, where the remains of a hideous number of their friends and relatives dissolve. Or Anna herself. Ask Anna by all means. She could tell you very, very well —)

Speechless and trembling, the young Jewess turned and fled out of the room.

In the Military Government reception office, two young soldiers, engrossed in a card game, were bent absorbedly over the desk top of the chief clerk, a tall, angular overworked Sergeant whose luck at the moment was all bad. The slap of the cards made a graphic counterpoint to the soldiers' apoplectic comments, and for perhaps two minutes they did not notice the quailing, hesitant figure in the doorway.

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Finally the chief clerk happened to look up. A surprised greeting came from him. The other soldier, a squat, cushiony Corporal, followed his friend's gaze in mock astonishment.

"Well, well!" said the Corporal. "Does it talk now? Is it fish or fowl, I wonder? Ask it does it know how to talk, Jack."

"Pipe down, Lou," the Sergeant advised. And then to Anna in practiced high school German: "*Ja, bitte?*"

"I — I would like to speak to Lieutenant Burgess, please."

"Lieutenant Burgess is out of the city until late tonight," the Sergeant said, adding curiously, "What is it you wanted, please?"

Haltingly, Anna explained. There was need to repeat whole sentences, to stand in close proximity to the Sergeant, before the story could be communicated to him with any sense at all. The Corporal had come around the front of the desk and was allowing some natural exuberance to escape in the form of a stream of suggestive comments.

"So that's Lieutenant Burgess's love," the Corporal remarked rhetorically. "Well, well. She doesn't look at all his type, do you think, Jack?"

"Take it easy, Lou," said the Sergeant. "You know who this is. One of them Jewish concentration camp survivors. I'm sure she appreciates your jokes all right."

"What's her royal highness want?" the Corporal asked.

The chief clerk swore. "Go 'way, will ya?"

He turned and began talking to Anna in slow, grammatically weird German. He was very sorry. Nothing could be done as long as the officers were out. He wasn't familiar with the procedure for getting clothing stamps. It was late Friday afternoon, and could she come back on Monday; it would be better on Monday.

"Jeez, Jack, what kind of a spiel did you give her there?" said the Corporal suddenly. "Now she's starting in to bawl. What did you tell her, anyway?"

Uncomprehending, faintly conscious of refusal and loss, Anna had remained grown to the spot, her eyes beclouded with quick, uncontrollable tears.

"Far as I can tell, it's about clothing stamps," the Sergeant explained. "She wants to buy some cloth or something, and the Germans say she needs ration stamps. Lieutenant Smith usually takes charge of all that stuff."

"Well, that's nothing to cry about. What's she crying for?"

"How should I know?" the Sergeant snapped, irritatedly. "You can't figure some of these refugees out, you know. Sometimes you can't tell what they're liable to do."

Anna continued to focus pleadingly on the Sergeant. Hardly understanding him, she was completely unaware that the interview was supposed to have been concluded. All she felt and reacted to at the moment was a deep, frenetic obsession to receive some sort of paper from the Americans, some sort of paper that would say she, Anna Berg, had the right to receive so much blue cotton cloth immediately and no questions asked. The tall, harassed-looking Sergeant could not quite dismiss her. Something stayed him, some unfitting, irreducible, imprudent sympathy.

"Whyn't you tell her to take off?" the Corporal asked, dealing out imaginary hands to himself. "Come on, I want to make it ten straight."

"I got no right to give her any kind of a note," the Sergeant complained. "I'd probably get eaten out for butting my face into it." He was talking to the Corporal, but the words were directed at himself. "Hell, I got no authority to write her out a note."

"Sure, that's right," the Corporal supported. "Come on, tell her to take off. Hey you —" he addressed himself to Anna. "Scramez-vous, understand? '*Raus*."

"Cut that out," yelled the Sergeant. "Damn you, I'm handling this woman. Can't you see she's been in a concentration camp?"

"Sure, but we can't do anything about that now, can we? What do you want me to do — cry?"

The Sergeant shook his head disgustedly. Some final emotional urge suddenly dissipated his remaining good judgment. He sat down before his typewriter and typed furiously for two minutes, while the Corporal got up and read over his shoulder.

"Hey!" shouted the Corporal. "Jack, what are you doing? You can't give her authority to enter a store and buy without stamps. If Lieutenant Smith ever finds out —"

"Ah-h!" The Sergeant spat into the open window at his side. "Never mind, never mind. I know what I'm doing here. Just deal out the hands. I'll be through in a second."

"You're nuts, you dumb dodo. Remember, I didn't have nothing to do with this deal. It's all your own responsibility. If they ask me, I told you not to do it."

"Ah-h-h!" appealed the Sergeant in classic exasperation to an unknown, invisible, but infinitely understanding figure by his side. He struck the last key, pulled the note from the typewriter, and stamped it loudly with an official Military Government stamp. Then he signed it and gave it to Anna, endeavoring to make known to her, through his faulty German, that she only had to go direct to the store; the German agency had nothing to do with it, the note was addressed to the store owner. As Anna received the paper, a rare warm emotion diffused through her. One wasn't so isolated, the Americans were helpful, her despair had been premature. She repeated *Danke* a fluttery half-dozen times and withdrew stumblingly, holding the piece of paper in her hand like a rare, magical, evanescent jewel.

"You crazy fool, you." The Corporal was shaking his head. "You'll get eaten out plenty for this, you ain't got no right —"

"Oh, go take a flying jump."

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"Okay, okay. But remember, you did it yourself, boy. I'm not going to be chewed on your account. Just remember."

The Sergeant made a derisive sound and walked around his desk to the window where he could observe Anna slowly crossing the square, hesitating for a minute at the traffic intersection, then slowly traversing the main street and vanishing in a crowd of afternoon promenaders on the other side of the square.

4

WHERE was it, where was it? Had they sold it or taken it away? Why wasn't the lovely light roll in the window any more?

Anna pressed her face against the glass in unbelief. In the right pocket of her coat, a hand closed tightly over the packet of bills and the Military Government note. A wave of keen fresh disappointment came up in her, obliterating the heady sense of comfort she had just before evoked, destroying even the nameless vague fears which lay always just beneath the level of her consciousness. To open the door, to enter the shop, to find herself again standing before the scornful figure of Herr Meyer was all a business of a few seconds, but now that she had so purposefully acted, words would not come.

"*Ja, bitte?*"

The enmity-choked tone of Herr Meyer removed her momentary paralysis.

"The — the blue cloth that was in the window — I — you said one needed *Marken* —"

Three steps away, two curious American soldiers, their jaws chewing rapidly, regarded Anna with interest. Behind her, a tall gray woman moved two steps backwards, delicately recoiling. Two German policemen, concluding a purchase at her right, stopped and waited expectantly. She felt every pair of eyes upon her. Her sentence was abandoned, suspended, left dangling in the air.

"*Ach, ja,* the blue material —" remembered Herr Meyer with a sudden strange amiability. Yet he told her nothing more for the moment. The sequence had already been too carefully planned. Acting immediately would detract from the ultimate pitch of satisfaction that he looked forward to enjoying. Vague, encouraging, polite, he coaxed Anna's confusion along a moment longer.

"I — the Military Government gave me a paper to show — the blue material that was in the window, I —"

"*Ach so.* This material?"

With a minor flourish, Herr Meyer drew out from beneath the counter the thin roll of blue cotton cloth, and laid it in front of the girl. His hand caressed it with burlesque appreciation; his eyes still maintained an expression of calm guilelessness.

"Yes, I should like to purchase some meters — here is the paper from the Military Government —"

"Moment, *Fräulein,*" said Herr Meyer.

This was the instant to savor. The five other persons in the store looked up expectantly. Anna found herself regarding a new, triumphant expression on Herr Meyer's face. Blatant contempt had replaced all amiability.

"All this material was sold while you were gone, *Fräulein,*" Herr Meyer continued. "I regret that there is no more at the moment. It just so happened, you understand. Half a dozen persons called with orders for it, and as you see, there is hardly enough for more than half a dozen. I regret —"

Herr Meyer inclined his head forward stiffly in postured regret, but his eyes never stopped exposing a certain gloating light that seemed to illuminate the whole upper part of his face. The breath was expelled slowly out of the two policemen in appreciation. The tall woman coughed contentedly. But Anna suddenly forgot where she was, with whom she was speaking, in what context her words had been uttered. All she could retain was the terrible impact of the look on Herr Meyer's face, a classic look that she had long since stopped trying to forget. The blue cloth lay so near to her on the counter. Her fingers could almost touch it. Before she knew how it happened, her hands had suddenly closed over the roll of cloth, a hot hysteria, a kind of madness, had come over her, her feet were running wildly to the door, her voice was crying brokenly in Yiddish, phrases and imprecations were sputtering out in an incoherent rush. Before the two German policemen could get to her and seize her by both arms, she had broken out of the shop and was half a dozen paces onto the street.

When they brought her back inside, she became the instant center of a ring of sternly accusing faces. A group of passing pedestrians pushed in, attracted by the melee, and for a few voluble seconds, no intelligent course of action was taken by anybody. Confusion was multiplied by the scathing comments of what had now grown to be more than a dozen spectators, but Anna's voice had lost the power to speak. Her eyes regarded the ring of Germans with remembered fright.

In a corner the two Americans lit cigarettes, behind which they amusedly watched the show, a show which, one remarked to the other, was better than a three-ring circus. After a few seconds, Herr Meyer announced to all present that he was demanding this Jewess be locked up as an attempted thief, and the two policemen, having been witnesses themselves, felt that his demand was just. Somebody threw Anna her wad of money, which she had left on the counter, and somebody else made a jeering remark about the noble Jews, which started a chorus of derision aimed in her direction.

The two policemen finally shouldered their way importantly out, holding Anna jealously by either arm, and they walked her the five blocks to the local jail, debating the whole thing with each other on the way over. Of course, they knew that such "people" were under the protection of the Military Govern-

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ment, that the rough treatment befitting such low thieves might have to be deferred in the light of this consideration. On the other hand, the question of whether Herr Meyer had been truthful about the sale of cloth didn't enter their heads. Like everyone else in the shop at the time, they knew he had been lying; like all the others also, they had felt only an amused and sympathetic admiration for the way in which he had carefully nurtured the dialogue along, for his obvious strength of character in deciding to sell only to those he pleased.

Anna was hurried along between the two men, her head whirring, whirring, whirring. She knew what was going to happen. The Germans had her. They would throw her into a cell, leave her for a little while to imagine horrible punishments, and then come down to where she was after it was dark. Then they would begin to torture her. Thinking about this made her so terrified that she was steeling herself to cry out to the first American she saw, but there was none in sight. Just as she had drawn up enough courage to open her mouth and yell anyway, the three of them reached the jail house, and the next moment they were inside, and it was no use.

She was expecting revengeful violence, her mind was a catalogue of possible horrors, but nothing of the sort occurred. All that happened was that she was escorted after registration and search down the hall to a clean, ungruesome-looking cell. The woman attendant escorting her was not brutal, no one cursed her, no one beat her over the head, no damage of any kind was done to her. The recently appointed jail administrator was very sensitive to possible ramifications of this affair. Not until Anna had been left by herself huddled in a corner of the stone cell, realizing that no immediate harm or attack was coming to her, did she begin loudly and hopelessly to cry.

5

Sophia, the girl without a name, was beginning to feel afraid.

Up to the time the light in her room had begun to fade, she had happily continued to exercise her rocking chair with good concentration. Outside her window, the constant chameleon-like metamorphosis of color, the flux of traffic, the motion, the ever new delineations of groups and groupings had been enough to keep her involved in private fantasies, zippered in tight against terror. Not even the random metallic clang of plated heels on cobblestones, the infrequent calls and conversations rising and falling on the stairs, the thousand and one anonymous rustlings and rattles in the house which before had always so convulsed her with abject fear, could make any inroads at first against the armor of countless interesting distractions. When she had first arrived in the town, only a half-hour separation from Anna in broad daylight had been enough to render her horrified and screaming, defenseless against the phantoms and memories of unspeakable barbed-wire years; now, as a measure of her rehabilitation, she could placidly spend a whole afternoon free of old ghosts, calm, devoid of hysteria.

But when the square finally began to empty of pedestrians, when the light itself began to lower and evaporate, Sophia commenced almost immediately to feel the restirrings of her nameless, unutterable terror. For a while she made no outcry; the rocking chair continued to describe its parabola. While the dusk increased, the rhythm of the rocking chair kept quickening, accelerating; the breathing of its occupant became more and more agonized. Finally, on the very crest of a swing, the metronome faltered, slowed, descended, and was still. Sophia searched wildly about for expected torturers; the gloom pressed evilly in upon her, the silence became unbearable. Anna, Anna, her heart begged, where are you, where are you? The question, repeated desperately to the implacable darkness, echoed weirdly away. Hysteria burst through her, electrically sped through her limbs, veins, arteries, left her trembling, cowering; from her lips there burst suddenly a single unanswered scream.

The echoing fragments of her scream came rushing strangely back at her, thunderously magnified and distorted, made more sinister by whatever forces she imagined lay in every facet of shadow, gathering strength and waiting, waiting, waiting. And now the horrible recollection drove back upon her, the nightmare began again. She was all alone; she was in a corner of the camp with a shovel in her hand. A tall impersonal storm trooper approached and he had no body at all, only a tall, oblong, misfocused head out of which small eyes bulged with unspeakable loathing. He was coming nearer, he was just in front of her, his two giant hands reached out to her. Sophia screamed and screamed again. From the now deep obscurity of the room, a hundred replicas of the storm trooper smiled in perfect contemptuous unison; a hundred hands reached out to do her violence, a hundred mouths spat out the word *Jude*, accusingly.

At seven o'clock, when the screams had started upstairs, Frau Hochstein had remarked irritatedly to her husband that it was his duty to inform the *Bürgermeister* of the crazed Jewess in the house. To allow her to stay on would be a violation of good sense, not to say a risk, and people who are crazed should be in institutions, said Frau Hochstein. To this Herr Hochstein had readily enough agreed and mentally marked a place in his mind to speak with the *Herr Bürgermeister* the following Monday about it. Whereupon he had turned the radio up a little louder, settled back in his chair, and taken up his copy of the afternoon *Zeitung*.

At eight o'clock Fräulein Heffner made a grimace of severe distaste as she left her room on the second floor to go keep a rendezvous with her lover, Rudolf, on the bank of the canal. Such people, Fräulein Heffner was thinking. She never had thought she

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would ever live in the same house as a Jewess. Well, one had to live and hope for better days, that was all. She felt contaminated after hearing the screams, but outside in the night air it was better. She hurried her steps away in the direction of the canal.

At nine five, Frau Fuchs was almost ready to go upstairs and try to help quiet that Jewish *Fräulein*, if for no other reason than it was making her husband extremely annoyed to listen to her. At this moment he was in a rage, walking around the room and hurling curses on the heads of the two Jewish girls. Of course they were Jews, so it was probably all right to curse them like that, thought Frau Fuchs, but she herself would never do it. In her early days Frau Fuchs had been fairly religious.

By nine twenty-five Herr Huebner, the shoemaker who lived next door, had given up trying to read and had risen in indecision, almost ready to go over there and tell the two Jewesses what he thought of them. Herr Almestein on the first floor, and the old spinster Fräulein Koerner on the second, were of the same exasperated mind and almost ready to intercede.

Somewhere around nine thirty, Sophia gave a sudden start; a terrific pain and spasm had burst in her heart and was mounting swiftly. The weakness of a fever-induced heart condition, aggravated by hysteria and nightmare, had succumbed to her fatal excitement. With no means of amelioration at hand, the spasm had, in a very quick time, magnified and become final. A terrible weakness came upon her, her strength was withered, pain engulfed her, lack of breath became acute, her eyes blurred and closed, a fatal uneven breathing died out through her lips.

Some seconds after nine thirty-one, the heart of Sophia, the girl without a name, stopped beating. For the rest of the evening, the occupants of No. 31 Darfstrasse were able to amuse themselves in peace.

6

The next morning, on his routine jail inspection, Lieutenant Burgess learned about Anna and what Anna had done. To get her unconfined, freed, and absolved was only a matter of a few more minutes. The jail director, of course, was very receptive to what the *Herr Leutnant* thought, and agreed absolutely. What the *Herr Leutnant* said was very true, the poor girl was hardly to blame for her present impulsive condition, and it was a shame he hadn't been around when they had brought her in. He would see that she was released right away, *schnell*. The matron retracted the bolt, the attendant opened the door, the jail director invited warmly. Anna stumbled out, avoiding the sympathetic eyes of the prison employees, whose tender expressions were not entirely unrelated to the continued presence of Lieutenant Burgess.

Downstairs she was calmed, reassured, interviewed, and encouraged to recount what had happened. Her answers came haltingly. Her mind and body ached with a terrible anxiety. She wanted to run with all her strength to the third-floor room at 31 Darfstrasse where she knew Sophia must be in a terrified hysterical state. In less than ten minutes the Lieutenant, who was a man of unseeming sensitivity, let her go. The story was simple enough; it was neither new nor final. Like altercations had happened before; they would certainly happen again. After all, the scattered incidents were only part of a larger syndrome, and the sickness itself was the thing to be concerned about. Lieutenant Burgess lit a cigarette, thoughtfully, forgot to offer one to the prison director, who stood hopefully near, and decided to meander back to his office on foot.

Well, it was unpleasant, but what could be done? thought the Lieutenant, as he walked slowly back. Theoretically the cloth had been sold, and Meyer would see to it that it was sold now, even if he had to buy it all up himself. But didn't he have the democratic right anyway, of selling to whomever he wanted — that was one of the things the Americans had given him, wasn't it? demanded the Lieutenant of himself, enjoying the wry little surface irony that for a moment obscured his main feeling. Ah well, the thing was only a little thing. Why bother about it so? Suddenly the image of Anna obliterated his academic detachment.

Goddam it, where can you begin reconciling such people, what kind of reconciliation would make any sense to them? Suppose you stood around just looking for such incidents, what good could you do yourself? thought the Lieutenant. After all, he told himself, the hundreds of thousands of Herr Meyers didn't have much to do with the planting of the attitudes they now possess. Talking to them at all is like bellowing to mutes — there's the same irremediable, immutable incomprehension. But what about the hundreds of Annas, the question rose within him, the hundreds plus the hundreds of Annas?

As always, the baffling unanswerability here irritated Lieutenant Burgess beyond patience. The hell with it, he told himself once more futilely. Forget this now, for godsake; there's nothing you can do about it, the hell with it. His mind reiterated the word most used in his letters home: morass. After all, what can anybody do in such a morass? He switched his mind to his favorite dream, advanced chemical research one day in a big Eastern university, and started up the MG office steps. Although an unusually intelligent and compassionate young man, Lieutenant Burgess had his very definite ideas about beating heads against walls in fruitless bitter self-debate.

Just about the time Lieutenant Burgess reached his office, Anna opened the door to her third-floor room at 31 Darfstrasse and started forward with a sudden knowing shriek.

The funeral was not very large or very long. Of the eleven attending Jews who stood ringed about in

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a threadbare half circle, all but one were the sole sibling survivors of what once had been large families; all but three were between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six. Of the three oldsters, only one gave himself an outside chance for further survival, and that chance hinged on an American relative who so far had left written pleas unanswered. All eleven, of course, had gone through similar patterns of mischance, ordeal, horror, vilification, and suffering beyond hope. In the faces of all, even of the comparatively husky youths who had managed to live as partisans in Czechoslovakia and so to escape the slow atrophy of barbed wire, a selfless mocking repudiation was evident. In all their expressions was a certain unbreakable core of mistrust, suspicion, and disbelief, to be perceived most readily by observing the area of the face around the eyes. Inherent in every voice, as the ancient Hebrew Kaddish, the prayer for the deceased, was intoned, was a wavery shimmer of hysteria.

"*V'yis go dol, V'yis go dosh*—" the ageless chant went on. Anna's knees pressed against the earth into which only a few minutes before the body of Sophia, the girl without a name, had been committed. The last day and a half had been extremely harrowing, with the bored indifference of the medical examiner, the hideous false sympathy of the neighbors, the search for a coffin, which finally had to be built by the two former Czech partisans, the vigil by the body, the dark enervating despair. Old Mr. Avramsky, who was leading the prayers, suddenly became rhythmic and pliant in his lament, caught in an increased vocal sorrow. His body swayed like a languid bamboo. From the others a louder chant arose. Anna, having almost drained the fount of her inexhaustible tears, commenced softly again to weep.

The small desecrated Jewish cemetery absorbed and filled with a brilliant late morning sunshine. The sun came down on all of them there; it beat benignly alike on the heads of busy German peasants hurrying past on the street, on American troops ostentatiously flirting with fat healthy babies, on their inviting, approving, husbandless mothers, on the scrubbed sidewalks, the coffered fields, the chickens and vines and plants in scores of prudent German backyards. The little group of mourners finished their prayer, turned, and began to file hesitantly out again onto the street. Cohesively, keeping close together, the eleven liberated allies moved down the street, threading their way through the populous ranks of the beaten, subjugated enemy.

THANKSGIVING

by MIKHAIL LERMONTOV

Translated by Vladimir Nabokov

For everything, for everything, O Lord,
I thank Thee —
for the secret pangs of passions,
the poisoned fangs of kisses,
the bitter taste
of tears;
for the revenge of foes
and for the calumny of friends,
and for the waste
of a soul's fervor burning in a desert,
and for all things that have deceived me here.
But please, O Lord,
henceforth let matters be arranged
in such a way
that I need not keep thanking Thee
much longer

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DUCKS

by T. McKEAN DOWNS

1

When I was a boy I kept ducks. I liked them and they amused me. Even after all these years the liking persists. When I was recently in Washington, convalescing from a long illness, I went nearly every pleasant day to the Zoo to sit on a bench in the sun watching the ducks in their pond. I think my wife did not share or understand this fascination, but she submitted to it. It was a way to keep me out of doors and amused without fatigue.

When I finally came home, disabled for an active life, I considered, Why not keep ducks again? I had a little ground that could be fenced in, and a small pool that had been originally built to grow water lilies, but had not been used lately on account of mosquitoes. It did not need so much persuasion as I had expected, to get the family's consent. The convincing argument was that the ducks would eat up the mosquito wigglers.

Next to be decided was, What variety to keep? Most domesticated ducks are descendants of the wild mallard, are noisy, and have entirely lost the brooding instinct. They would make trouble with the neighbors, and rearing them would be fussy, with incubators and brooders.

My boyhood ducks had been Muscovies, large birds, rather sluggish by nature, but strong flyers with a lot of breast meat and large tasty wings. Really delicious eating. They are not quite mute, but converse with one another with a low musical trilling sound, absurdly delicate for such large birds, inaudible beyond a few feet. No trouble with the neighbors there. Also they are broody, hatch their own eggs, and make excellent and careful mothers. No fussing then with incubators or brooders.

In spite of the name, the Muscovy duck has nothing to do with Europe or Asia. Their wild progenitors were discovered in northern South America, where I believe they still exist, and they are entirely different from mallards. The name is perhaps a corruption of *musky*, for aged drakes have a pronounced musky odor similar to a muskrat's. They graze freely, and therefore need but little grain or prepared feed.

Muscovies seemed just what I wanted. My boyhood friend Marcus, a farmer, agreed to sell me a small flock of white ones. Next afternoon I was at his farm. He had my birds ready for me in crates.

"Well, Marcus, these look like nice birds, but you promised me white ones. I don't want brown Muscovies."

"Oh, they're white all right," he answered. "They are just muddy. I have no water here for them to clean themselves." He waved his arm to show his hilltop farm, the bare fields muddy with melting snow.

I hadn't realized before that ducks would live and thrive on dry land. All the water they actually need is merely enough for drinking.

I brought the birds home, but before turning them loose in their pen, I had to make it impossible for them to escape; for these birds fly strongly and well. I asked my wife to help me clip their wings. She is a city girl, unfamiliar with livestock, and of a sympathetic nature. She said she would take no part in any torture of helpless birds and it was dreadful of me even to think she would. I explained carefully that my intention was merely to cut some of the long flight feathers in one wing, that it would be no more torture than getting one's hair cut, and that the birds would not be permanently mutilated, but would regain the power of flight when new feathers grew in at the next moult, or natural renewal of plumage.

I think she was not wholly convinced. She said she would help if I would promise not to hurt the birds, but she would only hold them, not cut the feathers. She was astonished at their strength; she had been prepared to be perhaps bitten or scratched, but not to have any difficulty in overpowering them. In fact, when it came to the drake, she couldn't hold him, and had to take the shears while I held. A fine lusty bird.

"Why do you only cut one wing?" she said. "Why not cut both?" I explained that the idea was

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It was while serving as a Captain in the Medical Corps, USNR, that Dr. T. McKean Downs found the material for his first two *Atlantic* papers. "The Eagle" (May, 1945) was written in the Aleutians; and the notes for his "Birds of Midway" (July 1945) he gathered while serving in the Southwest Pacific. Since his return to civilian life, he has written on the less adventurous fowl: on pigeons (April, 1946), and now on the Muscovy duck.

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not so much to reduce the wing surface as to make it asymmetrical. Lots of birds can fly to a certain extent with the flight feathers cut from both wings. Pigeons can, I know, though whether Muscovies, with their heavier wing loading, can I am not sure. But with one wing long and the other short, balance is impossible, and the bird can't fly.

When we got through, I opened the door of the shelter to let the birds out into the pen. They were so cautious, I thought they would never dare to go out, but finally one risked it and the rest followed. Then the leader sprang into the air on the take-off of what would have been a long flight. But two or three wing beats were enough. She rose less than a yard before falling back in a heap. Then they all waddled on foot to the far end of the pen, where their pool was.

It was still winter, and the water was covered with a thin layer of ice. I broke a small hole, thinking they would be satisfied just to drink. But these birds, not many generations removed from the tropics, plunged right into the icy water of the first pool they had ever seen. They splashed, beat the water with their wings, dove and circled the little pond under water, and made such a commotion that the waves entirely broke up the skin of ice. The difference in their appearance was astonishing. They came out nearly white. After a few days they were snowy, and have been so ever since — all but one, whose feathers are so badly stained that no amount of washing will clean them.

2

The first few days, when the birds were new, I closed them up in their house at night, principally so that they would learn where the food was. Except for those few nights, they have never slept under shelter. Every evening, whether in rain, snow, or wind, they settle for the night on the edge of the pool. Each night the last thing I see when opening the bedroom window is the group of white birds already sound asleep. Standing on one foot with their heads turned back and resting on the soft feathers of the shoulders, they seem perfectly comfortable. One morning, after it had snowed during the night, they had trouble getting to their house for breakfast; and once there, they stayed until the snow thawed. I had expected that their big webbed feet would act as snowshoes; but instead they sank in so deep they could barely walk.

As the days grew longer, they took to spending more and more time in shelter in the daytime, I think because the light dazzles them. Their eyes lack pigment and are clear blue. Every blue-eyed person knows how trying the glare of the sun is on white clothes. At first, as spring began, they spent only a few hours in the shade around noon; but in the middle of summer they spent most of every sunny day in the shade. These are really forest ducks; they often roost and nest in trees, and I remember that even the dark-colored Muscovies I had as a boy were not fond of the summer sun, but spent most of the longest days in the shade.

The first thing my ducks did, after learning where food was and getting over their strangeness, was to establish their social order. This social order has been much studied in a large number of kinds of birds since it was first written of more than twenty years ago, and seems to be a widespread characteristic. It is shown by giving or receiving pecks or blows, without retaliation. In chickens, the social order appears to be determined usually by actual fights, or at least threats.

I saw no fights among my ducks, and could not tell how they arranged themselves in order. Size and strength did not appear to be at the foundation of it, except in the drake, who was clearly dominant and the leader of the social group. According to the nature of Muscovies, he is about a third larger and heavier than his mates. But the leading duck was almost the smallest; yet she could and did severely bite any of the other ducks, who made no effort at all either to retaliate or defend themselves. Vigor and good health may have something to do with it. Muscovies, like chickens, have a large patch of unfeathered skin on the face, colored bright red. The intensity of the red color varies with the health and general vigor of the bird. In a sense, each carries its own health certificate around on its face. This dominant duck, this veritable aristocrat of the flock, had the brightest red face of all the females, and that was the only distinction I could see.

At feeding time, the drake was most aloof, and would allow none to eat till the sharp edge of his hunger was blunted. Then the dominant duck ate alone. Indeed I thought it well to make two feeding troughs, to be sure all could get enough to eat. Otherwise I think the two ducks who were lowest in the social order might not have been allowed to eat at all. My wife, who is a convinced feminist, expressed herself as revolted by this social order, and ready to wring the drake's neck on account of his assumption of superiority.

The dominant duck, besides being the first female to eat at mealtimes, was also clearly first in the affections of the drake, was the first to lay, the first to sit, and of course the first to hatch out a family.

The other ducks, lower in the social scale, showed no distinction that I could see, except that they were comparatively pale. Although they were larger and heavier, they made no effort to revolt against their inferior position; and accepted it as they did the bites and pecks that came their way. It was Kismet, their preordained fate, against which it was both futile and impious to rebel. The two lowest ducks of all, who were doomed to be bullied by all the other ducks as well as the drake, were also the youngest. They had not yet acquired the red faces of maturity. Perhaps they were just shy, demure girls who were merely respectful to their elders.

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Except at feeding time, there was no fighting or bullying. In the pool, the whole flock would plunge and splash together, apparently enjoying themselves as much as a group of young people in a swimming pool. Birds as a rule are serious-minded and not given to idle play. Exercise for its own sake is not for them. Ducks, or at least Muscovies, are the only exception I know of, and then only in the water. They splash and dive apparently purely for pleasure, the way a dog races in circles from high spirits.

Mating takes place usually in the water. A duck has much reserve buoyancy and floats high, but the weight of the drake is enough to founder her completely. I once heard a startled summons from my wife: "The drake is trying to drown one of the ducks! Go out at once and do something."

The water of the pool was indeed disturbed by a great commotion, little wavelets breaking over the edge. Most of the ducks were floating idly on the ripples; in the center was the drake, apparently much occupied, and obviously the cause of the disturbance. From time to time a wet head broke the surface alongside him just long enough to gulp a breath of air and disappear again. But I was able to assure my wife that the duck was in no danger. A couple of strokes of her webbed feet would have got her away, and somehow I rather doubted that she was in as much discomfort as she seemed to be.

"Oh?" said my wife. Being a city girl, it had never occurred to her that certain domestic intimacies could possibly be enjoyed except in comfort and seclusion. I'm afraid that this and other similar incidents we observed did nothing to raise the drake in her estimation. She still finds his conduct revolting; but the ducks don't seem to mind him.

3

When the days grew longer and the sun warmer, egg-laying began. The favorite duck was the first to lay, using a good comfortable nest of straws on the floor in a secluded corner. If her wings had not been clipped, she would quite likely have nested on a rafter or crossbeam, for these ducks are tree dwellers by nature. As a boy I have seen them make nests in various high and inaccessible places. One would think the ducklings would be marooned there and not be able to get down, but they don't hesitate.

I remember once seeing a duck get her newly hatched brood from a small ledge about twelve feet up. There had been much discussion as to how she would manage it — whether she would carry them down one at a time or in groups. But the guesses were wrong. She flew to the ground, called gently a few times, and started off toward the creek without a backward glance. The downy infants tumbled over the edge as fast as they could, floated gently down, scrambled to their feet, and hurried after as if it were an entirely usual way to leave home. It was a free fall, for newly hatched ducklings' wings are so small and undeveloped that they are useless. It was an amazing demonstration of how a large surface compared to weight acts like a parachute to slow down a fall. A few hours earlier, before hatching, if one of the eggs had happened to roll over the edge, it would have been smashed and the duckling inside probably would have been killed.

When Favorite Duck started to lay, she kept steadily at it. Seventeen eggs appeared in seventeen days, with no holidays. I was interested to weigh the eggs, for they are somewhat larger than hens' eggs. A dozen weighed a little over two pounds; hens' eggs average about one and one-half pounds per dozen. So this whole laying weighed a trifle over three pounds, from a duck that weighed just five and one-quarter pounds. I can hardly imagine a digestive tract that can digest and assimilate the amount of food necessary to make these eggs, nor a reproductive system that can abstract so much protein, fat, and water from the circulation in such a short time, and from a body so small to begin with.

Eggs were usually laid in the early morning, not long after sunrise. Several times when I went to feed the birds, I found her on the nest. One would not have known from her behavior that anything was happening, except that she would not leave. There was no sign of discomfort or effort; she just appeared to be sitting comfortably in the corner, till presently she got to her feet and walked off, with no backward look or sign of interest. But she would leave behind a new fresh egg, warm and moist.

There seems to be a rule in nature that every creature must reach the light by great effort and risk and exertion. This rule evidently does not apply to the laying of the eggs; but it emphatically does to hatching from the egg. The birdling strains and pushes against the confining shell, and exhausts itself with effort before it wins free. Tenderhearted people may try to ease the escape of a birdling, but the attempt defeats itself. One can easily break the shell, of course, but the nestling is likely to emerge crippled, or it may be killed by the operation. Mother Nature knows best.

Shortly after the full clutch of eggs was laid, incubation began. But it seemed that a few days were needed to prepare the mother for this task. First of all a "brood patch" must be got ready. Sitting birds do not just squat down, but separate the feathers to bring the eggs into contact with the bare skin. Feathers do not sprout uniformly, but grow in patches, the so-called feather tracts, which anyone who looks closely at a roasting chicken or a turkey prepared for the oven can see. In practically all birds, one of the featherless areas of skin occupies the center of the breast, and this is large enough so that it accommodates a normal clutch. But in ducks and geese there are too many feathers. Before incubation begins, they loosen and fall out, and are added to the nest lining and sometimes are used as

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a cover for the eggs when the duck has to leave the nest. There is a romantic belief that a goose or duck plucks herself for the benefit of her eggs, but this is most unlikely. The loosened feathers are just lifted out in normal preening, and added to the nest lining.

Brooding is a bodily function that corresponds closely to the secretion of milk in mammals; it is controlled by internal secretions, as is lactation, and I have read that it can be brought on at any time at will, by injecting the proper hormones. Also like the secretion of milk, it needs a few days to become established. The first secretion after a calf is born is not milk, but colostrum, a predecessor. It takes a short while until true milk is formed. So in brooding, a few days of preliminary preparation are needed before incubation actually starts.

My duck, after having finished laying, spent much time standing over her eggs, not sitting on them. She prepared her brood patch and added the loose feathers to the nest. She developed a new voice, a slight squeak that served as warning to other birds to keep away, and as a call to her brood when they hatched later. But she would leave the nest promptly if disturbed, and the eggs stayed cool.

Then suddenly one day conditions changed. She was no longer standing over the nest, but resting on the eggs with full weight, with her body flattened and feathers spread out as widely as possible. She would no longer leave the nest if approached, but hissed a warning, and pecked and bit at an exploring hand.

Psychologically she had changed. Her one desire now, and the only way she could be comfortable, was to keep her breast and the under part of her body as warm as possible by pressing firmly against the eggs. Not that the eggs meant anything to her. She would have sat as closely and contentedly on doorknobs or stones of the proper size and shape, though I doubt if she would have sat on an empty nest as hens will. She was accustomed to going to a certain place to leave her eggs, so she went there also for relief of the uncomfortable chilly feeling of her breast. When an egg was disturbed and rolled out of the nest, it signified nothing to her. Not only did she not recognize it as her egg; she did not even seem to recognize it as an egg at all, made no effort to get it back or even to examine it. She just ignored it.

4

So began the tedious period of five weeks of close confinement, sitting constantly in one place. As long as she could keep her breast warm she was satisfied. She had to squirm and move about a little, of course, for her bed of hard stony eggs was pretty uncomfortable. So her movements, mostly involuntary, gave the eggs the motion and turning they needed for proper development, and assured that they were uniformly warmed all through.

What thoughts went through her little head all this time? Did she imagine and look forward to the day when she would step off followed by a flock of downy little ones? Probably not. She gave no indication of thinking anything. She seemed to be in a sort of dreamy state most of the time, neither asleep nor awake, enjoying the warmth of her breast.

Of course, the duck could not stay continuously on the eggs for five mortal weeks. She must come off from time to time to feed. But as I kept her abundantly provided for, it took only a few moments, two or three times a day, to snatch a little food and return. But once daily, at least, she came off for a longer time. She needed exercise. A permanent stay without exercise would have left her cramped and weakened, and not able to take care of her brood later. Besides, the eggs require cooling. Unless eggs in an incubator are cooled once or twice a day, they will not develop and hatch properly.

This need for cooling the eggs allows a wild bird to take the necessary time off from her duties to feed herself and to keep her physical condition from deteriorating. So once and sometimes twice a day, she left her eggs. A person who did not know would have said she had abandoned them, for with head held low she ran off at a fast trot with the air of a person who is on a definite errand, bound for the water of the pool. Here she plunged in, dove and swam, splashed water, and seemed to enjoy herself thoroughly. It was interesting to see how pale the bare skin of her face was on leaving the nest, and how quickly it became ruddy and healthier-looking after a few minutes of violent exercise.

While she was sitting, the duck's feathers became less waterproof than usual, probably because she did not preen herself with her usual thoroughness. As she swam she gradually got waterlogged and floated deeper and deeper. Finally little more than her head and neck showed. It was time to come out or run the risk of drowning. So she would stand on the edge, the water running out of her plumage in streams, though one can hardly think of a duck's being soaked. She would then dry herself pretty well, but only damp dry, for the feathers still contained a good deal of moisture to be carried back to the eggs to replace in part their losses from evaporation.

When she felt dry enough, and when the eggs were sufficiently cooled, she would think about resuming her duties. How did she know when the eggs were cooled enough? I don't think she either knew or cared. I imagine that when her breast began to feel uncomfortably cold, she wanted to sit again, and that things are so arranged that when she felt cool, the eggs had been uncovered long enough. Certainly I often noticed that her stay off the nest was governed by the weather. On a warm day she stayed off much longer than on a cool rainy day.

She returned to the nest quite differently from the way she left it. She came off hurriedly and a little agitated, always reminding me of a fussy bus-

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tling old lady in a hurry to cross a busy street before the light changes. She was going somewhere, and didn't care who knew it or saw her. But she didn't advertise her return. She didn't actually sneak away from the flock, and she took none of the elaborate precautions against being seen that a turkey hen would use. Rather she strolled off unconcernedly with the air of a person who has nothing definite to do and no place in particular to go.

She would run a few steps after an insect. I saw her once eat a honeybee, a morsel that one would think too pungently seasoned for most palates. Then she might pluck a few blades of grass, stretch herself, but all the time she was moving slowly and steadily toward her nest. So inconspicuous was her departure that unless one knew one's birds and watched the sitting one especially, one would never notice that she was leaving.

At last, five full weeks after the start of incubation, came the great day. She felt under her not the hard round eggs, but little soft fluffy moving bodies. If she were at liberty, the next few hours would be the most dangerous of the whole time of incubation, for she must stay where she is until the ducklings have rested and recovered strength after the exhausting labor of hatching. But she seemed uneasy until they could follow her away. While sitting, a duck gives off no odor, and she takes particular care to keep the neighborhood of the nest clean and sanitary. There is nothing to lead a prowling fox or mink from afar. But with the broken eggshells are abandoned also the various membranes and envelopes that nourish and protect the unhatched birds. Though these are pretty dry, they still have an odor. So as soon as the ducklings were dry and had a little strength, she led them off, well away from the nest, which was now permanently deserted.

It was a pretty sight. The snowy-white duck stepping slowly off, her long broad tail fully spread to give shelter from the sun and from possible overhead observation, and the compact flock of downy babies tripping and stumbling in the grass, all trying their best to get under the shadow of the protecting tail. Direct to the water they went; all plunged in without hesitation, and darted about chasing insects. It looked like nothing so much as a sedate great battleship, convoyed and escorted by a particularly unruly squadron of irreverent destroyers.

That evening, as the ducks were settling for the night at the water's edge, their feathers glowing rosy in the sunset light, I let my thoughts cast ahead till this brood should be grown. Of course there would be some mortality; a sudden thunder shower might chill one or two beyond recovery, but most of them would survive to grow up. Let other and later broods furnish roast duck, duck soup, and hash. These first ones, never. I would mark them indelibly so as to make no mistake. As far as I was concerned, they would live out their natural life.

For a few days all went well. The ducklings stayed in a compact flock with their mother. But soon they became less attentive to her commands. What! Weren't they growing up, almost a week old indeed? What did an old fuddy-duddy of the past generation know of the aspirations and ambitions of youth? All her talk of danger, where was it? And what is danger anyway? They found a hole in the wire; a hole so small I had not thought they could get through. At first they stayed just outside the fence, not straying. But soon our little dog, unobserved, found these new and delightful toys; much more fun than a ball. Without malice, he tried to play with them; but his play was too rough. They died. I saw him with the last, already dead. He would nudge it with his nose, withdraw a pace, pounce on it with waving ears and playful growlings. The rest of the tiny bodies lay about, scattered where he had left them when the game palled.

For a week the mother mourned, calling and wearing a path just inside the wire fence. She neglected to eat, and became thin and emaciated. Then when she finally grew reconciled and tried to take up her life again, all was different. She had lost her primacy. No longer could she come up to the feeding trough and, driving the other ducks away, have the choicest food. Instead, relegated without protest to the bottom of the social order, she received pecks and bites from all the other ducks, and ate their leavings after they had finished. Even so, she ate with a wary eye on her companions, who, their hunger satisfied, yet seemed to delight in driving her from the food. Also the drake ignored her. Once the favorite of the harem, she had now become of little or no interest to him.

Perhaps, as the season was advancing, it was merely that his breeding ardor was becoming less. Maybe next spring she will resume her pleasant state and title of Favorite Duck.

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THE NEW ERA IN GIVING

by F. EMERSON ANDREWS

THE old Scotsman was dying, reports a book published in London in 1880. He summoned the minister to his side. "Will I be placed among the elect," he whispered, "if I leave ten thousand for Free Kirk sustentation?"

The canny minister replied, "It is an experiment well worth trying."

To nearly all people at all times, giving has seemed "an experiment well worth trying." Motives have varied. The Roman emperors gave bread and circuses to keep down insurrection. Some people give to have their names displayed on contributors' lists, or to build up their self-esteem, or — like the Scotsman — as a matter of personal fire insurance. Always, many people have given out of pity and a deep sympathy for their fellow man.

But the rules have changed, some of them within the past few years. Whole large groups of persons, who used to be a first charge upon our charitable purses and impulses, are now taken care of (not always adequately) under the Social Security Act, passed in its first form in 1935. Contributions to endowment funds used to be an effective way of helping schools, hospitals, and similar institutions; with the recent radical decline in interest rates, this form of giving needs rethinking. Surtax rates on individual income have in the past four years reached heights which would have seemed completely impossible a decade ago; this is affecting the stream of giving in several quite diverse ways which will bear examining.

At the same time, the critical attitude of our age of science makes us examine the practical results of our gifts with much more care than had been our custom. We have had an extensive examination of foreign missions. We have hospital surveys, appraisals of all sorts of welfare institutions. The purpose of all these studies is to make our giving more effective; but its first result on us as individual givers is to make us aware that giving is a dangerous business, where sometimes more harm than good may result.

Long a contributor to the *Atlantic*, F. EMERSON ANDREWS is Director of the Publication Department for the Russell Sage Foundation. With Shelby M. Harrison, he is co-author of the newly published *American Foundations for Social Welfare*, from which he has drawn the facts for this article. "The opinions," he writes, "are my own."

Many of us are honestly confused. How much should we give, where, how? The rules have changed so drastically, in the past few years, that we see chiefly the difficulties in this new era in giving and overlook its high promise.

1

WHO gives, and how much?

Some years ago I was walking through the Great Smoky Mountains in Tennessee. The depression was in its blackest depths, and a government program was making small allotments to impoverished farmers for seed, stock, or needed improvements. I met one of the government agents, who had just returned from a mountain woman who, all alone, managed somehow to scratch a living from her two acres.

"If the government could allot you two hundred dollars, what would you do with it?"

The woman thought a moment. Her cabin had no floor but the packed earth, and light came through chinks in its wall. Finally she said: —

"Reckon I'd give it to the poor."

The generosity of the very poor is not only proverbial: it is a much larger part of the total philanthropic picture than is generally believed. Reliable, detailed statistics on giving do not exist, but figures available from income-tax reports are complete enough concerning individual giving to be significant, and are highly interesting.

In 1941, which may be regarded as the last pre-war year if we forget December, reported charitable contributions totaled just a billion dollars. More than half this billion — 554 million — came from families whose income was estimated at less than $3000. To this 554 million dollars needs to be added the unknown but considerable contribution of those many other families with income below $3000 who used the short form 1040A, which does not list charitable contributions.

Percentagewise, the income group under $3000 contributed at a rate substantially above the general average of 2.1 cents on the earned dollar. The middle-income families, from $3000 to $10,000, were the poorest contributors, no such group averaging as much as 2 cents on the dollar. Above $10,000, the

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rate of contribution rose steadily, to a high of 6.8 cents on the dollar for the two persons with incomes reported at above 5 million dollars; but it must be remembered that a mounting proportion of the contributions of these groups would have been taxed away in any event.

Lately, cannily recognizing the high-surtax situation, some fund collectors have been going up and down the land asking us to contribute because it will cost us practically nothing, most of it being deductible from income tax. I have no doubt this is an effective appeal, which has collected much money; but to ask for a gift because it costs us practically nothing approaches the all-time low in charitable motive.

I have private information that the Recording Angel enters in the gift column only those dollars we could have kept for ourselves. By such an accounting, the poor give out of their poverty a larger part of each dollar than any other income class. By any accounting, the amazing fact remains that, of the total dollars contributed by individuals for charitable purposes, considerably more than half come from families with income below $3000.

Individual contributions are the most important but by no means the only resource of philanthropy. Income from endowment, bequests, foundation expenditures, corporation contributions, are other large items. Complete information is nowhere available, but for a broad picture of what private philanthropy had to spend in one recent year, the estimate prepared for the Russell Sage Foundation's study of American foundations for social welfare may be worth looking at: —

From individual contributions	$2,056,000,000
From corporation contributions	58,000,000
Charitable bequests	100,000,000
Foundation expenditures	72,000,000
Income from charitable endowment, other than foundations	420,000,000
TOTAL	$2,706,000,000

These figures are merely approximate, and doubtless vary considerably from year to year. If they are assumed to be reasonably accurate, the sources of the American philanthropic dollar today are approximately these: individual contributions, 76 cents (with only 13 of these cents coming from individuals and families with annual income of $5000 and above); charitable bequests, 4 cents; corporation contributions, 2 cents; income from charitable endowment, not including foundations, 15 cents; from foundations, 3 cents.

At first sight, the total of 2.7 billion dollars is impressive, but it fades somewhat when we begin comparing it with the amounts we have been spending in other directions. For instance, we spend annually nearly as much for tobacco alone — 2.4 billion dollars in 1942 according to Department of Commerce reports; we spent nearly twice as much for alcoholic beverages, 5.2 billion dollars in 1942; and our 91.2 billion dollars war expenditure during 1944 would have kept our private charities going for the next thirty-four years!

2

WHERE and how we give may be at least as important as how much. Here, too, we are in a period of great change, some confusion, and fresh opportunities which are often overlooked.

Observe the sweeping historic shifts. In early, agricultural societies, giving was usually direct, from one individual to another. The Old Testament is full of admonitions to leave the corners of the field ungleaned, and "when thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow." Gifts were for elemental needs, chiefly food and shelter. Gifts for the gods, which might be established at as much as a tenth of one's produce, were likely to be in the form of sacrificial offerings, from which the priests could take out their livelihood.

From about the time of Constantine, through the Middle Ages and almost up to the present, the church received nearly all the charitable contributions and was almost the sole almoner. It tried to minister to the same elemental needs, and added schools and some hospitals. In the age of science, with which the church was at first in frequent conflict, many of these services began to drift toward secular control. The battle for tax-supported public education was won about a century ago. After 1900, privately supported "charity organization" societies, associations for the cure or prevention of this or that, multiplied like rabbits, and were finally brought into some coordination by community chests.

We are once again in the very center of a great swing in the auspices of charitable care. This time it is toward government. A quarter of a century ago, in the pages of this magazine, Cornelia J. Cannon[1] expressed a desire for the day "when our philanthropic obligations will be brought to our attention, not by an appeal from boards of directors, but by a tax-bill from the properly constituted authorities." Within the past ten years a considerable part of her dream has come true, with more on the legislative calendars.

The greatest stride in this direction was the Social Security Act, first passed in 1935 but broadened by later amendment and still needing considerable improvement. It does not by any means provide the cradle-to-grave security sometimes advertised, and this is scarcely the place to discuss its broad programs for unemployment insurance and old-age and survivors' benefits, already in operation, or the new proposal for health insurance urged upon the Congress by President Truman. Where it touches still more closely the traditional field of "charity" is in its provisions, in which the states participate, for these three groups: the needy aged, the needy blind, and de-

[1] "Philanthropic Doubts," *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1921.

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pendent children. The Social Security Board recently reported that payments are now being made to some 2,800,000 persons in these groups, at the rate of $845,000,000 a year.

Consider: in just these three programs, nearly three million persons who would have been first charges upon our private giving are now being taken care of (not always adequately) under government auspices. Moreover, an estimate shortly to be published by the Twentieth Century Fund in a general study of America's Needs and Resources will state that of *all* expenditures for social welfare purposes, the government in 1942 accounted for about 90 per cent.

These are broad generalizations, which considerably oversimplify the history of giving. I have omitted many exceptions, reservations, and disputed points, for fear that attention to back eddies and crosscurrents might hide the powerful sweep of the main stream toward changed conditions and fresh needs in individual giving.

Person-to-person giving has not died; and for some emergencies and for some delicate situations it is the only effective form that giving can take. But we have learned that the Thanksgiving basket for the poor family and the nickel in the blind man's cup are cheap sops to our own uneasy consciences, and not effective helps. Tax funds will now supply the elemental needs of food and shelter. What today's blind man needs from us is help in finding a job the blind can do, not so much for financial rewards as for the deeper satisfactions of being once more a useful member of society. What tomorrow's potential blind need from us is, perhaps, a scientifically based blindness-prevention program begun *today*, to include accident prevention, eye examinations, and suitable medical care.

Large contributions to and through religion are continuing, and most of us agree that they should. How large that portion now is, no one really knows, for certain important branches of the church decline to furnish any figures. Some estimates place the share we still give to religion at slightly above half of all private philanthropy, with the remaining forty-odd per cent divided nearly equally among three other large fields — higher education, personal or organized charity, and health services. But modern church budgets begin to reflect influences of the new era in giving. A generation or two ago an average church budget concentrated on these three items: support for the individual church, including the pastor's salary; the parish poor; a small sum for home and foreign missions. The church to which I now contribute includes in its budget, among many other unusual items, an employment service, a paid social worker, and a nursery school to which working mothers may bring their children, of whatever race or religion.

Similarly, privately supported associations and societies are recognizing the new era in giving by changed programs. With the government already supplying funds for primary necessities far beyond the amounts they could ever collect for such needs, a large share of their funds may now be devoted to purposes other than direct relief. True, they must still take care of gaps in the government programs, and special situations. But more than a decade ago the family service societies coined an illuminating slogan, expressing the new program: they were interested, they said, "not so much in helping people in trouble as in helping people out of trouble."

If we may broaden this phrase into also helping people to avoid trouble, and helping them to realize their own full capacities for work and play and growth, then we have begun to define the opportunities — and the difficulties — of the new era in giving.

3

How can we accomplish this creative sort of giving?

The rules are much more complicated than in simple giving to satisfy an immediate physical want. In material production, we went from the hand chisel to the marvels of mechanical engineering. In giving, we are going from the handout to the principles of a new human engineering — the effective use of power in man and for man.

American foundations are a spearhead of this new era in giving. They are, however, a much smaller spearhead than the public imagines, with resources quite inadequate for the opportunities of our day. The Russell Sage Foundation survey reports 505 foundations with assets estimated at 1.8 billion dollars and total 1944 expenditure of 72 million dollars.

Three possess capital assets above 100 million dollars. According to recent statements, these figures are: —

Rockefeller Foundation	$189,527,823
Carnegie Corporation of New York	166,506,401
Ford Foundation	109,000,000

Twenty-six others report assets of 10 million dollars or more, and an additional seven, which decline to report their assets, are believed to fall within this range. The thirty largest foundations concentrate about 87 per cent of the assets of the whole half thousand; but all foundations together have for spending, as we have already seen, only about 3 cents out of the average dollar of private philanthropy.

However, the foundation is the only giver which has been organized for the sole purpose of making giving a science; which devotes full and continuous time to this art and science; and which is usually blessed — if it be a blessing — with the extraordinary gift of perpetual life. What the 3-cent giver has learned to do with his money should therefore be of unusual interest. It will not be strange if we should discover early in the history of the 3-cent giver some of the new trends which are only now becoming apparent, and possible, for us 97-cent givers.

Most foundations early decided against distributing their resources to relieve individual need.

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Such need, it was felt, was so humanly appealing that it could better be met by general charitable contribution, and perhaps eventually from voted tax funds; the modest resources of foundations should be employed in longer-range, more difficult projects which would not usually appeal to individual givers. Andrew Carnegie not only established several of the most important early foundations; he dramatized the foundation idea more than any other man of his time. On this point of the use of funds he was saying as early as 1889, "The best means of benefiting the community is to place within its reach the ladders upon which the aspiring can rise." The 2811 library buildings which he had given by the time of his death in 1919 were one form of brick-and-stone materialization of these "ladders" for the aspiring.

More was needed than ladders: discovery. By 1902, when Carnegie established his first important foundation, the Carnegie Institution of Washington, he gave as its purpose "to encourage, in the broadest and most liberal manner, investigation, research, and discovery, and the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind." Discovery — discovery in the physical sciences, discovery in the biological sciences (particularly medicine and public health), discovery in the social sciences — has been the keynote for most of the great foundations which followed. Small grants have sometimes brought spectacular achievement, of which the Rockefeller grant of $1280 which started penicillin development is only one recent example.

Exciting as some of the accomplishments have been, serious gaps exist, and persons close to foundation programs are the last to feel contentment. In all these fields, funds have been pitifully inadequate; in the social and economic sciences, far too little has been even attempted. Said the late Frederick Keppel, president of the Carnegie Corporation of New York: "The average man is far from comfortable in the presence of any deep-lying social problems, and in no mood to contribute towards their solution by supporting the very steps he extols when they are applied to problems in the natural sciences." The trustees of a very few foundations have managed to overcome this discomfort, and their foundations are delving into some of the deeper problems amid angry shouts from those who do not like the facts they pull up.

But placing ladders and making discoveries are not enough. Particularly in the social sciences, a discovery or a social invention cannot be put to use until many people (a majority of the voters, if it involves legislation) know about it and approve it. Many foundations are therefore adding to their programs public education — the task of bringing existing knowledge into wider understanding and practical use. This may be done by varied means — publications, lectures, consultations, health demonstrations, scholarships, radio, forming associations, and many others.

These are the three chief areas of foundation activity: the "placing of ladders" for the aspiring to rise; scientific research, with discovery its objective; and public education, to bring our existing knowledge into practical use. No one who has examined the programs of several hundred foundations, and worked intimately with several of them, is likely to deny that foundations make mistakes, labor at a mountain and occasionally bring forth less than a squeak, must always work hard to avoid the dangers of senescence, and in a few instances appear to be nothing better than a device for avoiding taxation, without any attempt at a program for the social welfare. But their total record is astoundingly good. For all the inefficiencies with which they are sometimes justly charged, their 3 cents of the philanthropic dollar has had the quality of multiplying itself into basic discoveries, progressive movements, and widespread benefits. All givers who take seriously their opportunity can learn much from the experiences of foundations, failures no less than successes; for some foundation has tried nearly everything once.

4

We are not, most of us, Rockefellers, Carnegies, Fords, Hersheys, Dukes, or Guggenheims. We cannot, individually, finance a large research or service program, as do some of the direct-operation foundations. The making of grants, which is the method by which most foundations function, might sometimes be within our means; but opportunities like the Rockefeller penicillin project do not normally come to us, and we lack the special knowledge and the hard-bitten experience to choose the hopeful and throw out the unnecessary and even harmful. Every year in America a few people tenderly write into their wills provisions for new orphan asylums — although experts in child care have long been pointing out that adoption and foster homes are far better for most such children, and many of the orphanages already existing should be closed. To give wisely is a hard job; yet we see the immense benefits which do sometimes spring from really creative giving. How shall we small givers, who together give so much more than the few large givers, join in this "experiment well worth trying" — giving, under the new rules?

We shall have to continue *some* giving for immediate relief. It takes a deeper and more farsighted sympathy to build a fence at the top of the cliff than to stay at the base and keep picking up the injured. We shall prefer to finance the fence builders, but until all the fences are built or government takes over adequately the whole relief problem, the injured need our help.

We can do effective, creative giving through continuing to support the regular religious and secular organizations in our communities, if we make certain — as contributors or board members — that

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they are not helping people "in trouble," but out of it; that they are not merely doing things "for people," but with them. To give a breadwinner who has lost his arm $10 a week toward support of his needy family seems a commendable act, and will show up irreproachably on the annual report. To take the time to find out the man's abilities, to consult a specialist in employment for the handicapped, perhaps to pay for some special schooling to fit him for a job and help him find that job, will cost less cold cash than continuing relief, and be infinitely better for the man and his family. Such human engineering applied to the individual looks like "overhead" on the annual report, and has had less tug on contributors' heartstrings. If our local organizations are doing that kind of enlightened job, they need our financial support and our help in explaining their work to the unenlightened. If they are taking the easy, traditional, ineffective way, they need to be reformed or abandoned.

Many of us will turn somewhat deafened ears to pleas for endowment. Rate of income from conservative investment has decreased nearly one half in two decades; an averaged present figure is perhaps 2.7 per cent. Endowment funds under the new conditions offer very little aid to present programs, and it is not possible to predict that a given school, association, or other organization designed for fairly limited purposes will be needed at all in the remoter future, or will maintain its earlier effectiveness.

Those of us who see the great possibilities for human welfare in fundamental research, and are willing to accept its usual conditions of slow progress and frequent failure, have several means for sharing in these experiments.

One of them is likely to be involuntary. Several bills were before the Congress — S. 1850 passed the Senate after the social sciences were stricken out, but died in the House — to create a National Research Foundation. If set up on the scale recommended by Dr. Vannevar Bush, whose Office of Scientific Research and Development produced the atomic bomb, this foundation would shortly be spending 122.5 million dollars a year — nearly twice as much as all existing private foundations now spend. Dr. Bush, proposing it during the war, would confine it to the natural sciences, including biology and medicine, with strong emphasis on national defense. Our gift to research through taxes might accomplish more for mankind if the program of this proposed foundation should be broadened to include research and aid in the social and economic sciences, with ample safeguards against the spoils system, independence in the research function, and full publication of findings.

Existing foundations, and some special associations which have similar programs, are a gift channel which is often overlooked. Nearly every foundation and welfare organization is permitted by law to receive additional gifts. At recent income rates, a gift of $270 is just as effective for one year as the income from $10,000. It seems undesirable to set up additional small foundations, because of cost of administration, the need to acquire experience, and low rates of income. If the high hurdle of pride men have in establishing a foundation in their own name can be overleaped, contributions — especially for current expenditure rather than endowment — made to existing foundations now doing effective work in a desired field would offer a logical road to accomplishment for givers of moderate means.

Community trusts deserve special mention. Such trusts are foundations, usually organized on a city or county basis, which accumulate the legacies or gifts of many contributors and use them under a single management for charitable purposes, chiefly within the given community. About seventy-five such trusts now are active, in as many cities; their capital funds total $75,092,000. The donor places his gift in the bank of his choice, which manages its investment and turns income over to the community trust. The distribution committee of the community trust spends the income of all its funds in accordance with the expressed wishes of each of the donors, but with a final power to change beneficiary and purpose if the original need no longer exists. While many such trusts are restricted by the terms of most of their gifts to the older type of "relief" giving, a few undertake broad-gauge studies of their communities, and finance programs designed to benefit the whole community, and sometimes the state or nation. Under leadership with vision, community trusts can become an efficient device through which many small givers can pool living gifts and legacies into a very adequate instrument of the new giving, constantly adapting its program to the needs and opportunities of their own community.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick once preached a budget-Sunday sermon with a title borrowed from the highway desperado, "Your money or your life!" This paper has been confined, intentionally, to the giving of money. But it needs also to be said that money is not the only available gift, or the one most important.

In the older dispensation, money could buy a loaf of bread and save a man from starving. In the new era of more creative giving, money alone cannot buy the discovery of penicillin, or the needed research toward a sound tax policy. All that money can do is to release for creative work a man of vision and ability, and give him tools. The real contribution comes from the man, who must give long years of patient searchings, destined for delay, disappointment, and frequent failure, with only now and then a glimpse of a far new truth which will benefit chiefly his fellow man — if he does find it.

Such giving, too, is "an experiment well worth trying."

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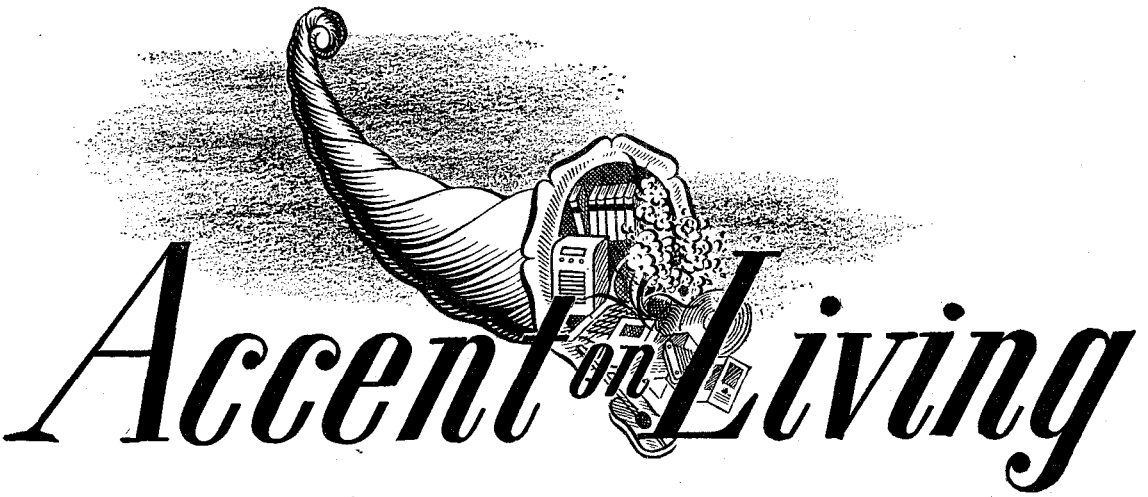
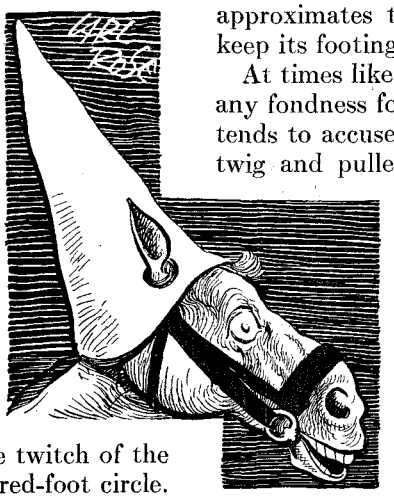


This Month

The case against the horse (page 120) seems to have been worked out pretty solidly by Clyde Brion Davis, but we object to what he has to say about picket pins. His horses, you will find, are unintelligent in every respect except when picketed to graze; then they suddenly take on enough reasoning power to pull the pin and run away. We hasten to fortify an unnecessarily weak count in the general indictment, for the horses which we have staked out behaved quite differently, more consistently in the bonehead tradition of the species.



It must be assumed, first of all, that the person tethering a horse for the night has done all the horse's thinking for it anyhow. Mindful not only of the aberrations of this horse but also of previous fiascoes with others, he takes great pains to pick out the perfect meadow, the richest feed, the gracious contours. He may, at the end of a hard day's packing, spend an hour or more before finding a good enough meadow. Once located, the meadow is searched for stumps, obstructions, anything that could impede the twitch of the picket line around its generous, hundred-foot circle. He ties a bowline to whichever hind foot the horse prefers (some horses are very fussy about the choice), makes sure that the loop at the other end turns smoothly on the pin, drives the pin into place, and hides out for a few minutes to watch the result.

The horse begins gobbling the grass; the picket line is in order; all is well. The camper goes back to start a fire and, at what is now a late hour, the preparation of his own meal. He crawls out of his blankets the next morning and, without thought to his breakfast, although he is starving, rushes off to view the picket ground. It had been flawless, he recalls; the horse must have fed sumptuously.

But no. By diligent search, the horse has found a twig, a weed, some frail growing thing around which it has wound and rewound the picket line. The snarl is such that the horse must have worked the greater part of the night on the entanglement, without time to seize a mouthful of grass. The camper estimates that it probably took the horse three or four hours of quick, inch-by-inch hunting of the whole meadow to find the twig to wind up on, and another three or four hours to achieve the snarl. By a little extra effort the horse has managed to get one of its front feet involved; its stance as it confronts the camper approximates that of a hog-tied animal trying to keep its footing, ready to topple over at a touch.

At times like this the camper, especially if he has any fondness for horses (i.e., if he is a green hand), tends to accuse himself: he should have spotted the twig and pulled it up; it was his fault, not the horse's. He is likely to react thus through several such twig episodes, until he comes out one morning and finds that the horse has accomplished exactly the same bit of buffoonery on the completely twigless picket ground, the blameless meadow of lush grass where a horse could eat great quantities without moving five yards. But this time the horse has worked out an ingenious non-slip windup around the picket pin itself. It is practically standing on its head by sunup.

If we grant Mr. Davis the horse that did pull its pin and run away, we suggest that the horse was not in search of better feed or pleasure. Failing to strangle itself or break a leg, masochist from nostril to fetlock, it simply went looking for the right place to get wound up.

We lack space to recount the inanities of other horses for which we have worked — the horse which would not step across a small mud puddle or soft spot but which insisted on leaping them as if they were three or four feet high; the horse that once

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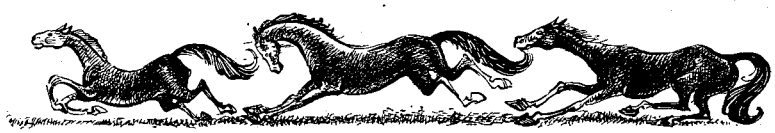
stood on our foot for a half hour; the horse that ignored R.F.D. boxes on one day and bolted from each and every one of them on the next; the horse that would not tolerate our striking a match to light a cigarette; the horses that could distend themselves a foot or two at the sight of a cinch in the hope of dumping the entire pack and themselves off a precipice a half hour later. Disheartening indeed; yet we should be false to the heading Accent on Living were we to present more sanguine findings.

Under other conditions, we should have been glad to travel, hunt, and argue in order to lay hands on an autobiographical listing by Sergei Prokofieff. Again, we should enjoy spinning an ornate tale of our editorial acumen, how perseverance and the will to win, Yankee ingenuity, infinite pains, brought us our heart's desire. But "Recollection" (page 122) simply turned up in the mail from the composer's agent, and was read, enjoyed, and accepted with the greatest of ease.

C. W. M.



Horse Sense

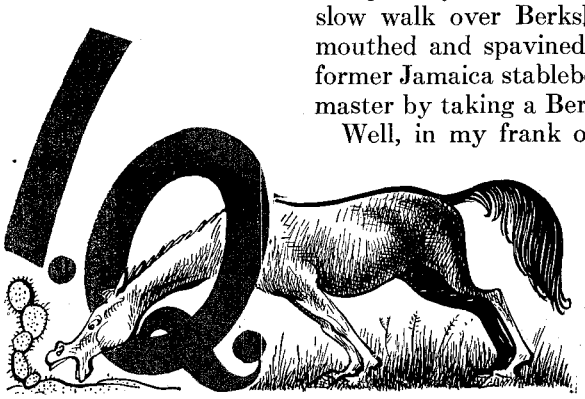
***By* CLYDE BRION DAVIS**

BECAUSE the farm I have been living on has been sold to some horse breeders, I have been thinking about horses lately and I have decided that the *equus caballus* as a means of transportation or sport is and always was a very poor makeshift.

The horse is in a class with the outdoor privy — and, fortunately, both are practically obsolete. Yes, there are those who still sing nostalgically of the honeysuckle-entwined backhouse. I don't.

There are also those who say that to know the horse is to love him. I say that anyone who actually loves a horse probably would love his elevator shoes — and for the same reason.

Now what I have to say about horses here does not apply to the big, comfortable, placid draft animals. They still have some use in agricultural regions yet untractorable. I am speaking of that beautiful, noble, intelligent, loyal quadruped that generals and gentlemen used to wear between their legs as an insigne of rank.



I do not hate horses. Neither do I love them, revere them, or respect them. As far as I am concerned, the riding horse is merely an anachronism, except in certain Western ranch areas — and I suspect he's to be supplanted there soon enough by jeep-type vehicles or half-tracks.

Apparently, however, the horse is to be enshrined forever in sentimental hearts along the Eastern seaboard and preserved along with the rest of the phony atmosphere on Western dude ranches.

There is a widespread but curious notion that knowing horses and riding them bring sophistication, glamour, poise, rugged health, and physical tolerance to spiritous liquors impossible for those lesser mortals who either walk or ride mechanical contrivances.

The thing has grown into a cult. Even desultory communicants are most fervent in their devotions and are outraged if a Philistine refers to some obvious crowbait as a nag, skate, plug, or hay-burner. It seems that a horse is a Horse.

Ah, yes. And if there is anything on earth more soul-satisfying than a brisk canter on a clean-limbed hunter in the fresh and fragrant morn, it's standing around in your Bergdorf Goodman jodhpurs with cigarette in your left hand and Scotch-and-soda in your right hand, talking in a weary Katharine Hepburn drawl about the intricacies of equitation. This is especially true if the brisk canter actually was a slow walk over Berkshire trails aboard a callous-mouthed and spavined livery hack in custody of a former Jamaica stableboy who has qualified as riding master by taking a Berlitz course in cockney.

Well, in my frank opinion, those who babble of their love and admiration for the horse can be divided into three classes: eccentrics, novices, and fakers.

It is about ten years since I last threw a leg over a horse, and it's all right with me if I never do again. My father was a horse breeder with some local renown as a rider and driver of fractious animals. Outlaws were brought to him from far away and he had extraordinary success in breaking them for the saddle. I myself rode spirited horses when my legs were too short to reach stirrups and I had to put my feet in the loops. I was bucked off and run away with. I stood on a box to groom them and I fed them apples and sugar. I loved horses — I thought.

You may love your horse, but you're kidding yourself if you think that love is returned. The horse may tolerate you and put up with your whims and even whinny at your approach, but deep down he resents you. Give him a real chance to make an issue and see what happens.

Newspaperman, novelist, and editor, CLYDE BRION DAVIS is now living in upper New York State. His "Tips" appeared in the September *Atlantic*.

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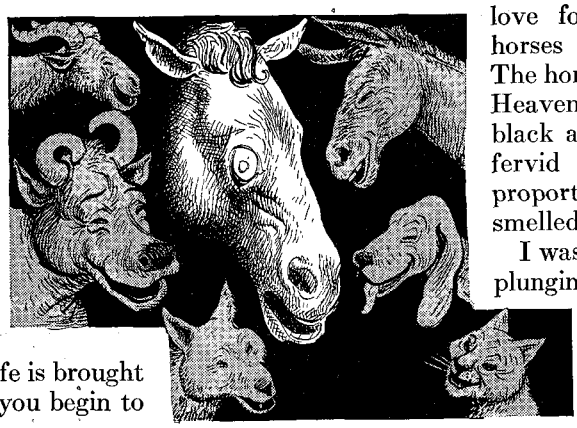

Horses have injured me several times. But almost always it was my own fault — my own fault because I had relaxed my vigilance and momentarily trusted the horse. Now I think the person who trusts a horse is a blood brother of the fool who is careless with firearms or who rocks the boat. Any horse worth riding is dangerous at all times, but your life is brought into actual peril the moment you begin to trust him.

One of the principal troubles with horses is a psychotic sense of inferiority. A horse knows he's big enough and strong enough and speedy enough to make it ridiculous for him to live as a slave of man. He has just sense enough to resent not having wits enough to remedy the situation, and his sporadic revolts against his master are stupidly tentative and ineffectual.

The only half-smart thing I have ever known any horse to do was try to kill me. Even those clumsy attempts were ill-advised because my elimination probably would have brought the horse nothing but a tougher master. I at least never used a curb bit or rowel spurs.

The sentimental twaddle expended on the intelligence of the horse is astonishing. What is intelligence in any animal? Isn't it inevitably exemplified in that animal's capacity for taking care of itself? How, then, does a horse compare with a dog or a cat or a fox or almost any other mammal you can think of, with the exception of the notoriously imbecilic sheep or brainless cow?

A jackass is a genius compared to the most brilliant horse that ever lived. So is a mule, despite the strain of idiocy in his family.

It's not that the horse has no desire for self-preservation. The trouble is that a good horse is a bundle of emotions, tied up with a short-circuited nervous system, that seem to make his reactions operate in reverse. He is dreadfully afraid of the unknown, regardless of size or nature. A spirited horse, for instance, will shy so violently at a fluttering bit of paper that he'll fall down and break a leg. Smart, eh?

Once I was riding a bay gelding that was quite intelligent for a horse, it was alleged, and we were confronted by a small, mangy black bear on a narrow Rocky Mountain trail. The bear was badly frightened by our appearance and skittered as fast as he could go through the timber. The horse was approximately four times as large as this little bear. With his natural weapons, he could have killed the bear if the bear had been foolish enough to attack. And if the horse did not care to fight, he still could have outdistanced the bear easily.

What did this horse do? Even though you profess love for the horse, if you know horses you know what happened. The horse acted like a hysterical fool. Heavens above! There was an awful black animal which the horse's perfervid imagination enlarged to the proportions of a red barn. And it smelled bad.

I was barely able to keep him from plunging over a 200-foot cliff to our mutual destruction. It was with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded him even to pass the spot on the trail where the bear had been.

In a case of real danger, such as a burning stable, a horse must be blindfolded before he can be led out, and the man who attempts the rescue runs a very real risk of being kicked to death by his charge. On the other hand, a mule, inheriting a modicum of intelligence from the long-eared side of his family, often will, in similar circumstances, break the halter shank that ties him to the stall and even kick down a door to escape the flames.

Despite all the romantic flapdoodle about the cowboy and his cayuse, there never has been any sort of partnership between man and his horse. The cowboy and horse partnership was the same as that of the Western Union messenger boy and his bicycle, or that of the traveling salesman and his Chevrolet coupe.

The cowboy was a lonely and usually simple-minded soul who grew to personify his pony as a pal. He did the same with his saddle and gun, with practically as much response. The romantic relationship of cowboy and pony has been the source of much silly fiction and many movies.

They never, however, show this loyal steed pulling his picket pin at night and running off to leave the cowboy forced to walk twenty miles in high-heeled boots, either carrying his ponderous saddle and other gear or leaving it at his camp site to the mercy of the coyotes or porcupines. No, they never show that. And they never show Smoky or Silver or Old Paint shying so violently at a four-inch prairie owl that he loses his footing, falls down, sprains our cowboy hero's ankle, and then lopes away. They never show Old Paint stopping a half mile away then to nibble bunch grass and the cowboy limping after him, calling plaintively to his loyal pal, only to see his four-legged partner dash off another half mile when hero approaches within fifty yards. No, despite widely accepted fiction, there never has been a horse-man relationship greater than that of master and more or less reluctant slave.

Prehistoric man had nothing whatever to give the horse. Grass and wild grains grew in abundance for the horse to eat. Horse's weapons against enemies were his speed of flight, four formidable hoofs, and a mouthful of teeth that could do considerable damage. Horse had no need for man. But man,

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being comparatively slow-footed and weak, even for his size, discovered early that horse's feeble intellect made him a ready victim for capture and enslavement and that horse's size, strength, and speed could be utilized to advantage.

A man mounted on a horse had tremendous advantage over men afoot; so the man who owned and rode a horse assumed, as a matter of course, an air of superiority. Thus was born the cavalier, the *caballero*, the cossack, the mounted cop.

I suspect that those who now ride for sport are imbued with a foggy something similar to knight-errantry. I suspect that, mounted in the saddle, they can picture themselves as romantic heroes of old; that they are playing the grand old game of kidding themselves, recharging their ego batteries, dueling with wooden swords. Well, that's all right if you like it. That's all right if you like a game of solo charades. But I cannot go along when they attempt to justify the game by murmuring things about the wonderful exercise.

There is a saying among highway patrolmen that when a spook — meaning a wild-driving nitwit — meets a spook there is usually an accident. Most motor accidents, it appears, result from at least one spook at the wheel.

That word "spook" is very apt, being derived from the Western term for a crazy horse that sees spooks at every turn.

Well, there were spooks driving in the old horse and buggy days, too. And when you had a spook in the driver's seat plus a couple of spooks in harness and you were seated high up on a matchwood carriage, you'd have been much safer if you'd stayed at home to blow out some stumps with dynamite.

Tolerance

***By* GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH**

SINCE tolerance is a lenitive
Whose mitigation makes
A wrong less wrong, I tolerate
My fellow man's mistakes.

And since, like gentle charity,
Tolerance should begin
At home, I'm doubly tolerant
Of my own brand of sin.

MUSIC

Recollection

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF

ONE of my earliest childhood recollections of music is an evening when I lay in bed, in a spacious village house, listening to the strains of a Beethoven sonata or a Chopin waltz. My mother was playing some four rooms away; I had already been put to bed, as it was eight o'clock in the evening, but I was not sleepy and I lay there listening. Mother played the piano quite well. She had no special pianistic talent and was rather shy of playing before strangers. But the important thing was that she really liked serious composers — Beethoven and Chopin above all — so that from early childhood I was accustomed to hearing and loving good music. As a child of three or four I would often sit for hours in an armchair in Mother's room listening to her playing. Sometimes Grandmother and I would argue as to what Mother was playing, and in these controversies it was nearly always I who was right.

In the daytime, while Mother was playing Hanon's exercises, I would come up and ask to be allowed to play my own music on the two upper octaves. Mother would agree, not at all dismayed by the resulting cacophony. This increased my interest in the piano and soon I began to sit down at it myself, trying to pick out some tune. I played one of these several times. It caught my mother's ear and she decided it might be set down. She set it down herself, not without painstaking effort, for she had never done this before. It is hard to invent a more absurd title than the one I gave this piece: "Indian Galop." At that time there was a famine in India; grownups read about it in the newspapers and discussed it. I listened. I was just a few months over five. The curious thing was that I would pick out tunes at the piano which I could not set down on paper, and that sitting at the table I would draw notes which did not mean anything. I just drew them for fun as children draw figures of men and trains, because I was always seeing notes on the music stand.

Once I came to Mother (so she related subsequently) with a sheet of paper covered with notes and declared, "Look, I have composed a Liszt Rhapsody." I thought "Liszt Rhapsody" was a double title like "Sonata-Fantasia." Mother had to explain to me that I could not compose a "Liszt Rhapsody" because a rhapsody was a form of musical composition, while Liszt was a composer who wrote it. In addition I learned that you cannot

This autobiographical fragment by one of the greatest of modern composers was translated from the Russian by Harris Moss.

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write music on nine lines without bars — that it is written on five lines with bars.

Mother had a knack for teaching. Imperceptibly she tried to guide me and explain how to use an instrument. I was greatly impressed by Mother's setting down of the notes of "Indian Galop" and soon after, with her help, I learned to write notes with some success. My musical ideas did not always fit into ordered measures, but somehow I did manage to write down pieces that could be played. In the course of a year or two I wrote a whole notebook of pieces for the piano. Among them were waltzes, marches, rondos, and even one piece for four hands.

My mother watched my musical development carefully. In her opinion the main thing was to encourage a child's interest in music and not repel him by making him do boring exercises. Hence: spend as little time as possible on exercises and as much as possible on acquaintance with musical literature. At first Mother taught me for twenty minutes a day, being careful never to exceed the allotted time. When I was almost nine, she gradually increased the lessons to one hour.

I read notes easily, and after playing a piece through several times, usually had it smooth. Anxious, above all else, to avoid having me learn things by rote, Mother gave me new pieces frequently, and thus the quantity of music I handled was enormous. Before giving each piece to me, Mother played it herself, and if she thought it uninteresting, discarded it. After playing pieces which she approved, we discussed them and I had to explain what I liked or disliked about them and why. Thanks to this requirement, I soon developed independent judgment, an ability to read notes freely, and an acquaintance with a large quantity of music, which helped me to analyze musical works easily.

However, this system also had its negative side: nothing was learned to perfection; my rendition was careless. My thoughts always ran ahead of my lagging fingers. This incompleteness of detail and my impure technique were a scourge all through my later years at the Conservatory, and I was over twenty before I began gradually to overcome these faults. On the other hand, at the age of ten I already had my own opinions about musical works and could defend them.

When I was nine my parents took me to Moscow, where I saw the opera *Faust*. Seated in a box before the performance began, Mother gave me certain preliminary explanations. "You see, there once lived a learned man called Faust. He was already old but still spent all his time reading books. Once Satan came to him and said: 'Sell me your soul and I will make you young again.' Well, Faust agreed, Satan made him young, and they began to lead a merry life."

I pricked up my ears. We had come to the theater long before the opening of the performance, and I had felt bored waiting, not quite understanding where and why I had been brought and feeling rather skeptical about what I should see, but suddenly the prospect had proved interesting: "They began to lead a merry life."

The overture began and the curtain rose. Indeed there were books all over, and bearded Faust was reading a thick volume and singing something; then again reading and again singing. When would Satan come? How slow it all was. Ah, at last! But why was he in a red costume with a sword and altogether so elegant? I had thought Satan would be black like a Negro, half-naked and perhaps with hoofs. Later, when "they began to lead a merry life," I immediately recognized a waltz and a march I had heard Mother play. I did not understand much of what went on, but the duel and Valentine's death impressed me.

I came back to the village in the Ukraine with a rich store of impressions. I began to play theater with my village pals. We would get together and think out a play and then act it for our parents. The plots were simple and invariably included a duel — the result of Faust's duel with Valentine. The plays we acted gradually acquired a large quantity of property effects. In a box in the storeroom we kept hats, old coats, all kinds of costumes, masks, swords, and toy pistols. A lamp shining behind a framed piece of gauze represented the moon; a camouflaged barrel from which water poured into another barrel represented a waterfall; boughs and twigs from the garden represented a forest. We had a mask and an old fur-lined coat turned inside out for the performer who played the role of the bear. Also burned-cork mustaches and beards.

One day I went to Mother and declared: "Mamma, I want to write my own opera."

"How can you write an opera?" Mother protested. "Why talk about things you cannot do?"

"You wait and see."

We never said anything more about it, but I set to work. Where did I get a plot? Evidently I invented it in the same way that I invented plots for our plays. The characters were village boys with whom I played then. This is approximately how I did it: —

"Stenya, you are sitting and reading a book. Suddenly a Giant passes by. You are frightened and

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ask: 'Who goes there?' and he answers: 'I, it is I,' after which he enters and tries to catch you. Just then Yegorka and I come up and hear you calling. Then Yegor asks: 'Shall I shoot?' and I answer: 'No, wait, because the situation is not yet favorable.'

"Then Yegor asks again: 'Shall we draw our daggers?' but I say: 'Now shoot!' Just then the Giant sees us and runs away."

"And I faint," Stenya concludes.

"Well, after that we go away," says Yegor.

"But how shall I know who rescued me?" asked Stenya.

A moment of deep thought and then I get a brilliant idea: as we go away we accidentally drop our visiting cards. "At first, Stenya, you cry because you alone are so unfortunate, but then you find the cards and decide to write each of us a letter thanking us for our help." Here the curtain comes down.

The second and third acts portray the fight against the Giant.

The opera, *The Giant*, was written in this manner, and a year later when I was staying at my uncle's estate near Kaluga, my cousins, who were older than I, decided to produce it. My cousin Audrey, who was nineteen, played the piano quite well and undertook to represent the whole orchestra. Cousin Katya sang the role of Stenya. I naturally sang the part of myself — that is, Sergeyev — and my other cousin sang Yegorov. My aunt donned high hunting boots and played the Giant. The scores were studied under my direction and I felt extremely excited. Seeing this, Mother said to the others: "You had better perform what you have already learned, or he may get sick."

Only the first act was ready. The audience — my mother, uncle, and a few guests — seated themselves in one room. Audrey began to play the overture, and instead of a curtain the door to the next room, which served as a stage, opened. I was so excited that when Yegorov and I came on the stage I sang out: "Well, shall we shoot?" although these were Yegorov's words. But my cousin promptly caught up the cue and after that everything went smoothly. The Giant was very impressive in a cloak and high boots, and my cousin sang Stenya's aria charmingly, so my aunts thought, and they straightway decided that she ought to be taught singing.

The host, my uncle, was greatly pleased with our performance. "When your opera is staged in the Imperial Theater," he told me, "remember that your very first opera was first performed here in my house."

Since then, imperial theaters have disappeared and Uncle is long dead, but when my opera *Love for Three Oranges* was first produced in Chicago in 1921, I kept my word and remembered what my uncle had said.

Upon returning home I began to compose another opera, called *Desert Islands*. In this opera a boat is wrecked against a rocky coast during a storm and the heroes are stranded on desert islands. I could not think up anything else to do with my heroes, and therefore only a first act was ever written. True, this act was almost twice as long as the whole opera *The Giant*, and contained attempts at musical portraits of nature: rain with pattering notes and a storm during which a boat is buffeted and wrecked.

When I was ten my parents again took me to Moscow, to see the celebrated composer and professor of music, Sergei Taneiev. The master was amiable and kindly. There was a bar of chocolate on his desk and he treated me to it at once. I played a passage from *The Giant* and also the overture to *Desert Islands* for him.

"Despite the fact that the boy is only ten years old," said Taneiev, "correct instruction in the theory of music must be begun at once. Otherwise errors, which he will later find it very difficult to get rid of, will become habitual with the youthful composer."

That was how I began to study under Reinhold Glière, whom Taneiev recommended to my mother. Now Glière is a noted composer and chairman of the Union of Soviet Composers, but then he was a young man of twenty-seven, recently graduated from the Conservatory with a gold medal.

Glière had a bent for teaching: he did not torture me with dry stuff when teaching harmony, but explained free composition, orchestration, and form at one and the same time. For the latter purpose he played Beethoven's sonatas for me, explaining the peculiarities of the sonata form. Under his guidance I wrote a symphony, two sonatas, and an opera to Alexander Pushkin's poem, "A Feast in the City of the Plague."

Glière not only taught me music but understood my childish hobbies, attended our domestic performances, fought duels with popguns, and took long walks with me, thereby winning my heart completely.

When I was thirteen, acting on the advice of the composer Glazunov, I entered a class in the theory of composition at the Petersburg Conservatory. My childhood may be said to have concluded with this event, and I therewith entered a new period in my life.

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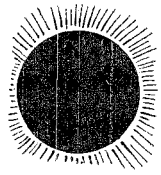
FOOD

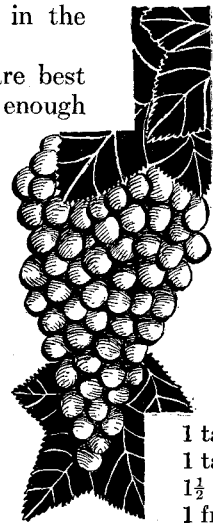
Meet and Drink

By CROSBY GAIGE



LET us begin this discussion with the assumption that America, in its somewhat tardy coming of age, has progressed sufficiently beyond the era of the Whiskey Rebellion to have reached the point where wine is recognized as a pleasant part of civilization — that a glass of wine with a meal is conducive not only to good companionship but to good health as well. While there are thousands of American homes where wine has graceful daily usage on the table, there are relatively few native kitchens where wine is employed as a valuable and sprightly *aide de casserole*, to give savor and variety to our daily fare. There are still other thousands of American homes where wine would be a welcome guest if it were not for the aura of abracadabra cast over the whole subject by many past and present high priests in the temple of gastronomy.

The ordinary purposes of everyday life are best served by simplicity. If one is fortunate enough to have a bottle of one sound, clean, inexpensive wine to share with the family or with a friend at lunch or dinner, the cause of hospitality has been well observed.



Unless one is very rich or very fortunate one does not indulge in vintage wines as a matter of daily habit. These wines are for special occasions. For everyday enjoyment an honest, modest, and inexpensive bottle, whether from foreign sources or from our own American vineyards, makes its own real contribution to gayety and well-being.

The notion that the service of wine at a meal should be a matter of great ceremony, that there must be a different wine with each course of the dinner, is a piece of complete hocus-pocus that has done more harm to the cause of wine than was ever dreamed up by Wayne Wheeler or Pussyfoot Johnson during the Prohibition nightmare.

The service of wine on American tables would be a much more usual affair if it were not for the mistaken notion that there is a special and glorified burgundy that was ordained to go with a duck and an equally special claret designed for a leg of lamb. So-called experts have made the matter so complicated that many a hesitant host or hostess often flounders in the valley of indecision and ultimately solves the problem by serving nothing at all. It is gratifying, of course, to have a white wine with the fish, a red one with the roast, and champagne with the dessert. The array of glasses of different sizes and shapes at each place is impressive, to say the least, and is fitting for special celebrations. I count myself lucky, however, if for ordinary use I finish my meal with the same gentle wine with which I started.

Having thus lightly disposed of these weighty problems, let us go into the kitchen, where some old and valued cronies of mine are waiting to demonstrate a few devices that have won the approval of many exacting palates.

Permit me to introduce to you M. André Simon, a Frenchman domiciled in England, who recently visited America in the interest of expanding the scope of the Wine and Food Society. He is the founder of this excellent organization, whose purpose is to spread the gospel of better living. He himself is the supreme exemplar of the better life. He carries his sixty-nine years with friendly grace, and his crown of crisp, curly white hair imparts to him the appearance of a ruddy-faced and companionable saint who has just dropped in for a week-end. His knowledge of wine is encyclopedic, and his voice and his pen have dealt with the subject more eloquently than any other.

M. Simon's contribution to this symposium will be the recipe for a *Sauce Madère* that lends richness and flavor to the little slices of beef filets which the French call *tournedos*. They get their name from the fact that they are cooked in a jiffy, practically while the cook's back is turned. M. Simon explained that he learned the trick of *Sauce Madère* from the late X. M. Boulestin, one of the leading restaurateurs of London.

1 tablespoon of butter
1 tablespoon of flour
1½ cups of consommé or meat stock
1 fresh tomato chopped
1 carrot chopped
1 onion chopped
1 tablespoon of tomato purée
A small bouquet of thyme, parsley, and a bay leaf
½ cup of Madeira wine
Salt and pepper to taste

Brown the flour lightly in the butter, stirring constantly for about 2 minutes. Slowly add the consommé and bring to a boil; then add the chopped vegetables and the bouquet of herbs. Let the mixture simmer slowly for about 2 hours, whipping from time to time. By now the sauce should be reduced in quantity by about a quarter and should be fairly thick. Strain the sauce through a fine strainer into another saucepan, bring to a quick boil, and reduce a little more. Add the Madeira wine and heat 2 or 3 min-

Author of many cookbooks, an authority on food and drink, CROSBY GAIGE is equally well known as a theatrical producer. He is the chairman of New York's Wine and Food Society.

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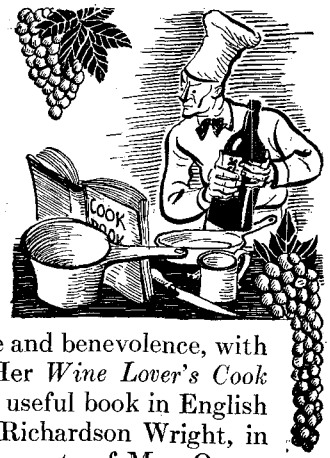
utes without boiling. This sauce, which should be served hot, also goes well with boiled tongue or braised ham.



Another honored guest in our kitchen is Jeanne Owen. If she wore a bathing cap over her white curls, you might mistake her for Hedy Lamarr. She maintains a balance of bounce and benevolence, with just a dash of Angostura. Her *Wine Lover's Cook Book* is to my mind the most useful book in English on the subject. The pundit Richardson Wright, in his introduction to her book, wrote of Mrs. Owen: "At baptism, having been regenerated by water, her parents then assured the salvation of her palate by touching her infant lips with rare old brandy."

Here follows Mrs. Owen's recipe for Chicken Tarragon. Having eaten it at her home, I can vouch for its excellence.

2 young broilers properly disjointed
10 shallots or small scallions minced
4 ounces of butter
4 tablespoons of fresh tarragon leaves or
  2 tablespoons of dried tarragon
2 tablespoons of chopped parsley
1 measuring cup of dry white wine
Pepper and salt to taste

Melt the butter in a large skillet and when it is sizzling hot put in the pieces of chicken and sear them to a nice tan on all sides. Season lightly with salt and pepper, add the chopped shallots or scallions. Cover the skillet and cook slowly over a moderate fire for about 20 minutes or until the meat is tender. Increase the flame and add 1 cup of white wine (a Riesling type will do nicely) in which the tarragon leaves have been soaking for an hour. Cook briskly for 4 or 5 minutes, adding the chopped parsley as a finishing touch.

Charles Philippe and his charming wife Poppy are ever welcome guests at my house. Charles, who stems from a Grenoble family famous for generations of fine cooks, has recently inherited at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel many of the functions of the great Oscar. Here follows the recipe for a Curry of Lobster that Charles prepared for a party of ten who met at Watch Hill Farm one Sunday afternoon, to sip sherry and to exchange greetings and gossip: —

3 medium-sized lobsters
3 ounces of butter
2 large onions finely chopped
2 ounces of good brandy
1 small bouquet of parsley, thyme, and
  tarragon
4 tomatoes seeded and diced
4 level teaspoons of best yellow curry powder
1 cup of dry white wine
Salt to taste

Boil the lobsters in the usual manner. Remove the meat from the lobster tails and chop up the shells. Place tails and shells in a saucepan along with the butter and chopped onions and simmer for about 8 minutes. Then pour in the brandy and set it on fire with a match. Be careful not to burn yourself in lighting the brandy. When the flame has burned itself out, add a cup of dry white wine, the tomatoes, the herb bouquet, and the curry powder, and season with salt. Let the mixture simmer covered for 35 minutes. Remove the tails and slice. Strain the sauce and pour it over the lobster slices, which you have put into a chafing dish to keep them hot. Serve this delectable mixture on squares of freshly made toast.

Another choice recipe comes from the culinary atelier of Mrs. Phillips Wyman, whose parents came from Ghent in Belgium and brought with them the traditions of good food for which that city is famous. Her father, Dr. L. H. Baekeland, was a scientist, one of whose many contributions to modern life was bakelite. The Wymans' home in Scarborough, New York, is a hospitable one. It is always overflowing with children and grandchildren and guests and good cheer.

This is how Mrs. Wyman deals with squabs or those young pound-size chickens which the French call *poussin*, in the spring of the year when both of those birds are plentiful and when the grapevines are clad with tender greenage: —

4 squabs or small chickens
1 cup of wild rice
The peel of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon of fresh tarragon leaves
1 cup of dry white wine
$\frac{1}{4}$ pound of butter
Grape leaves
Salt and pepper

Soak the wild rice overnight in salted water. Rub the birds inside and out with butter and lightly salt and pepper them. Drain the rice thoroughly and stuff each bird with the rice, adding a little nut of butter and a touch of salt and pepper to the stuffing. Wrap each bird in grape leaves. In trussing them, arrange the string so that it holds the leaves securely. In the casserole melt the remainder of your butter, and let it get piping hot; add the livers which you have saved from the birds, the tarragon leaves, and the thinly shaved peel of the lemon. Sauté the livers in the hot butter until they are soft and then mash them up finely with a fork. Then put in the birds and let them sauté until they are nicely tanned. At this point add the cup of dry white wine, put the lid on the casserole, and cook for an hour over a gentle flame.

Sophie Kerr Underwood is a writer of note, a hostess of distinction, and in her own kitchen deserves to wear the *cordon bleu*. She tells me that one dark night she filched from June Platt, whose

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fame as *gourmette* and writer is worldwide, this notion of cooking pears in wine. If you are four for dinner, take four pears, ripe but not too ripe. Leave the skins on, but remove the cores with one of those circular gadgets made for the purpose. Fill the cavities with canned sweet cherries and place the pears upright in a glass or porcelain baking dish small enough to keep them standing. Pour in enough red wine, perhaps our native Barbera, to reach nearly to the top of the pears. Put in a moderate oven and bake until the pears are tender and impregnated with the wine and the cherry flavor. This dessert should not be too sweet. If, however, a little extra sweetening is needed, add some of the cherry juice to the wine.

People who use wine in moderation are usually happy and friendly folk. They are seldom quarrelsome, and their amiable philosophy makes their festive boards, to borrow a phrase of André Simon's, real "tables of content."

THEATER

The Basic Play

***By* RUSSELL MALONEY**

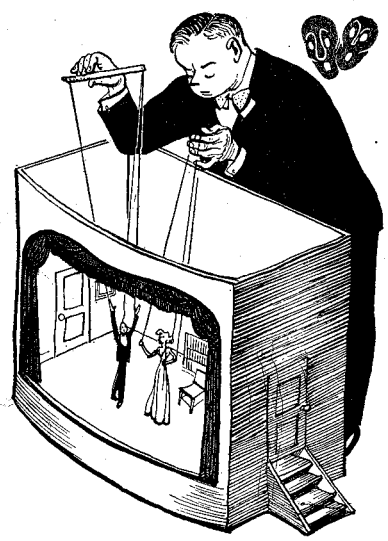
Don't joggle me, I've just got hold of a very intricate idea. I'll need an experimental theater to work it out in, or rather I'll need a regular commercial theater to experiment in; no Bennington girls need apply. This has to be an all-union job, Equity cast, everything. You see, my project is simply to put on a play about nothing, a play which poses no problem and advances no idea. It will be a Broadway production, cast and staged as smartly as possible, and I don't see why it shouldn't run forever.

Faithful playgoers sometimes confess that one play seems pretty much like another play. This is as far as they ever go, and usually they're pretty sheepish about saying that much, no doubt fearing that the admission calls their aesthetic perception into question. Well, I think these people are right, and I'll go them one better: I say they've been seeing the same play over and over again. One play is so like another, in all essential respects, that we might with perfect accuracy refer to the sum total of dramatic literature simply as "the play."

Perhaps it would be better to say "the basic play." After all, *Deep Are the Roots* is readily distinguishable from *State of the Union*, *Born Yesterday* from *The Voice of the Turtle*. The differences are only superficial, to be sure, but it is the differences that get talked about. The basic play is there in every case, and the critics take it for granted and focus their attention on what are, after all, trivial differences between one play and another.

You don't believe in the existence of the basic play? Well, let's put it this way. Here's a playwright who has just had a play successfully produced and has not settled down to work on his next. He doesn't know what his next play is going to be about; he hasn't got an idea for it. Nevertheless, he knows, to a large extent, what it is going to be like; and this knowledge constitutes the definition of the basic play. The maddest experimenter among playwrights, the most flaming revolutionist, the most caustic iconoclast, all wind up writing the basic play, simply because there is no other play to be written.

Except for a few speeches on a set subject — the subject being what the play is "about" — a play is just dramatic yard goods with different patterns printed on it by different playwrights. It is a matter of getting people, animals, and objects on and off the stage in various combinations, inventing three logical occasions for raising the curtain and three more for lowering it, introducing the actors to the audience and to one another, moving them about the stage in an interesting pattern, and providing atmosphere, love interest, and comic relief. Of the two-hours-plus time that it takes the average play to unfold, easily an hour and three quarters is just basic play.



Now plot and situation are part of the basic play, and don't let any Shuberts tell you different. Plot is just people in circumstances that bring them into opposition; situation is merely opposed people confronting one another. Never mind if you don't understand that right away; just kick it around until it becomes familiar.

The only part of the play that is *not* basic is that scene, usually placed late in the second act, when the author sounds off about whatever is on his mind. He feels strongly about something — cartels, racial bigotry, the relations between the sexes, modern marriage, big business, politics, the public school system, the decimal system, the weather — and he halts the progress of the basic play while he has one of the leading actors deliver a speech on this topic to the rest of the cast, who are well paid to sit and listen. You know the sort of thing: "Yes, I'm leaving you, Oliver. There's one thing that no woman can ever forgive, and that's . . ." Or "Yes, Hilda, I'm having my things sent over to the club. You see, one thing that women don't realize about men is that . . ." Or "Yes, Senator, the Machine has won again. But some day the voters are going to take

This is another in a series of theater notes from New York by Russell Maloney.

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things into their own hands, and then God help you and all the other . . ."

As soon as this actor or actress has had his or her say and has left the stage (slamming the door or not slamming it, according to how author and director feel about such matters) the basic play slides smoothly into gear again, and before you know it the final curtain is down and the audience is out in the street.

But to get back to my idea. I think it would be possible to produce the play in chemically pure form. No message, no theme. About nothing. Just actors in motion on a stage. What would prevent? You might say that no actor would appear in such a play. My answer is, How would the actor know? Most actors — I would guess a good 90 per cent of the membership of Actors' Equity Association — spend their professional lives opening and closing doors, bowing from the waist, handing one another prop sandwiches and drinks or firing blank revolvers at one another, going in to dinner, answering the telephone, saying hello, saying good-bye, lighting cigarettes and putting them out twenty seconds later, turning the lights down, turning them up, opening windows, closing windows, handing one another things on trays. They are actors in the basic play only. Yes, Oliver and Yes, Hilda are for the few.

And as for the few, the leading actors, they have spent their professional lives perfecting a single performance; they assume, when a producer engages them, that he wants that performance. And of course they are right. Authors are a dime a dozen, but there is only one, for instance, Tallulah Bankhead. How indomitably she rises above the subject matter of her vehicles! I will wager that few of my readers can name her last three plays or their authors. I think I should like her for my production of the basic play. But she will want a reading of it before she makes up her mind. O.K., let's go.

The topic of a play, the aboutness of it, casts a dim, colored shadow on the entire basic structure. If it is about injustice to coal miners, sets and actors will be grimy; if about Irish freedom, all will be Irish. For the basic play we want that chintzy living room we see so often, with a convenient telephone and radio, doors leading to all parts of the house, and a big floodlight behind the set pouring sunlight through the bay windows at rear. I forgot to say, the title of our play is "Bird Cage." Well, it's a title, isn't it?

At rise, telephone ringing. Fussy mother answers. Hmm, somebody's coming to visit them. She doesn't like it. Makes best of it, hangs up, tells maid to do guest room. So and so, so and so, building up to mild laugh on maid's exit line. Mother sits at desk, taps pencil on teeth. Daughter enters. Mother, for heaven's sake. Yes, but you don't *know*. Well, then, *tell* me. No, I can't. Young man enters, daughter's beau. Mother puts on big hat and gardening gloves, exits. Love scene. Only two weeks since we met at the Country Club dance. Seems like aeons. They embrace, doorbell rings, maid passes through room on way to answer, mild laugh on her line, exits to hall, returns with luggage, followed by this gorgeous woman of the world. Mother didn't expect you, I got an earlier train, show you to your guest room, boy gazes after her as she goes upstairs, girl says something nasty, he manages to calm her down, another embrace, telephone, maid enters, big laugh this time on her line, what, again, it's for you, Miss, long distance. Long distance? But I don't know anybody . . .

Without plunging through to the end, I can give you the chemical analysis of the action. The star (Miss Bankhead, we hope) will require forty minutes in which to be just herself. This will include scenes beginning with the line, "Tell me all about yourself. It's been so *long*," the reply to which is prefaced by a long jet of cigarette smoke through the nostrils and quick, nervous pacing back and forth, well upstage. Another scene with the callow youth. One with the girl. One on the telephone with a man in Australia. (Hang the expense.) Forty minutes is cutting it close.

Ten minutes for the lovers. They quarrel and make up.

Eight minutes for lighting cigarettes and pouring drinks.

Twelve minutes working up to the first, second, and third act curtains, respectively. Any kind of vague, aimless quarrel will do, as long as each line is spoken just a little faster and louder than the one before.

Fifteen minutes for running the household; i.e., "Let's take our coffee in here, shall we?"

Four minutes for comic relief.

Twenty minutes for explaining things which the audience has seen happen but which several of the actors have not.

And there's your pure play. To bridge that gap in the second act where the play's subject is usually introduced, I plan merely to have the star take from her pocket a letter, read it, chuckle softly, and tear it to bits. Just that; no subsequent explanation.

A seasoned actor once told me the principle upon which he operated. Now that I think of it, it seems to sum up what I have tried to say. "Talk loud and fast," this actor told me, "and nobody will notice what you're saying."

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Books and Men

THE FUN OF DON MARQUIS

by CHESTER T. CROWELL

1

LIKE most humorists, Don Marquis greatly enjoyed giving away his best in conversation; writing was hard work and the results always unpredictable. Editors would order six Archy the Cockroach and Mehitabel the Cat pieces and turn down two or three, but a listening audience never failed to register ecstatic enjoyment. Don and I were companions over a period of about fifteen years. I would walk into the Players' Club, find him, and ask, with anxious tone and expression: "How's Archy?" Don would pretend that he was troubled, and just a bit uncertain about taking me into his confidence. There were dozens of these dead-pan acts, but one will serve adequately as an example.

Don leaned across the luncheon table and said in a low tone: "I haven't seen Archy for days. He's in hiding. He's in pretty serious trouble. It's about his income tax. The silly fool has committed perjury. He lied about the number of my paste pots he has consumed." Archy the Cockroach, if you recall him, lived off Don's paste pot. It was his source of income. And now he had lied about the quantity of paste. The Internal Revenue Bureau had issued an order of distraint and Don's paste pot had been sequestered, to his great annoyance. He was also uneasy lest he be involved in possible criminal charges as Archy's accomplice in flimflamming Uncle Sam. Pretty serious business. Archy, being very ignorant, was afraid that he might spend the remainder of his life in a debtors' prison, and had fled. This cut communication and made further articles about Archy impossible, thus robbing Don of a major portion of his income. If he could find Archy and renew their profitable relations, he would be glad to lend him some money. But, as matters stood, both were likely to land in the poorhouse.

Still worse, Don had discovered, in the course of his search for Archy, that Archy had a large and profitable harem of lady cockroaches, the income from which had not been reported. But the Internal Revenue Bureau had found and seized them under the order of distraint. Then Don leaned still farther forward and whispered. What the Internal Revenue Bureau was doing with these lady cockroaches he did not know, but he knew a little about the Internal Revenue Bureau, and he "feared a fate worse than death."

One snowy December night I met Don in the Players' Club and said: "I haven't seen you for ten days. What news of you?" (We had played pool together the evening before.)

"I drove down to Philadelphia," he answered, "and got lost." (Don always made up these stories on the instant. During fifteen years I certainly never saw him drive a car, nor ever heard of his driving one. But Philadelphia was a famous place for motorists to get lost, and now he was going into his dead-pan act.)

"Lost for days," he continued. "But it is all going to turn out all right. I think I am going to get rich. I stopped at a filling station and got a map of Philadelphia; did me no good as far as getting out of the place, but when I finally stumbled out and got back to New York, I found a bootlegger I knew and he wanted to make a tank of bathtub gin, but he had lost his recipe. I showed him the map of Philadelphia and sure enough it worked. He made the gin, sold it, and paid me a thousand dollars. He said it was the best gin he ever made. And then I met a rich oilman from Texas. He wanted to build a house and his architect was no good. So I showed him the Philadelphia map and he looked it over, and there was exactly what he wanted. He dismissed the expensive architect and called a contractor, and the house is going forward with everyone delighted. He's going to pay me a thousand dollars. I have got to attend one of those Fifth Avenue weddings pretty soon and I haven't got the right clothes. If you go to

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CHESTER T. CROWELL, beloved contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, was at work on his autobiography at the time of his death. Among his papers, Mrs. Crowell found this delightful sketch of his friendship with Don Marquis, the American humorist, who in the 1920's had the country in stitches over the antics of Archy the Cockroach and Mehitabel the Cat.

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a Fifth Avenue tailor they cost a lot of money. I showed this Philadelphia map to a Greek waiter I know and he told me that it was as simple as two and two. He is going to make me my suit for eighteen dollars, two per cent discount for cash, and he says I will be a knockout. This oilman from Texas says the Philadelphia map shows where to drill the next well and he has cut me in on the royalty. I think I am going to be rich."

Don was always worried about money; that probably explains why he loved fantastic stories about coming riches.

But most of all Don liked to play with words. I remember an evening at the club when the captain of a ship arrived with snow on his hat and told us that snow at sea was far worse than fog because snow silenced the foghorn beyond one hundred yards, not to mention sight within ten yards.

"Snow?" Don said, with a lift of his eloquent eyebrows, and then an insinuating look at the rest of us, carefully avoiding the captain's eyes, "Snow!" It was clear that no decent human being would utter the word "snow" in a gentleman's club. He continued with a few rambling remarks about the degeneracy of our times and the decline of conversation into sheer nastiness. Nothing more about snow, but nothing more was necessary. The captain was puzzled for a few moments, but he caught on and bolstered Don's act with one of his own that was nearly as good. He made absurd efforts to change the subject and indicated by tone and gesture that if the assembled company would kindly forget his dreadful and accidental vulgar remark he would never be guilty of a similar offense. Don stared at him sternly while he took a draw from his pipe, then relented, and suggested a game of pool. He invited the captain to be his partner. All was forgiven. An erring guest had been properly rebuked.

On another occasion the indecent word was "tendril." A fellow member of the Players' Club had returned that day from France and had been telling us about a delightful visit to the grape orchards. The crop was enormous, and he marveled that the slender tendrils could hold the laden vines to their supports.

"Tendrils?" queried Don. "Did you *look* at them?" And it was obvious that he should not have looked at them. Not in their nakedness. No gentleman would have done such a thing. The act consumed about forty minutes and I am sure that an innocent stranger, if he had been present, would have wondered for months afterward whether the word "tendril" could properly be used in mixed company, and what other meanings the word might have.

Don loved telling bawdy stories without ever using a word to which a minister of the gospel could have objected. It was part of his enjoyment of playing with words, the omissions being a special form of fun. The movement of his eyebrows more than adequately replaced the missing words. An innocent, looking at him, would never have suspected him of being capable of a bawdy story, anyway. He was my idea of what a saint would look like. His head was the noblest I have ever seen. His skin was milk-white, his expressive eyes blue-gray, his great shock of hair burnished silver. He was a barrel-shaped man, utterly male, with a gorilla's chest, but his speaking voice and his eyes caressed you. He liked people, and they knew it instantly, and responded.

Don could tell a story that would be the envy of Rabelais in such a manner that your Aunt Minerva would enjoy it and never suspect that it wasn't a parlor story. To the best of my recollection he never uttered an oath and certainly never uttered any of the four-letter, "short and ugly" words.

He told me one evening, as casually as you might remark that you do not like cauliflower, that he had never been untrue to his wife, although he had no moral objections to dalliance. "I never did," he said, "because she might find it out and it would have caused her pain."

2

Don especially enjoyed being asked about Mehitabel the Cat, whose aesthetic sense was so different. He would pucker his brows and appear to be greatly embarrassed, then he would lean forward and tell, in a low tone, what had happened to Mehitabel. It was always something related to the scientific reports of Krafft-Ebing. As a rule the reports on Mehitabel ended with her tragic death. The reports on Peter Fitzhurse also ended with his heroic and tragic death. A death never interfered with the next adventure, however.

Peter Fitzhurse, in case you do not recall him, was the character who had three fingers missing from one hand and was always explaining how he lost them, but every explanation he made was totally different from any preceding explanation. Don followed this pattern of utter confusion in his extemporaneous recitals when reporting on the current status of Peter Fitzhurse. One afternoon when I asked him about Peter, he said: "Fitzhurse is dead. The report is all over the front page of the *Times* this morning. Didn't you see it?" I confessed I had not. Don often reported that the tragic news relating to his puppets had been on the front page of the *New York Times*, especially if it was the sort of news the *Times* would be certain not to print.

"What happened to him?" I asked.

This was Don's clue for one of his characteristic improvisations. Peter Fitzhurse, he reported, had set forth upon a tour of the world to have amorous experience with one woman of every ethnological classification. Evidently this expedition, except for its peculiar specialization, was inspired by that of Pickwick. Fitzhurse proved a better man than he had suspected himself to be before he started. Moreover, the women were not so different as he had

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thought they might be and they soon bored him. He explored canyons, the crevices in great glaciers, and sought prehistoric fauna whose names end with "saurus." Finally he decided to rape the interstellar spaces since only these were worthy of his prowess. Seeking advice, he was told to go to Naples. There he noticed a curl of smoke from near-by Vesuvius. He fell in love with Vesuvius and, being his own true self, rushed to that volcanic mountain to embrace its crater.

"I need not tell you what happened," Don concluded. "You know the impetuosity of Fitzhurse. The volcano became excited. There was an eruption. Poor Peter is dead. Burned to a crisp. It's on the front page of the *Times*. I don't know how you missed it."

One evening when I came into the Players', Don hailed me and asked me to be his partner in the next pool game. I nodded assent. He was a poor player and greatly enjoyed attributing defeat to his partner, on such fantastic grounds that the fun was worth ten times the cost of the defeat.

We had been playing about ten minutes when Don leaned his cue against the wall, grasped the table, and seemed to be staring at the pool balls. Franklin Pierce Adams and Rollin Kirby were also in the game. They stacked their cues and stared at Don. I was studying the table because I would shoot after Adams and he was an opponent to be respected.

"I can't see," Don said. "I've gone blind."

Some eight or more of those present rushed to his side. I couldn't. I was stricken. They led him to a taxicab and took him home. I waited at the club for their report.

This affliction, the doctor reported, was nervous and not physiological. He would be able to see again in a few days. And so he was. We sent him flowers by the bale, and awaited his return.

One night when I came in he said: "Has anyone ever called you an egg? A good egg or a bad egg makes no difference. Has anyone ever called you an egg?"

"Well," I said, "I am sure I have been called an egg. What of it?"

"Just this," Don answered. "I have been forbidden to drink any alcoholic beverage except a glass of sherry wine with an egg. And you are the egg." So we had a drink.

But the doctor's prohibition continued for months and Don obeyed until one midnight when I entered the club after having attended the Metropolitan Opera and discovered him with a very large glass of sherry wine in his hand.

"What do I see, Don?" I demanded, reprovingly. "Don, what do I see?"

And Don promptly answered: "Chester, we must not let our self-control get the better of us."

In any club a few men furnish the spirit that gives it spiritual life. Don was one of the seven or eight who made the Players'. During the time I was close to him his wife died, his son died, his daughter died. The daughter, although in her early teens, had already shown some promise as a poet. And she delightfully inherited Don's best features.

But even before these tragic events Don had a deep sense of the futility of human effort. We should struggle bravely, he thought, but there would be no victory parade. We should struggle bravely because that was the best way of meeting life's challenge. Sometimes when remedies for national and international problems were expounded Don would brush them aside, gently but firmly. They would be such remedies (common in the 1920's) as that all the Mohammedan, Confucian, and Buddhist nations should abandon their foolishness, join the Baptist Church, the Rotary Club, and march forward to the millennium. Don would offer an alternative solution of the world's problems. It was that we should all gather and root for another ice age. Or cheer for the insects to take over the earth, displacing mankind, since mankind had obviously failed.

When Don was too ill to write he had always one ace in the hole. He could reprint "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith," originally published in his column in the *New York Sun*. While he conducted that column he had a serious illness which lasted many months. Whenever "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith" reappeared, the circulation would rise by thousands. If you, dear reader, have not yet read it, I envy you the experience. Don is dead now. There may not be its equal in the future.

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ARTHUR KOESTLER

by RAYMOND MORTIMER

1

"Of living English novelists I like Koestler the best." This was said to me recently by a friend in France, where *Darkness at Noon* has, in translation, enjoyed a sensational success. "He is wonderfully living," I answered, "but he is not English; he is not a novelist; and how far is he, as a writer, even likable?"

Take first the matter of nationality, which here is crucial, for Mr. Koestler's books are packed with observations upon national character. He is a Hungarian Jew educated in Austria. Bilingual by education, he has had to learn a third language in which to write. This he has done with signal success: his English is fluent, neat, and highly readable. But it has no personal flavor. Finding a page torn out of one of his books, you might guess it was Koestler by the content, but never by the rhythm or the choice of words. In this he falls short of Conrad, who also had to learn the language in which he wrote.

Second: Is he a novelist? The answer depends on your definition. Four of his books are in the form of fiction. *The Gladiators*, the earliest, is a novel about the Spartacist revolt in ancient Rome. It is a brilliant essay upon the nature of revolution and the revolutionary. *Darkness at Noon* presents the Moscow Treason Trials as it were in miniature, and explains the author's disillusionment with Soviet Russia. It is deeply convincing and moving, as well as painfully exciting. It throws a flood of light on revolutionary psychology, but again the characters are representative rather than individual. "The characters in this book," the author explains, "are fictitious. The historical circumstances which determined their actions are real. The life of N. S. Rubashev is a synthesis of the lives of a number of men who were victims of the so-called Moscow trials. Several of them were personally known to the author. This book is dedicated to their memory."

Arrival and Departure comes nearer to being a novel than any of the others; and, probably for this reason, it is much the least successful of Mr. Koestler's books. It is the story of a Communist intellectual who has escaped from prison to a neutral country where he discovers through psychoanalysis the explanation alike of his courage and his occasional weakness. The book is remarkable in its horrifying pictures of life under the Nazis, and of refugees in Lisbon, but the love story is embarrassing. *Thieves in the Night*, Mr. Koestler's latest book, is prefaced by the statement: "The characters in this book are fictitious. The happenings are not."

A true novelist may, like Tolstoy and George Eliot, be concerned to illustrate a philosophical point of view; he may even, like Dickens and Zola, be anxious to bring about particular reforms; but he must, I suggest, be also supremely interested in the personal relations between individuals. These occupy Mr. Koestler's attention only in so far as they can be used to illuminate ideological struggles and the nature of the revolutionary or his opponent. Fiction, in fact, is not his aim but his instrument — an instrument that he uses with deadly precision and efficacity.

If I find Mr. Koestler's writing unlikable, it is because he accepts as normal what I believe and hope is abnormal — because he treats ordinary, peaceable enjoyment as trivial or even discreditable. I am a conservative only in that I prefer old governments to new ones. Old governments have lost their fangs; or rather, having no reason to fear the people, they have no reason to inspire fear in the people. And under such governments — American or British, Swiss or Swedish, whether republican or monarchist makes no difference — men and women can, except when menaced by foreign powers, give themselves, their day's work done, to such enjoyments as their temperaments require, — making music or love, fishing or studying, — in the confidence that neither their religion nor their political opinions will expose them to persecution.

The notion of happiness has in Europe — and I cannot, alas, altogether exclude England — become discredited. We have had to be stoical to survive, and stoicism has become a habit. Europeans have become addicts of calamity. Our most imperious

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Literary critic of the *New Statesman and Nation*, RAYMOND MORTIMER is an Englishman in close touch with the new writers of Europe. At our invitation, he has made an appraisal of that disturbing and influential author in exile, Arthur Koestler.

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need is to rehabilitate enjoyment. The prophets to whom we should listen are Montaigne and Voltaire — Voltaire who fought like a tiger against intolerance, but who never forgot the supreme importance of happiness. I find Mr. Koestler's writings dislikable because they neglect the necessity or even the existence of gardening.

Mr. Koestler will answer, with complete justice, that you and I have had no more direct experience of fanaticism and revolution than of leprosy or bubonic plague. Even war, though the older among us have twice been more or less directly involved in it, strikes us as essentially abnormal. Contrast our lives with Mr. Koestler's; read *Spanish Testament* and *Scum of the Earth*. He is an expatriate who has become an exile. He has been hideously persecuted both as a Socialist and as a Jew. He could have escaped from Europe years before the war, but he preferred to remain where he could most effectively fight the powers of evil. He has been imprisoned and sentenced to death in Spain. He has been in prison in France and even in England. He has lived in hourly danger of capture and torture by the Gestapo. Though he eventually escaped into security, many of his friends have either killed themselves or been murdered.

2

An experience in some ways even more agonizing and mutilating to Mr. Koestler has been a loss of faith. For seven years, one of which he spent in the U.S.S.R., he was an active Communist. Then, in 1937, came a staggering shock: he discovered Soviet Communism to be "the greatest farce the world has ever seen." The reasons for this conclusion are very lucidly exposed in *The Yogi and the Commissar* as well as in *Darkness at Noon*.

His conversion was incomparably more than a change of opinion such as in the United States turns a Republican into a Democrat, or in England a Labor man into a Conservative. It can be better compared with the loss of faith that obliges a Jesuit to desert his Order, his priesthood, and his belief in the Church. Seven years of his life had been sacrificed for what he now found to be not merely mistaken but actively wrong. Mr. Koestler remains a Marxist. He is not a Trotskyite, nor have the mildness and the native empiricism of the English Labor Party any appeal for him. He is not merely independent; he is, or feels, isolated.

It is probable, therefore, that like almost all Communists who have lost their faith, he suffers, consciously or unconsciously, from unreasonable feelings of guilt. (*Arrival and Departure* must certainly not be taken as autobiographical, but it reveals a preoccupation with the neurosis of a revolutionary that would hardly exist in a man unaware of his own neurotic symptoms.) If, as I have suggested, Mr. Koestler seems to turn a blind eye to such ordinary experiences as a happy marriage leading to a congenial family life, it is probably because he feels impelled, predestined, to guerrilla loneliness, a mixture of Don Quixote and a rogue elephant.

As a writer he is inspired by hatred and contempt, profound though his sympathy, his self-identification, may be with the displaced and persecuted who are treated as the scum of the earth. The trouble is that his condition is more wretched than theirs. If ever they escape to safety, they may resume their lives. But he can breathe only in the climate of violence. How far this obligation affects the man as well as the writer I do not know; but his extraordinary talent is undeniably focused upon manifestations of cruelty and intolerance. He ends *Scum of the Earth* with these sentences: —

> . . . this is our unique and ultimate war aim: to teach this planet to laugh again. At the moment we are still howling like dogs in the dark. I wish the time of laughter had come.

It is doubtful whether the time for laughter ever will come, ever could come, for Mr. Koestler. He has forgotten, if he ever knew, how to laugh, except in mockery.

He has been compared with Jean-Jacques Rousseau: his love and pity for humanity turn easily to distrust or contempt when confronted with ordinary human beings. Look at the portraits of commonplace persons of every nationality in his books. They are covered with spittle. Not even Swift is more consistently lacking in geniality. Consider again his life, and can you be surprised? To burble about gardening to such a man is an absurdity if not an insult. But the writer is never the whole man — he is the man playing a part, giving a performance. And for all I know, the author of these terrifying books may find his principal pleasure in weeding a lawn and growing primulas.

None of the criticisms I have allowed myself can affect the fact that Mr. Koestler's writings are immensely impressive. On the contrary. His not being English makes him to an English or American reader all the more stimulating. His thoughts and feelings have all the fascination of unfamiliarity, exciting perpetual surprise. And he writes with an intensity of passion rare among Anglo-Saxons. His not being in essence a novelist makes his novels incomparably more thoughtful and profound than the vast majority of novels, whether they describe trivial persons doing trivial things or half-witted criminals murdering for the sake of money. (The first criterion for any novel is the question "Do you mind what happens to the characters?"; and this is a test very few novels can pass.) Again, his books, just because they are unlikable, excite one's gusto for controversy and are — except for *Arrival and Departure* — impossible to put down. In any case unlikable books are necessary. There are in the United States and in England writers far superior to Mr. Koestler in poetic

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imagination, in sensibility, in wisdom, in style, and in the art of inventing personages. But I can think of none who writes about the diseases of our civilization with anything approaching his acuteness and fervor.

3

His latest novel, *Thieves in the Night*, is a passionately controversial account of the Zionist situation in Palestine between 1937 and 1939. Mr. Koestler has written nothing more gripping, and the subject allows him for the first time to make full use of his gift for sardonic comedy. Admittedly it is a novel only in form; and any criticism of it is bound to be concerned chiefly with estimating the accuracy and completeness of the picture it presents. Only an impartial expert upon Palestine could deal with it adequately; and even if such a phoenix could be found, his impartiality would be admitted by none of the contending parties. I approach, therefore, my impossible task with a certain despondency.

The chief character in the book is called Joseph: the action is seen mostly through his eyes, and recorded in his journal. He is a young Englishman, half Jewish, who has gone to Palestine, where he joins a group of other Zionists, mostly from Central Europe, who after five years' training found an agricultural community called Ezra's Tower. They have been allotted a barren hill, purchased by the National Fund. After a preliminary skirmish with the Arabs, in which one of the Zionists is killed, the community grows and, by dint of rigorous industry and self-sacrifice, becomes solvent. It is a self-governing unit, practicing unmitigated communism, like some of the utopian communities established in nineteenth-century America.

> Our Communes are the only place in the world where individual property is completely vested in the community, where all men are really equal, and where you can live and die without ever having touched money. In these hundred odd settlements of ours we have now been practising pure rural communism for over thirty years, have survived all trials without sacrificing a single basic principle, and have transformed a seemingly utopian idea into a small-scale but significant working concern.

The first half of the book is chiefly occupied with the development of this community, and is masterly. The second half is wider in its range, and less completely successful. We see the Zionists divided into two parties: those who believe in obeying the law, even when they think it unjust, and who consider that Zionism can succeed only by winning the good will of the Palestinian natives; and those who believe that the Jews have suffered in patience too long and too atrociously, and who therefore employ terrorism against both the Arabs and the British. Joseph begins as an adherent of the former party, and ends by joining the latter. For, in 1939, the British issued the White Paper setting a limit to Jewish immigration, although the Jews of Central Europe were threatened with extermination unless they could escape.

The personal relations of the characters are, as we have come to expect, subsidiary to the contest of ideas. Joseph is torn in his feelings between two women in the community: one of them his mistress, and eventually his wife; the other a much more congenial and intellectual girl whose hideous experience during the persecution in Europe has made her allergic to even the most trivial physical contact. She goes out alone one night into the wild surrounding country, where she is raped and murdered by Arabs. This atrocity helps to precipitate Joseph into the Terrorist movement. The grounds on which he comes to this decision are not put forward as rational.

> "But I don't want to be reasonable," I shouted. "I have had enough of being reasonable for two thousand years while the others were not. I was the reasonable fly running in zigzags over the window-pane because there was light on the other side and I had my legs torn out and my wings burnt off with matches. I am through with your reasonableness."

This feeling that, since turning the other cheek has been of so little avail, hitting back may somehow prove more effective seems to be fortified by a comprehensible delight in seeing the Jews, often so unjustly accused of cowardice, display in their terrorism the fiercest audacity.

Joseph himself is not altogether credible as a character. He is supposed to have been brought up by his Gentile mother and grandparents as an ordinary member of the English upper middle class. Then in his first year at Oxford he is insulted in peculiarly humiliating (and improbable) circumstances by a female Fascist, and this "incident" makes him for the first time conscious that he is a Jew. It is difficult to believe in this background, because Mr. Koestler uses him so often and so freely as a mouthpiece for his own opinions and emotions.

The other characters are silhouetted to represent the various national or political points of view. This is done most skillfully and effectively, as is also the landscape-painting. The impression we receive of Palestine, its peoples and its problems, is extremely vivid. We follow the fortunes of the community with excitement and sympathy, we are staggered by the self-sacrificing vigor of the settlers, and we are persuaded to share the author's contempt for the feckless Arabs and the stupid British administrators with their suburban-minded wives.

Mr. Koestler has a particular gift for parable. He compares the Zionists, for instance, to our remote ancestors the fish who, leaving their fellows, first crept ashore and became amphibians.

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> Instead of drifting with streamlined grace through the water, they had to waddle and wobble painfully on their bellies through swamp and muck, and gasp piteously for air with a new and imperfect contraption specially evolved for this purpose. . . .
>
> The Arabs are the fish. They are happy, they have tradition and beauty and self-sufficiency and lead a timeless, care-free, lackadaisical life. Compared to them we are the graceless amphibians. That's one reason why the English love them and dislike us. It is not political. It is their nostalgia for the lost paradise — a kind of eternal week-end — and their detestation of the 8.35 to the City. For behold, we are the force that drives the fishes ashore, the nervous whip of evolution.

There is much wisdom in this. The great English Arabophiles from Doughty and Scawen Blunt to T. E. Lawrence and Freya Stark have all hated the bustle, promiscuity, and general hideousness of the modern industrialized world. They have loved the desert life and those who live it, because of a conviction that progress has taken a disastrously wrong turning, and the recent history of Dachau and Hiroshima may be thought to provide some support for this contention.

And here is another of Mr. Koestler's parables, illustrating the Arab attitude to the immigrants: —

> Of course they don't like us. They are slum-children in possession of a vast playground where they wallow happily in the dust. In comes another bunch of children who have nowhere to play and start cleaning up the place and building tents and lavatories with a horrible burst of efficiency. "Get out from here," they cry, "we don't want you," — "But there is plenty of room," says the clever lot, "and we've got permission to share it, and after we've improved it, the place will be much nicer for you too." — "Get out, get out," they cry, having already pinched some of the newcomers' tools and toys; "get out, we don't want you. This is our place and we like it as it is."

Passionate emotion, which in most people blunts the intelligence, serves to make Mr. Koestler's mind more vivacious. His direct experience of the sufferings of the Jews in Europe excites in him a burning enthusiasm for a Palestinian State as the one answer to their difficulties. His Communist idealism, so cruelly disappointed by the U.S.S.R., finds in the Zionist communities a realization of his dreams. And also, perhaps, this stormy petrel finds just the material suited to his talents in the country which, now that the war is over, is most conspicuously racked with violence and terror. *Thieves in the Night* does not contain a dull page. It is a masterpiece of propaganda.

4

Like all the most skillful advocates, Mr. Koestler is at pains to seem objective in the eyes of the juryman — in this case the reader. If he writes about the Arabs and the British with amused contempt, he goes out of his way to be offensive about the Jews. Here, for instance, are some extracts from Joseph's journal: —

> Before my father died there was a time when he took me every Sunday to the slums. There I learned that the poor were not the nice superior people which they appear in fairy stories, but wretched, illiterate and drunk. . . . I became a socialist not because I loved, but because I hated, the poor. They were what conditions had made them, and therefore conditions had to be changed.
>
> After the Incident I began to frequent those whom I had decided to regard henceforth as my people. They were as disappointing as the poor had been. I was attracted by their keenness, their intensity and their brains, but their achievements were spoiled for me by their ostentation. I hated their acid analytical faculty, their inability to relax. I hated their lack of form and ceremony and breeding, their short-cuts from courtesy to familiarity, their mixture of arrogance and cringing. They were the slum race of the world: their slums were ghettos, whether the walls were made of stone or prejudice. . . .
>
> But Jewry is a sick race; its disease is homelessness, and can only be cured by abolishing its homelessness.
>
> I became a socialist because I hated the poor; and I became a Hebrew because I hated the Yid.

Yet when the desired transformation has been effected, the Jewish character changed, the results are described with a similar lack of indulgence.

> We do not want romantics and permanent upheavals. We want a stable pattern of life for our people. And if the new generation accepts the pattern we have evolved, there should be nothing but rejoicing.
>
> And yet something inside myself, perhaps my innate scepticism, tells me that all this is too good to be true. The snag is not in the institution, but in the human quality of the new generation. I have watched them ever since they arrived — these stumpy, dumpy girls with their rather coarse features, big buttocks and heavy breasts, physically precocious, mentally retarded, over-ripe and immature at the same time; and these raw, arse-slapping youngsters, callow, dumb and heavy, with their aggressive laughter and unmodulated voices, without traditions, manners, form, style. . . .
>
> Their parents were the most cosmopolitan race of the earth — they are provincial and chauvinistic. Their parents were sensitive bundles of nerves with awkward bodies — *their* nerves are whip-cords and their bodies those of a horde of Tarzans roaming in the hills of Galilee. Their parents were intense, intent, over-strung, over-spiced — they are tasteless, spiceless, unleavened and tough. . . .

Impressed by such outbursts, the reader who has not been to Palestine may not notice that the book hardly adumbrates the case against Zionism in its present developments. This case is in no way based upon anti-Semitism. Indeed many of the most convinced anti-Zionists are Jews and proud of the fact, Jews who see in a Zionist State a deadly danger for the majority of Jews.

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Occasionally Mr. Koestler's zeal allows him to put into the mouth of a character some statement that is simply untrue — such as that the Jews pay all the taxes. (On the other hand it is perfectly true that the taxation they do pay is quite disproportionate to either their numbers or their wealth.) But far more misleading are the assumptions on which, without any discussion of them, the book is based; and something must be said about these.

First Mr. Koestler takes for granted that the promise of "a National Home" entailed a Palestinian State with a majority of the inhabitants Jews. (He says even that Feisal at one moment welcomed the future Jewish State. There is controversy about what he did welcome: it certainly was not a *State.*) Nothing is said here about the stipulation that the rights of the Arabs should be respected. The terrorist in the book proclaims truly: "Once we have the majority, the rest is easy." What "the rest" may be it is not hard to imagine. Mr. Koestler takes it for granted that we have the moral right to impose on the Palestinian Arabs immigrants on a scale we should not consider admitting ourselves. The Jews now number roughly one third of the population of Palestine. It is as if England had admitted fourteen million, and the United States forty-five million, during the last twenty-five years.

Similarly Mr. Koestler seems to take it for granted that all the Jews who have come to Palestine wish to remain there. There is no mention of the sharp division between those to whom Zion is the country of their dreams and those who, having escaped to it, long only to establish themselves in a more civilized country. A considerable proportion of the Jews in Palestine belong to this latter category.

5

If Mr. Koestler has passed in silence over the matters discussed in the preceding two paragraphs, it is perhaps because he supposes them to be common knowledge. But his bias seems to me undeniable when he goes on to assume that the British have been consistently pro-Arab and anti-Jew. It is true also that the British think a limit should be set to immigration. But without their support there would have been no immigration at all. As it is, they have gained the enmity of the Arabs as well as of the Jews, which at least suggests that they have not entirely failed in impartiality and justice.

The book may be thought to devote most disproportionate attention to the communities. These include only some 6 per cent of the Jews in Palestine, more than three quarters of whom live in cities. It may well be that Mr. Koestler intends to treat of these in a sequel to the present book, which does not so much end as suddenly stop. Meanwhile, some readers may imagine that the communities, which are the most interesting feature of Zionist life, are also numerically important.

"To see both sides is a luxury we can no longer afford." This saying of a terrorist in *Thieves in the Night* comes near to being adopted by Mr. Koestler. If it were possible to be just to the one without being unjust to the other, the question would long since have been solved.

I have felt obliged to point out certain gaps in the picture presented by Mr. Koestler; and if he had filled these gaps himself, I believe that informed readers would be more impressed by the case he presents. But the propagandist is usually the first to be deluded by his own partiality; having written so disobligingly about the Jews, Mr. Koestler probably is convinced that his whole book is objective.

No one can doubt that *Thieves in the Night* is inspired by a passionate idealism. But is it not deplorable that Mr. Koestler, in a world still bleeding from year after year of violence, and himself having been the victim of violence, should seem, through his hero, to accept violence as the right policy for the Zionists? In *Darkness at Noon* and again in *Scum of the Earth* he made most eloquent and convincing attacks on the principle that the end justifies the means. Now he apparently accepts the terrorists' argument: "We have to use violence and deception, to save others from violence and deception."

But can he really think that it is right (or even politic) for Jews to murder the British soldiers and administrators who have the misfortune to be sent to Palestine? No people has treated its Jewish citizens better than the British. Even the social discrimination against them that elsewhere sometimes shows itself — for instance, in clubs — has no place in England. And for a year the British were alone in fighting the people who included in their war aims the total extermination of Jewry. They do not ask for gratitude: they were fighting, like all their allies, first and foremost in self-defense. But they might have expected not to be assassinated by those who but for them would have been consigned to the gas chambers of Buchenwald.

Though Mr. Koestler thinks that he has no illusions about the Zionists, his Zionism, like his Communism, may end in disillusionment. In him the critic is always at the heels of the zealot; and his loyalty — and this is proof of the intellectual integrity against which he sometimes offends — his loyalty is to no abiding place on earth. At the end of *Thieves in the Night* he describes the Jews in terms that apply eminently to himself: —

> We shall always be betrayed because something in us asks to be betrayed. There is this urge in us for the return to earth and normality; and there is that other urge to continue the hunt for a lost Paradise which is not in space. This is our predicament. But it is not a question of race. It is the human predicament carried to its extreme.

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HENRY THOREAU IN OUR TIME

by STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

1

In July, 1945, we celebrated the centennial of Henry David Thoreau's retirement to Walden Pond. Almost twice as many old ladies as usual made the pilgrimage to Concord, to see the shrine containing his furniture, and to Walden, where they had the privilege of adding a rock to the cairn where his hut once stood and of opening a box lunch in the picnic ground that stands as his monument. The American Museum of Natural History staged a Walden Pond exhibit. The *Saturday Evening Post* ran an illustrated article. And to add the final mortuary touch, a professor of English published a slim volume called *Walden Revisited.* All in all, it was a typical American literary centennial. Henry Thoreau would probably not have enjoyed it.

A more significant Thoreau centenary would have been July, 1946, the hundredth anniversary of his going to jail. Every reader of *Walden* knows the story. Thoreau had not paid a poll tax for several years, as a sign that he had renounced his allegiance to a government that protected slavery and made war on Mexico, and one day when he walked into Concord to get a mended shoe from the cobbler he was seized and put into jail. That night the tax was paid for him, and the next morning he was freed, obtained his mended shoe, and went back to the woods to pick some berries for dinner. While he was in jail, placidly meditating on the nature of state coercion, Emerson is supposed to have come by and asked: "Henry, what are you doing in *there?*" To which Thoreau is supposed to have replied: "Waldo, what are *you* doing *out there?*"

It takes not much investigation into the story to discover that the actual details of Thoreau's first great political gesture were largely ridiculous. For one thing, the act itself was both safe and imitative, Bronson Alcott having given Thoreau the idea three years before by refusing to pay his taxes and going to jail, where he was treated quite well. For another, Thoreau in jail seems to have been not at all the philosophic muser he makes himself out to be, but, as the jailer later reported, "mad as the devil." For a third, Emerson certainly engaged in no such pat dialogue with him, for the jailer allowed no visitors, and Emerson's actual reaction to the event was to tell Alcott he thought it was "mean and skulking, and in bad taste." Finally, the person who "interfered" and paid his tax was Thoreau's old Aunt Maria, disguised with a shawl over her head so that Henry would not be angry with her for spoiling his gesture.

Why, then, celebrate the centenary of this absurd event? For only one reason. As a political warrior, Thoreau was a comic little figure with a receding chin, and not enough high style to carry off a gesture. As a political writer, he was the most ringing and magnificent polemicist America has ever produced. Three years later he made an essay called *Civil Disobedience* out of his prison experience, fusing the soft coal of his night in jail into solid diamond. *Civil Disobedience* has all the power and dignity that Thoreau's political act so signally lacked. "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison," he writes in a line Debs later echoed, ". . . the only home in a slave state in which a free man can abide with honor." "I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons, and that it did not know its friends from its foes, and I lost all my remaining respect for it, and pitied it." He summarizes his position reasonably, even humorously, but with finality: —

> I have never declined paying the highway tax, because I am as desirous of being a good neighbor as I am of being a bad subject; and as for supporting schools, I am doing my part to educate my fellow-countrymen now. It is for no particular item in the tax-bill that I refuse to pay it. I simply wish to refuse allegiance to the State, to withdraw and stand aloof from it effectually. I do not care to trace the course of my dollar, if I could, till it buys a man or a musket to shoot with, — the dollar is innocent, — but I am concerned to trace the effects of my allegiance. In fact, I quietly declare war with the State, after my fashion, though I will still make what use and get what advantage of her I can, as is usual in such cases.

In this essay the critic gives us a greater understanding of the American who worked things out for himself at Walden. Still in his twenties, STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN is a member of the staff of the *New Yorker* who has been teaching Literature at Bennington and is now engaged in finishing a book on modern literary criticism, *The Armed Vision*, which Knopf will publish next year.

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In the relative futility of Thoreau's political act and the real importance of his political essay based on it, we have an allegory for our time on the artist as politician: the artist as strong and serviceable in the earnest practice of his art as he is weak and faintly comic in direct political action. In a day when the pressure on the artist to forsake his art for his duties as a citizen is almost irresistible, when every painter is making posters on nutrition, when every composer is founding a society devoted to doing something about the atom bomb, when every writer is spending more time on committees than on the typewriter, we can use Henry Thoreau's example.

In the past century we have had various cockeyed and contradictory readings of Thoreau's "essence." But from them we can reach two conclusions. One is that he is probably a subtler and more ambiguous character than anyone seems to have noticed. The other is that he must somehow still retain a powerful magic or there would not be such a need to capture or destroy him, to canonize the shade or weight it down in the earth under a cairn of rocks. It is obvious that we shall have to create a Thoreau for ourselves.

The first thing we should insist on is that Thoreau was a writer, not a man who lived in the woods or didn't pay taxes or went to jail. At his best he wrote the only really first-rate prose ever written by an American, with the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln. The *Plea for Captain John Brown*, his most sustained lyric work, rings like *Areopagitica*, and like *Areopagitica* it is the product of passion combined with complete technical mastery. Here are two sentences: —

> The momentary charge at Balaklava, in obedience to a blundering command, proving what a perfect machine the soldier is, has, properly enough, been celebrated by a poet laureate; but the steady, and for the most part successful, charge of this man, for some years, against the legions of Slavery, in obedience to an infinitely higher command, is as much more memorable than that as an intelligent and conscientious man is superior to a machine. Do you think that that will go unsung?

Thoreau was not only a writer, but a writer in the great stream of the American tradition, the mythic and non-realist writers, Hawthorne and Melville, Mark Twain and Henry James, and, in our own day, as Malcolm Cowley has been most insistent in pointing out, Hemingway and Faulkner. In pointing out Hemingway's kinship, not to our relatively barren realists and naturalists, but to our "haunted and nocturnal writers, the men who dealt in images that were symbols of an inner world," Cowley demonstrates that the idyllic fishing landscape of such a story as "Big Two-Hearted River" is not a real landscape setting for a real fishing trip, but an enchanted landscape full of rituals and taboos, a metaphor or projection of an inner state.

It would not be hard to demonstrate the same thing for the landscape in *Walden*. One defender of such a view would be Henry Thoreau, who writes in his *Journals*, along with innumerable tributes to the power of mythology, that the richest function of nature is to symbolize human life, to become fable and myth for man's inward experience. F. O. Mathiessen, probably the best critic we have devoting himself to American literature, has claimed that Thoreau's power lies precisely in his re-creation of basic myth, in his role as the protagonist in a great cyclic ritual drama.

2

Central to any interpretation of Thoreau is Walden, both the experience of living by the pond and the book that reported it. As he explains it in the book, it was an experiment in human ecology (and if Thoreau was a scientist in any field, it was ecology, though he preceded the term), an attempt to work out a satisfactory relationship between man and his environment. He writes: —

> I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.

And of his leaving: —

> I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one.

At Walden, Thoreau reports the experience of awakening one morning with the sense that some question had been put to him, which he had been endeavoring in vain to answer in his sleep. In his terms, that question would be the problem with which he begins *Life Without Principle:* "Let us consider the way in which we spend our lives." His obsessive image, running through everything he ever wrote, is the myth of Apollo, glorious god of the sun, forced to labor on earth tending the flocks of King Admetus. In one sense, of course, the picture of Henry Thoreau forced to tend anyone's flocks is ironic, and Stevenson is right when he notes sarcastically: "Admetus never got less work out of any servant since the world began." In another sense the myth has a basic rightness, and is, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, an archetypal allegory of the

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The LOWELLS *and Their* SEVEN WORLDS

by Ferris Greenslet

Co-editor of "THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR"

"No one, not even a Lowell, could record their eccentricities, their high conscientious thinking, and their public spirit and generosity more affectionately or artistically than Ferris Greenslet in this book . . . a brilliant and thoughtful piece of social history based on the Lowell family's own admirable letters. Far from being a dull chronicle, this intricate, but deftly genial narrative shows how successive generations of one family have successfully adapted themselves to all the economic and social changes that have beset America. Humorously, urbanely, and adroitly Mr. Greenslet has also by implication ably defended the American system of free enterprise. The Lowells could only have built their fortunes and pursued their studies and philanthropies in America, but Boston has always given them their character . . . no one can fail to be both impressed and delighted by Mr. Greenslet's book."

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artist in a society that gives him no worthy function and no commensurate reward.

The sun is Thoreau's key symbol, and all of *Walden* is a development in the ambiguities of sun imagery. The book begins with the theme: "But alert and healthy natures remember that the sun rose clear," and ends: "There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star." Thoreau's movement from an egocentric to a sociocentric view is the movement from "I have, as it were, my own sun, and moon, and stars, and a little world all to myself" to "The same sun which ripens my beans illumines at once a system of earths like ours." The sun is an old Platonist like Emerson that must set before Thoreau's true sun can rise; it is menaced by every variety of mist, haze, smoke, and darkness; it is Thoreau's brother; it is both his own cold affection and the threat of sensuality that would corrupt goodness as it taints meat; it is himself in a pun on s-o-n, s-u-n.

When Abolitionism becomes a nagging demand Thoreau can no longer resist, a Negro woman is a dusky orb rising on Concord, and when John Brown finally strikes his blow for Thoreau the sun shines on him, and he works "in the clearest light that shines on the land." The final announcement of Thoreau's triumphant rebirth at Walden is the sun breaking through mists. It is not to our purpose here to explore the deep and complex ambiguities of Thoreau's sun symbol, or in fact to do more than note a few of many contexts, but no one can study the sun references in *Walden* without realizing that Thoreau is a deeper and more complicated writer than we have been told, and that the book is essentially dynamic rather than static, a movement *from* something *to* something, rather than simple reporting of an experience.

Walden is, in fact, a vast rebirth ritual, the purest and most complete in our literature. We know rebirth rituals to operate characteristically by means of fire, ice or decay, mountains and pits, but we are staggered by the amount and variety of these in the book. We see Thoreau build his shanty of boards he has first purified in the sun, record approvingly an Indian purification ritual of burning all the tribe's old belongings and provisions, and later go off into a description of the way he is cleansed and renewed by his own fireplace. We see him note the magic purity of the ice on Walden Pond, the fact that frozen water never turns stale, and the rebirth involved when the ice breaks up, all sins are forgiven, and "Walden was dead and is alive again." We see him exploring every phase and type of decay: rotting ice, decaying trees, moldy pitch pine and rotten wood, excrement, maggots, a vulture feeding on a dead horse, carrion, tainted meat, and putrid water.

The whole of *Walden* runs to symbols of graves and coffins, with consequent rising from them, to wombs and emergence from them, and ends on the fable of a live insect resurrected from an egg long buried in wood. Each day at Walden Thoreau was reborn by his bath in the pond, a religious exercise he says he took for purification and renewal, and the whole two years and two months he compresses into the cycle of a year, to frame the book on the basic rebirth pattern of the death and renewal of vegetation, ending it with the magical emergence of spring.

On the thread of decay and rebirth Thoreau strings all his preoccupations. Meat is a symbol of evil, sensuality; its tainting symbolizes goodness and affection corrupted; the shameful defilement of chastity smells like carrion (in which he agreed with Shakespeare); the eating of meat causes slavery and unjust war. (Thoreau, who was a vegetarian, sometimes felt so wild he was tempted to seize and devour a woodchuck raw, or yearned like a savage for the raw marrow of kudus — those were the periods when he wanted to seize the world by the neck and hold it under water like a dog until it drowned.)

But even slavery and injustice are a decaying and a death, and Thoreau concludes *Slavery in Massachusetts* with: "We do not complain that they *live*, but that they do not *get buried*. Let the living bury them; even they are good for manure." Always, in Thoreau's imagery, what this rotting meat will fertilize is fruit, ripe fruit. It is his chief good. He wanted "the flower and fruit of man," the "ripeness." The perfect and glorious state he foresees will bear men as fruit, suffering them to drop off as they ripen; John Brown's heroism is a good seed that will bear good fruit, a future crop of heroes. Just as Brown, in one of the most terrifying puns ever written, was "ripe" for the gallows, Thoreau reports after writing *Civil Disobedience*, as he dwells on action and wildness, that he feels ripe, fertile: "It is seedtime with me. I have lain fallow long enough." On the metaphor of the organic process of birth, growth, decay, and rebirth out of decay, Thoreau organizes his whole life and experience.

I have maintained that *Walden* is a dynamic process, a job of symbolic action, a moving *from* something *to* something. From what to what? On an abstract level, from individual isolation to collective identification — from, in Macaulay's terms, a Platonic philosophy of pure truth to a Baconian philosophy of use. It is interesting to note that the term Bacon used for the utilitarian ends of knowledge, for the relief of man's estate, is "fruit." The Thoreau who went to Walden was a pure Platonist, a man who could review a Utopian book and announce that it was too practical, that its chief fault was aiming "to secure the greatest degree of gross comfort and pleasure merely." The man who left Walden was the man who thought it was less important for John Brown to right a Greek accent slanting the wrong way than to right a falling slave.

Early in the book Thoreau gives us his famous Platonic myth of having long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove. Before he is through,

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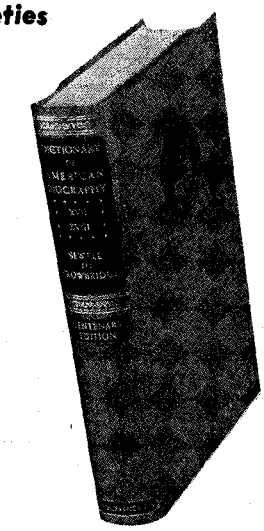

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his symbolic quest is for a human being, and near the end of the book he reports of a hunter: "He had lost a dog but found a man." All through *Walden* he weighs Platonic and Baconian values: men keep chickens for the glorious sound of a crowing cock "to say nothing of the eggs and drumsticks"; a well reminds a man of the insignificance of his dry pursuits on a surface largely water, and also keeps the butter cool. By the end of the book he has brought Transcendentalism down to earth, has taken Emerson's castles in the air, to use his own figure, and built foundations under them.

3

THOREAU'S political value, for us, is largely in terms of this transition from philosophic aloofness. We see in him the honest artist struggling for terms on which he can adjust to society *in his capacity as artist.* As might be expected from such a process, Thoreau's social statements are full of contradictions, and quotations can be amputated from the context of his work to bolster any position from absolute anarchism to ultimate toryism, if indeed they are very far apart. At his worst, he is simply a nut reformer, one of the horde in his period, attempting to "improve" an Irish neighbor by lecturing him on abstinence from tea, coffee, and meat as the solution to all his problems, and the passage in *Walden* describing his experience is the most condescending and offensive in a sometimes infuriating book. At his best, he is the clearest voice for social ethics that ever spoke out in America.

One of the inevitable consequences of Emersonian idealism was the ease with which it could be used to sugar-coat social injustice, as a later generation was to discover when it saw robber barons piling up fortunes while intoning Emersonian slogans of Self-Reliance and Compensation. If the Lowell factory owner was more enslaved than one of his child laborers, there was little point in seeking to improve the lot of the child laborer, and frequently Emerson seemed to be preaching a principle that would forbid both the rich and the poor to sleep under bridges. Thoreau begins *Walden* in these terms, remarking that it is frivolous to attend to "the gross but somewhat foreign form of servitude called Negro Slavery when there are so many keen and subtle masters that enslave"; that the rich are a "seemingly wealthy, but most terribly impoverished class of all," since they are fettered by their gold and silver; that the day laborer is more independent than his employer, since his day ends with sundown, while his employer has no respite from one year to another; even that if you give a ragged man money he will perhaps buy more rags with it, since he is frequently gross, with a taste for rags.

Against this ingenious and certainly unintentioned social palliation, *Walden* works through to sharp social criticism: of the New England textile factory system, whose object is, "not that mankind may be well and honestly clad, but, unquestionably, that the corporations may be enriched"; of the degradation of the laboring class of his time, "living in sties," shrunken in mind and body; of the worse condition of the Southern slaves; of the lack of dignity and privacy in the lives of factory girls, "never alone, hardly in their dreams"; of the human consequences of commerce and technology; of the greed and corruption of the money-mad New England of his day, seeing the whole world in the bright reflecting surface of a dollar.

As his bitterness and awareness increased, Thoreau's direct action became transmuted. He had always, like his friends and family, helped the Underground Railway run escaped slaves to Canada. He devotes a sentence to one such experience in *Walden*, and amplifies it in his *Journal*, turning a quiet and terrible irony on the man's attempt to buy his freedom from his master, who was his father, and exercised paternal love by holding out for more than the slave could pay. These actions, however, in a man who disliked Abolitionism, seem to have been simple reflexes of common decency, against his principles, which would free the slave first by striking off his spiritual chains.

From this view, Thoreau works tortuously through to his final identification of John Brown, the quintessence of direct social action, with all beauty, music, poetry, philosophy, and Christianity. Finally Brown becomes Christ, an indignant militant who cleansed the temple, preached radical doctrines, and was crucified by the slaveowners. In what amounts almost to worship of Brown, Thoreau both deifies the action he had tried to avoid and transcends it in passion. Brown died for him, thus he need free no more slaves.

At the same time, Thoreau fought his way through the Emersonian doctrine that a man might wash his hands of wrong, providing he did not himself commit it. He writes in *Civil Disobedience:* —

> It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous wrong; he may still properly have other concerns to engage him; but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and, if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support. If I devote myself to other pursuits and contemplations, I must first see, at least, that I do not pursue them sitting upon another man's shoulders. I must get off him first, that he may pursue his contemplations too.

Here he has recognized the fallacy of the Greek philosopher, free because he is supported by the labor of slaves, and the logic of this realization was to drive him, through the superiority and smugness of "God does not sympathize with the popular movements," and "I came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad," to the militant fury of "My thoughts are murder to the State, and involuntarily go plotting against her."

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Thoreau's progress also involved transcending his economics. The first chapter of *Walden*, entitled "Economy," is an elaborate attempt to justify his life and views in the money terms of New England commerce. He speaks of going to the woods as "going into business" on "slender capital," of his "enterprise"; gives the reader his "accounts," even to the halfpenny, of what he spends and what he takes in; talks of "buying dear," of "paying compound interest." He accepts the ledger principle, though he sneaks into the Credit category such unusual profits on his investment as "leisure and independence and health." His money metaphor begins to break down when he writes of the Massachusetts citizens who read of the unjust war against Mexico as sleepily as they read the prices-current, and he cries out: "What is the price-current of an honest man and patriot today?" By the time of the John Brown affair he has evolved two absolutely independent economies, a money economy and a moral economy. He writes: —

> "But he won't gain anything by it." Well, no, I don't suppose he could get four-and-sixpence a day for being hung, take the year round; but then he stands a chance to save a considerable part of his soul, — and *such* a soul! — when *you* do not. No doubt you can get more in your market for a quart of milk than for a quart of blood, but that is not the market that heroes carry their blood to.

What, then, can we make of this complicated social pattern? Following Emerson's doctrine and example, Thoreau was frequently freely inconsistent. One of his chief contradictions was on the matter of reforming the world through his example. He could disclaim hoping to influence anyone with "I do not mean to prescribe rules to strong and valiant natures" and then take it back immediately with "I foresee that all men will at length establish their lives on that basis." Certainly to us his hatred of technological progress, of the division of labor, even of farming with draft animals and fertilizer, is backward-looking and reactionary. Certainly he distrusted coöperative action and all organization. But the example of Jefferson reminds us that a man may be economically backward-looking and still be our noblest spokesman, just as Hamilton reminds us that a man may bring us reaction and injustice tied up in the bright tissue of economic progress.

To the doctrine of naked expediency so tempting to our time, the worship of power and success for which the James Burnhams among us speak so plausibly, Thoreau opposes only one weapon — principle. Not policy or expediency must be the test, but justice and principle. "Read not the Times, read the Eternities." *Walden* has been a bible for the British labor movement since the days of William Morris. We might wonder what the British Labor Party, now that it is in power, or the rest of us, in and out of power, who claim to speak for principle, would make of Thoreau's doctrine: "If I have unjustly wrested a plank from a drowning man, I must restore it to him though I drown myself."

4

All of this takes us far afield from what must be Thoreau's chief importance to us, his writing. The resources of his craft warrant our study. One of his most eloquent devices, typified by the crack about the Times and the Eternities, is a root use of words, resulting from his lifelong interest in language and etymology, fresh, shocking, and very close to the pun. We can see the etymological passion developing in the *Journal* notes that a "wild" man is actually a "willed" man, that our "fields" are "felled" woods. His early writings keep reminding us that a "saunterer" is going to a "Sainte Terre," a Holy Land; that three roads can make a village "trivial"; that when our center is outside us we are "eccentric"; that a "landlord" is literally a "lord of the land"; that he has been "breaking" silence for years and has hardly made a "rent" in it.

By the time he wrote *Walden* this habit had developed into one of his most characteristic ironic devices: the insistence that telling his townsmen about his life is not "impertinent" but "pertinent," that professors of philosophy are not philosophers, but people who "profess" it, that the "bent" of his genius is a very "crooked" one. In the *Plea for Captain John Brown* the device rises to a whiplash power. He says that Brown's "humanities" were the freeing of slaves, not the study of grammar; that a Board of Commissions is lumber of which he had only lately heard; of the Governor of Massachusetts: "He was no Governor of mine. He did not govern me." Sometimes these puns double and triple to permit him to pack a number of complex meanings into a single word, like the "dear" in "Living is so dear." The discord of goose-honk and owl-cry he hears by the pond becomes a "concord" that is at once musical harmony, his native town, and concord as "peace."

Closely related to these serious puns in Thoreau is a serious epigrammatic humor — wry, quotable lines which contain a good deal of meaning and tend to make their point by shifting linguistic levels. "Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk." To a man who threatened to plumb his depths: "I trust you will not strike your head against the bottom." "The partridge loves peas, but not those that go with her into the pot." On his habit of exaggeration: "You must speak loud to those who are hard of hearing."

He reported that the question he feared was not "How much wood did you burn?" but "What did you do while you were warm?" Dying, to someone who wanted to talk about the next world: "One world at a time"; and to another, who asked whether he had made his peace with God: "We have never quarrelled." When Emerson remarked that they

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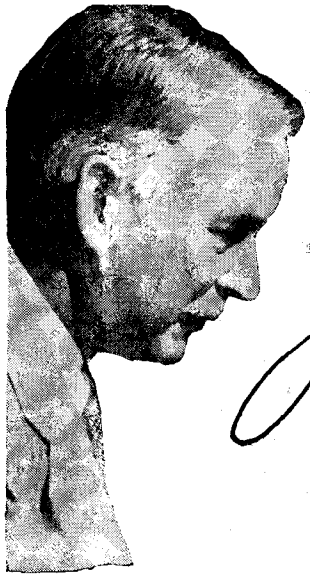

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taught all branches of learning at Harvard: "All of the branches and none of the roots." Refusing to pay a dollar for his Harvard diploma: "Let every sheep keep but his own skin." Asked to write for the *Ladies' Companion:* "I could not write anything companionable." Many of these are variants of the same joke, and in a few cases, the humor is sour and forced, like the definition of a pearl as "the hardened tear of a diseased clam, murdered in its old age," or a soldier as "a fool made conspicuous by a painted coat." But those are penalties any man who works for humor must occasionally pay, and Thoreau believed this "indispensable pledge of sanity" to be so important that without some leaven of it "the abstruse thinker may justly be suspected of mysticism, fanaticism or insanity." "Especially the transcendental philosophy needs the leaven of humor," he wrote, in what must go down as understatement.

Thoreau was perhaps more precise about his own style and more preoccupied generally with literary craft than any American writer except Henry James. He rewrote endlessly, not only, like James, for greater precision, but unlike James, for greater simplicity. "Simplify, Simplify, Simplify," he gave as the three cardinal principles of both life and art. Emerson had said of Montaigne: "Cut these words and they would bleed," and Thoreau's is perhaps the only American style in his century of which this is true. Criticizing De Quincey, he stated his own prose aesthetic, "the *art* of writing," demanding sentences that are concentrated and nutty, that suggest far more than they say, that are kinked and knotted into something hard and significant, to be swallowed like a diamond without digesting. "Sentences which are expensive, towards which so many volumes, so much life, went; which lie like boulders on the page, up and down or across; which contain the seed of other sentences, not mere repetition, but creation; which a man might sell his grounds and castles to build."

In another place he notes that writing must be done with gusto, must be vascular. A sense of Thoreau's preoccupation with craft comes with noting that when he lists "My faults" in the *Journal*, all seven of them turn out to be of his prose style. Writing for Thoreau was so obsessive, so vital a physical process, that at various times he describes it in the imagery of eating, procreation, excretion, mystic trance, and even his old favorite, the tree bearing ripe fruit. An anthology of Thoreau's passages on the art of writing would be as worth compiling as Henry James's prefaces and certainly as useful to both the writer and the reader.

Thoreau's somewhat granite pride and aloofness are at their most appealing, and very like James Joyce's, when he is defending his manuscripts against editorial bowdlerizing, when he stands as the embattled writer aginst the phalanx of cowardice and stupidity. He fought Emerson and Margaret Fuller on a line in one of his poems they printed in the *Dial*, and won. When the editor of *Putnam's Monthly* cut passages from an article, Thoreau wrote to a friend: "The editor requires the liberty to omit the heresies without consulting me, a privilege California is not rich enough to bid for," and withdrew the series. His letter to Lowell, the editor of the *Atlantic*, when Lowell cut a "pantheistic" sentence out of cowardice, is a masterpiece of bitter fury, withering Lowell like a premature bud in a blast.

Henry Thoreau's and John Brown's personalities were as different as any two personalities can be; one the gentle, rather shy scholar who took children huckleberrying, the other the harsh military Puritan who could murder the children of slavers in cold blood on the Potawatomie, with the fearful statement: "Nits grow to be lice." Almost the only things they had in common, that made Thoreau perceive that Brown was his man, his ideas in action, almost his Redeemer, were principle and literary style. Just as writers in our own day were drawn to Sacco and Vanzetti perhaps as much for the majesty of Vanzetti's untutored prose as for the obvious justice of their case, Thoreau somehow found the most convincing thing about Brown to be his speech to the court. At the end of his *Plea* he quotes Brown's "sweet and noble strain": —

> I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them; that is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge, or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you, and as precious in the sight of God.

adding only: "You don't know your testament when you see it."

"This unlettered man's speaking and writing are standard English," he writes in another paper on Brown. "It suggests that the one great rule of composition — and if I were a professor of rhetoric I should insist on this — is, to *speak the truth.*" It was certainly Thoreau's great rule of composition. "He was a speaker and actor of the truth," Emerson said in his obituary of Thoreau. We have never had too many of those. He was also, perhaps as a consequence, a very great writer. We have never had too many of those, either.

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THE death of H. G. Wells is the loss of a mind brilliant, fearless, and prophetic. This little cockney, trained (and imprisoned) as a draper's apprentice and educated with such prodigious energy, rose to be one of the most representative of British authors. With Masefield, Conrad, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Bennett he wrote for the Anglo-American world: his books were as much at home on this side of the water as in England. As Kipling spoke for the Empire and in stories like *The Man Who Was* foreshadowed the Churchillian suspicion of Russia, so Wells spoke for Britain in the calm before the storm. Both Kipling and Wells looked down the muzzle of the gun, knowing it was loaded, but it was Wells who, in books we refused to take seriously, foresaw the death-dealing of the two world wars and who imagined national suicide carried to its irresistible conclusion.

From a friend of Mr. Wells and one of the most eloquent elders in England today, H. M. Tomlinson, comes this letter which I take the liberty of quoting both for its beauty and for the light it sheds on Anglo-American literature: —

DEAR TED: —

I took your letter, all so friendly, to Bideford in Devon, to reread, and to answer from there; but that land of Amyas Leigh and Salvation Yeo (I suppose you have read Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*) is so still and sleepy a place, and yet with a light of so bright a quality, as if it had more of the original virtue and genesis and innocence, that I did no writing at all. (Yes, one piece — a word to the memory of H. G. Wells for the Society of Authors magazine, for he was an old friend of mine as well as a great man.) His going, which was expected, left an awful emptiness of horizon; so I was left to stare at some familiar scenes I have put into *Old Junk* and *Gifts of Fortune*, and brood on the past, and on change, and progress. The light of Bideford Bay is just as it was before America was discovered, or the Armada fought; but I am older; and Wells is dead.

My wife was with me. We spent our honeymoon at Appledore, below Bideford, at the mouth of the Torridge, and once more we sat on the stern-board of the *Mona* (that craft sails in *Old Junk*) with Yeo himself handling the main sheet, as he did over forty years ago; and the lapping of the water under her prow was as if I could hear the past. Nevertheless, there the rusting landing craft of the late war were lying up, on the sands of a falling tide, and Yeo once removed his pipe to remark that if "They" don't renounce the atomic bomb, "They" will use it again. "The only way to get rid of the next war," he said, through his pipe, which he wears habitually, "is to jettison now the means to make it." He always was a wise old bird.

I wish you had been with us. I'd have shown you something for your eye. Not that I haven't wished also that I had been with you and your son catching trout at Beverly, and by the Penobscot with you and David (my love to him, too). Though how America will ever be seen again with these eyes, and prices and visas what they are, is past thinking of, I'm afraid. The greater the speed of facilities of travel in this Age of Science, the less we can move about. Another victory in a war for freedom and we shall all be slaves, as a Frenchman recently remarked.

And yet there is much I want to say and to ask of you. Like others here — I mean writers — I am completely puzzled by contemporary literary opinion in America. I can't make out why this and that is admired on your side; and why what once was the accepted standard — here and with you — is now, apparently, in the everlasting discard. I think most American readers must be unconscious that anything has happened, yet that their standard has ceased to be anything like the one we still hold is causing us as much perplexity as Russia's view of

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democracy. I could give you instances (gathered mainly from the reviews and quotations in a famous American monthly, but not the *Atlantic*) though I will not. Something, anyhow, has happened on your side, to the art of writing, and to the values that one ought to look for in a book; and I am curious, and want to hear you speak about it. I say, *hear* you.

Have you noticed that no contemporary Britisher now sells his book on your side, except one name or two, or three or so, that we over here know what to think about and how to place? Not that this matters much to me personally, except that I had been hoping that the last time I was in Boston was not the last time. Still, it does matter to English letters. It does matter to our cultural relationships; we ought not, in art, to puzzle each other. After all, Whitman did not puzzle London when he yawped. There was some rejoicing over here. Is it the new era of Hollywood, and bulk productions? Is that it? Once again the machines, the technologists, or the promoters, to even the undoing of art? Well, I suppose we must expect it.

I read this week a long inquisitive interview with that man, now on a visit to London, who, it appears, bosses the censorship of films in California — an unofficial censorship, except that the producers themselves are its employers — and his views of what's what, and of virtue, and the real right thing in letters, had to be read to be believed. Even so, I should have supposed the interviewer was not quite just to that man, except that his portrait went with the printed matter. That convinced me. There *was* such a man, and such opinions of supreme authority where writing is concerned. O God, O Nature! There it is. I don't like this New Age. In fact, I hate it. If it isn't the devil's work, then it isn't anything like the Divine Purpose I have innocently accepted as vital to our direction in all we do. Bless you!

TOMMY

Is it true then that our worlds are growing apart? Here is one way to test the question. During the First World War approximately 30 per cent of the *Atlantic's* content came from British writers and there were issues in which they outnumbered the American contributors. But in the years 1940–1945 our contributions from Britain seldom ran higher than 15 per cent of our total. This decline in our intercourse was a direct result of the Island's exposure: the intensity of war work and the hammer blows of the Luftwaffe left little time or place for creative writing. Men too old for the uniform could find no sanctuary comparable to that which enabled, which even stimulated, Galsworthy, Wells and Co. to do their best from 1914 to 1918. The sharp decline in the quality and number of British manuscripts was a direct result of Göring's censorship.

Where there was so much fortitude, there was bound to be some good writing, however sparse: Laurence Binyon's poems, Tomlinson's essays, and Churchill's speeches, which denounced the blitz with Elizabethan spirit; Rebecca West's *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, which appeared in 1941; the novels of Arthur Koestler, the European exile, and Howard Spring, the Midlander; the versatile and ironic autobiography of Sir Osbert Sitwell, the *Four Quartets* of T. S. Eliot.

The new reciprocity

What Mr. Tomlinson overlooks is the new reciprocity which continued to flow across the Atlantic despite Göring's censorship. Books were a very real part of Lend-Lease to Britain, and American authors — Marquand, Steinbeck, Hemingway, Robert Frost, Rawlings, Walter Edmonds — brought a fresh quality to a hungry market and helped to compensate for the shortage of war. A novel like *For Whom the Bell Tolls* could not be kept in print; there was not enough paper to satisfy the demand. By 1943, 37 per cent of the new books read in Great Britain came from this side of the Atlantic.

This two-way traffic was increased by the work of those British writers who had taken refuge in America: Somerset Maugham has written three books during his stay, one of them, *The Razor's Edge*, immensely popular; C. S. Forester, Aldous Huxley, James Hilton, and Christopher Isherwood all put their roots down in California, where the air seems salubrious for their prose. In Maine, A. J. Cronin finds a climate not unlike his native Scotland. And in the vibration of New York City, W. H. Auden has found himself at home.

I should be surprised if this reciprocity would not increase in the year ahead. Certainly we on this side are as keen to reappraise those British talents which are reasserting themselves after five years' silence as London will be to reappraise the new Eugene O'Neill. We have marked, and for my part applauded, the greater depth discernible in those first post-war novels, *Brideshead Revisited* by Evelyn Waugh, and *Interim* by R. C. Hutchinson. Now comes J. B. Priestley, and at the turn of the year there is the promise of a new book by Geoffrey Household. Surely there is a standard of comparison here which does not leave us poles apart.

The golden days

Bright Day is the first novel in several years to which **J. B. Priestley** has given his undivided energy, and the story shows it: in its versatility and its pen portraits as in its humor and descriptions of the West Riding, it is, I think, quite the best narrative we have had from him since *The Good Companions*.

Bright Day is the story of two worlds: it begins in the present, in the Royal Ocean Hotel on the Cornish coast, where Gregory Dawson, a successful scenario writer, has withdrawn to put the finishing touches to the script for his big new picture, *The Lady Hits Back*. It shifts to the other world as a chance meeting in the hotel sends Gregory's mind back across two world

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wars to the golden age of 1912, to the Yorkshire which he had known as a boy of eighteen when in love with life and half in love with any one of the Alington sisters.

As he walks for thought or sits cooling his mind after the night's work on the script, Gregory invites and enlarges upon his memory of Bruddersford, where he had lived with his aunt and uncle, where he had been apprenticed in the wool trade, where in Gladstone Hall he had heard his first good music, and where eagerly, step by step, he had been drawn into the enchanted circle of the Alington family. Because his own parents were dead and because his Aunt Hilda was a person of small maladies and many symptoms, the Alingtons, with their books and their boisterousness, their love of music and of the fells, were singularly magnetic for this lonely apprentice who wanted to write.

One gathers that the fate of this happy family shaped and to a degree sealed his own career, and early in the story one begins to guess as to which of the daughters was responsible: Bridget with her fury and her violin; Eva, the golden smiling girl; or dark-browed Joan, the eldest. The reverie flows on in the intervals of Gregory's work on the new film, and when Elizabeth Earl, the American star who is to play the lead, and George Adony descend on him, the story which has been projected as a long golden passage of introspection begins to catch up to the present and to bump hard against the cold blank wall of our atomic indecision. We measure the cool, self-contained, knowledgeable Englishman against the fresh and inquisitive youngster he once was. We begin to understand why he is loveless and childless, why he has never completely committed himself either to Elizabeth or to the highly paid craftsmanship for which he has lost his appetite.

There is a pinch of Dickens in the Yorkshire mustard with which Mr. Priestley flavors his pages. Certainly he is a master of the thumbnail sketch, the flash-portrait which shows us a minor character in half a page so that we remember him in that sharp light throughout the book. In his drawing of Uncle Miles, of Mr. Alington and Mr. Ackworth, of Bridget and Old Sam, of Mr. Peckel and the Nixeys — to name but a few — Mr. Priestley has given us the unmistakable touch of vitality. But Gregory is the chief person who emerges from the flat, and very skillful is the contrast between his credulous, impetuous youth and the stale, cold isolation from which he seeks to escape at the end.

It seems to me no mere coincidence that in the three best novels we have had from Britain since the war, *Brideshead Revisited*, *Interim*, and now *Bright Day*, in each case the author has told his story largely in introspection, told it pensively and as if in lament for the golden age that is gone.

New York: Above and below stairs

When he was in college, it was anyone's guess whether **John Mason Brown** would prove himself an actor, a teacher, an author, or a critic. All four careers beckoned and continued to beckon during his early years on Broadway. He compromised by acting and teaching on the lecture platform and by shaping his books about the American Theater as it came of age. The war added strength and firmness to his style and opinion, as we find in his new book, ***Seeing Things***, a collection of essays, biographical and critical, which are as bright, as nimble, and as attractive as his conversation.

Mr. Brown is one of the fastest talkers I have ever listened to, and certainly one of the wittiest. He has a habit, when lecturing, of bracing his right hand at the back of his head as if to speed up his volubility by sheer pressure. Something of this mannerism carries over into his prose. At their best his figures of speech and his phrase-making are spontaneous and irresistible. Alec Woollcott, he says, "stood out like a flamingo in a flock of sparrows. . . . Though admirably equipped to think, Woollcott preferred to feel. . . . He was contented with the chops of literature, sometimes the scrapple, occasionally the tripe." All of this is witty, but I feel the forcing in the last phrase. And when he goes on to say that "the ribbon on his [Woollcott's] typewriter remained dipped in grease paint. He never touched life without rouging it," my back goes up and I begin to brace myself against the excess.

Mr. Brown is at his happiest in the three papers on Parents and Children which open the book. He is most genial in his appreciation of Shaw, Ernie Pyle, Addison, Laurence Olivier, and Kit Cornell overseas, and he is very effective when he comes down hard on Noel Coward's fatuous Diary from the Middle East ("Mr. Coward succeeds chiefly in reaching for an Old School Tie which is not his and hanging himself with it"). Mr. Brown would rather like than criticize, and it is very pleasant to bask and chuckle in the sunny Southern hospitality of his praise. I hope I am not being unfriendly if I suggest that *Seeing Things* would have been a better book had its editor pointed out certain obvious repetitions and those conversational excesses in which the author overreaches himself. For it is a pity to mar the spontaneity of a very spontaneous man.

Ludwig Bemelmans comes naturally by his knowledge of hotels and that elect foreign race that runs them. He was born, he tells us, in a small hotel in Meran in the Austrian Tyrol, reared, and happily reared, in his grandfather's beer garden and restaurant in Regensburg. Fortunately for us, his German schooling did not take; and when he came to this country in 1914, it was as a rebellious and open-minded boy just old enough to serve as a novice in the dining room of what he calls in his autobiographical essays the Hotel Splendide. For three years he worked in that caravansary, adding to his knowledge of exquisite foods, eccentric chefs, and vulgar patrons. Then he went off to the First World War to complete his education as an American and to

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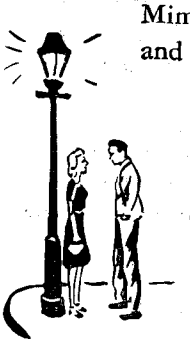

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gather the experiences for his first piece of writing, *My War with the United States*. Since then he has run his own restaurant, proved himself a success in Hollywood, and in books like *I Love You, I Love You, I Love You*, and now ***Hotel Bemelmans***, he has established himself as the connoisseur par excellence of what goes on in the night club, the main dining room, and behind the swinging door.

Into the chapters of *Hotel Bemelmans* he has poured the money, the vulgarity, the nervousness, the smell, and the exquisite frou-frou characteristic of any good hot spot; also the human nature, which from head-waiter to scullery boy is as highly individual as a circus troop. In sketches like the waiters' outing ("Mr. Sigsag Goes to Sea") or the birthday party at the Cocofinger Palace Hotel ("No Trouble at All"), the scene is compellingly funny. His comedy is so unerring that not till the second meeting does one spot the subtlety, the precision, and the depth of the writing. Here is an aspect of New York we have all felt and seen but never so truly identified.

Folding up the rod

The time has come to store the rods for the winter, to hang up the tips with the hope of straightening out the set (was it put there by that big bull bass on South Branch Lake, or is it the result of trolling that Rangeley spinner?); yes, the time has come to unscrew and oil the reels and to replenish the fly box, a pleasantly dreamy occupation for a cold and rainy November day.

Among my leaders (of which I have all too few) is one of real gut sent to me with this delightful note from a new-found friend in Hammond, Indiana: —

Dear Mr. Weeks: —

In your Peripatetic Reviewer for September, you write concerning nylon leaders. Your troubles sound in me a sympathetic chord. I, too, have attempted to tie a fly upon an animated nylon leader, seeing Browns arise all around and finding all my fingers were thumbs. Nay more. When I have tied this beast and cast it out, notwithstanding liberal application of mud, saliva, leader soak, and invective, I find that it lies on the water like a disappointed alarm clock spring and casts a shadow that would scare a blind alligator.

Furthermore, when the rise is far off and I have carefully stalked it, a long back cast always attaches itself in the top of the tallest spruce tree. If it is a nylon leader, jerk it vigorously and hope and pray that all of the leader stays with the fly. For under such circumstances there is no temptation to save the leader that is left, and it is then that the good old Spanish gut leader, put away for such a special occasion and properly soaked, should be tied on the line.

After this year's season had closed, I stopped in a little hardware store in Michigan and found a half-dozen gut leaders. I am enclosing in this letter one of them, so that you, when that occasion comes, may not be compelled to fight the animation and the shadows of nylon.

Sincerely in the name of Izaak Walton, I am
Yours very truly,
Glenn D. Peters

Judging from the number of licenses sold, 50 per cent more people went fishing this year than at any time during the war. This is hard on the fish. If the pressure continues, our brooks and lakes are going to be disappointingly free of population. As Henry Moore of the *Boston Herald* truthfully says, "The fish and game supply and the amount and suitability of soil and water that support it are both shrinking." For those who love fishing or shooting in the near woods just beyond the back yard, there is only one solution. Urge the State Hatcheries to go forward with their plans for rearing, stocking, and for refuge, and meantime join that club which has been proposed by Mrs. Helen Bigelow of Springfield, Massachusetts. It is known as the "One Was Allowed to Get Away Club." To be eligible for membership you have to sign a pledge that on each fishing (or hunting) trip, you will spare one good fish, bird, or animal each time you go out, for somebody else to take — or spare too. Club members will wear a blue and gold shoulder patch on their hunting or fishing jacket, and their pledges are to be sent to Len Bigelow, the outdoor editor of the *Springfield Republican*, or to Henry Moore of the *Boston Herald-Traveler*. Well, why not?

TENORS ARE DIFFERENT

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

While others in these columns occupy themselves with beautiful letters, novels, histories, and biographies, it is becoming more and more my happy duty to pay tribute to those works which are calculated by their authors to bring wisdom and more gracious living to large sections of the human race. Such messages of help and hope are by no means confined to the practical arts of living — how to be healthy and rich, how to pick a mate and divorce same, how to make friends and use them, and other similarly useful hints; they also bring to our enormous reading public the opportunity to absorb the arts and sciences painlessly and in a pure form.

In this connection, it is my privilege to pay due homage to the firm of Simon and Schuster. Some years ago, one recalls, they made it possible for the American public to become familiar with Art through the publication of *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*. Many good Americans have neither the time, the money, nor perhaps the inclination to saunter through the galleries of Europe and America. *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces* made it unnecessary for them to do so. It brought part, at least, of the

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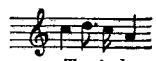
galleries to them and told them — in part — what to think about the samples offered. Now Simon and Schuster have done a similar service for the potential American music-lover. Instead of insisting that he should spend his savings and his hard-won leisure attending grand operas, or even in listening to rare opera records, they have brought opera to him. Having dusted off their magic wand and waved it in the face of a million or so juke boxes, they now offer to an eager public *A Treasury of Grand Opera*, edited by Henry W. Simon, price $5.00 — and very cheap at the price. This fine volume, bound in a limp cover for the convenience of the pianist, and very attractively illustrated in color and black and white, contains over 300 pages of musical text, covering the principal overtures, arias, duets, and other numbers from the operas *Don Giovanni*, *Lohengrin*, *La Traviata*, *Faust*, *Aïda*, *Carmen*, and *Pagliacci*. It explains the plot or story of each opera coherently — no mean feat — and offers both the original text and translations into English which can be easily understood.

The outstanding merit of this volume, however, is that these operatic pieces have been presented with simple, ingenious piano accompaniments and that "the vocal line is given separately, and when the range is too high for the average drawing-room singer, the numbers are transposed to a lower key." In this easy fashion, Grand Opera is introduced into the American Home, wherever that Grand Old Institution, plus a piano, still exists.

The more timid of our citizenry may view with alarm this possible invasion of the hearth. They may conjure up a sound-picture of Grandma singing and dancing Carmen's number — you know, the one with the typical Spanish refrain "La-la-la-lá, la-la-la-lá," and fear the morbid effect such an aria might have on a young or, for that matter, an unborn child who happened to be present. They might well dread the hours dedicated to hearing Cousin Henry's diabolic laughter as he interprets Mephistopheles to the family circle, particularly the passage where he "ranges over three whole octaves of demoniac *ha-has*" — or tries to.

A careful study of this volume convinces me that such fears are almost groundless. The family *as a whole* will be quite incapable of rendering these vocal selections. The range required, in spite of transposition, is too great. Only the talented member of the family — the one, male or female, who *sings* — will be competent to present them, and every family knows, or should know, what measures to take in that event.

Indeed, if I were to make one criticism of this really admirable book, it would be that, although concessions have been made to the drawing-room singer, far too little consideration has been given to that backbone of American vocalization, the Man-Who-Sings-in-His-Bath. Perhaps the reader will allow me to cite my own situation as a case in point. The possessor of a fine, resonant voice which varies with the seasons, from a *basso cantante* to a baritone *robusto*, I find that my repertoire is limited by the fact that few arias in grand opera are written for my particular range. It is true that this range itself is limited. From to my singing leaves little or nothing to be desired. Sometimes on a warm evening in the spring of the year, when the bullfrogs are booming, I can achieve a very creditable . Anything lower than that — under any climatic circumstance — has a tendency to sound like a rather disorganized whispering campaign. On the other hand, I can occasionally, when the bathroom is filled with steam, reach without discomfort. In fact, sometimes when I am aiming at , I hit without meaning to, and vice versa.

But notwithstanding these abnormal extensions of my range, it is indisputable that my voice, good as it is, lacks vehicles for its best employment, particularly operatic vehicles. My fellow baritones will bear me out that, in leaving the Toreador's song from *Carmen* in its *original key*, the editor of the *Treasury* has played us a scurvy trick. He actually begins our chorus — we usually pass up the dull preceding passages which are only suitable for foreign mountebank singers — with  *Toréador* — which leaves us with nothing to sing except the single syllable *dor*. Ordinarily, of course, we do our own transposing, and our rendering, beginning with *Tor*, goes: —

"To-ré-a-dor! Tra la, To-ré-a-dor! To-ré-a-dor!"

(The final *dor* in this line is usually indicated by a facial expression rather than a musical sound.)

"Traa, la la la la la la, Boom, Boom, Boom, Tra la
La la la la, To-ré-a-dor, La la Boom!
To-ré-a-dor! To-ré-a-dor!"

It matters little that we are now provided with the words, both in French and English, if we are obliged to mouth them in an unnatural falsetto.

Or take another of my favorites: "Celeste Aïda." Mr. Simon has kindly altered the original and highly unpleasant key of B-flat to G, but where does that leave us? Frankly, utterly unable to complete our best — and often our only selections from Radamès' solo — I refer, of course, to the first four bars: —

Ce-le-ste A-i-da, for-ma di-vi-na.

Even if we illustrate these lovely lines with appropriate hourglass gestures, we are desperately handicapped by the brutal fact that the *da* of *A-i-da* and the *na* of *di-vi-na* are both supposed to be . Frankly, Mr. Simon, this will not do. To hit that note, really hit it, we need oxygen. Per-

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As He Saw It

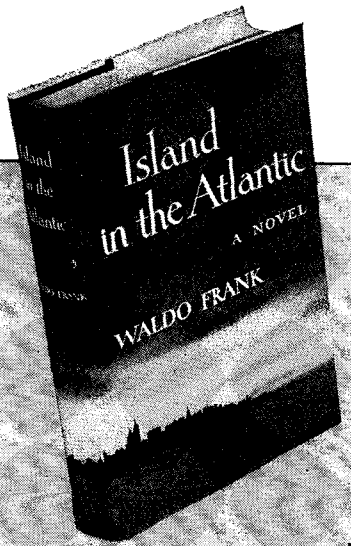
BY ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT

"Elliott has written no mere filial memoir of his father . . . His book about his father is loaded with dynamite. Some will question the good taste of some of the disclosures which he makes . . . But if the book seems sometimes indiscreet, it seems always history on its most intimate level. Nobody who starts it will fail to finish it. Politicians and historians may violently quarrel over it but neither politicians nor historians will ever be able to disregard it."—Jonathan Daniels, *Saturday Review of Literature*. $3.00

As He Saw It

THE STORY OF THE WORLD CONFERENCES OF FDR

by Elliott Roosevelt



ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC

by Waldo Frank

"A novel on the grand scale, rich in events, scenes, and characters."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. It is a story of New York in its most colorful, most exciting era—the changing scene of New York through fifty years of its flowering.

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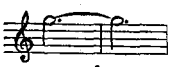
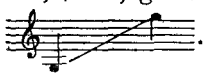
sonally, I would feel the altitude like a too, too elevated flagpole sitter. I need make no further comment on this arrangement other than to point out that the solo — if continued, would end thus:  — with the entirely unnecessary notation above the musical text: "*dying away.*"

sol

What does Mr. Simon think we are? Coloratura sopranos?

I am well aware that there is another school of thought as to desirable ranges for different voices. Mr. Ralph M. Brown in *The Singing Voice* (Macmillan, $2.50) gives the "safe" range for a baritone as  . In this we do not see eye to eye; I know many baritones for whom this range would be virtual suicide. Otherwise I commend Mr. Brown's helpful book to my fellow musicians. It is filled with information, often couched in epigrammatic form. Thus we read: —

> The mature female cords are approximately five-twelfths of an inch long, and vibrate from considerably less than two hundred to much over eight hundred times a second. This is roughly twice as fast as the male cords vibrate. The average male cords are approximately seven-twelfths of an inch in length. A tenor's cords may be longer than those of a bass.

After this informative introduction, Mr. Brown advises the singer: "There is a slightly humorous but quite respectworthy saying: 'Get on the cords and stay there.'"

Ah, yes, but how?

Our author quotes from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to illustrate the difficulty of explaining what goes on inside the singer's gullet when he goes from low to high: "There is a remarkable diversity of opinion as to what happens in the larynx when the voice passes through the various registers." This is true. Mr. Brown is entitled to his opinions and I to mine. It is my contention and that of my school of *bassi robusti* that nothing happens to our larynxes, because we calmly refuse to change from our natural register to an artificial one, either higher or lower. Our voices may be muffled by sponge or towel, or our attention diverted by soap in the eye, but we never cross that point of transition between registers which "three hundred years ago Italian singing teachers termed *il ponticello*, the little bridge."

In spite of the criticisms which, on behalf of Bathroom Baritones, I have felt it my duty to put on the record, these two books may be heartily recommended to amateur musicians and singers. Mr. Brown tells us not only about the singing voice, but about singers. "The lyric soprano is not always at first easy to diagnose," he says. And he sounds a note of warning about mezzo-contraltos who have warm and sympathetic voices: "One may perhaps be pardoned seeming lack of gallantry, if he warns a young instructor against being led astray as to the kind and gentle nature of the fortunate possessor of this voice." As for tenors, they are something else again: "A tenor is essentially different in nervous sensitiveness, energy, and reactions of mind and body, from a baritone or a bass." It is certainly true that relatively few tenors excel as bathroom singers. They are different.

Even those of us who take our opera in a very calm, relaxed way, will find pleasure in Mr. Simon's knowledgeable and pointed comments. Some of the perplexing moments like the one in *Aïda* when eighteen vocal lines are being rendered simultaneously are now made strangely clear. That *basso profundo*, upstage left, gesturing toward the hilt of his sword, who is seen, but not really heard, making *Oompah! Oompah!* noises through his beard, now takes on a rational significance.

I hope that another *Treasury* will be published in the near future to bring more operas to our homes. I am still terribly confused by *Rosenkavalier*.

WHAT'S YOUR CHILD READING?

JANE COBB *and* HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

YES, we know. You have made every effort to give your child the proper reverence for the finer things in life, yet there he is, flat on his stomach, reading *Superman*. And the comic book has been so universally denounced! Writers, teachers, and lecturers have viewed it with such alarm that it is rapidly approaching the status of marijuana cigarettes. The consensus is that if your child doesn't care for Gibbon, the least he can do is to occupy himself with one of the 600 or more "good" juveniles which are published yearly.

We have read 140 juveniles from the list for autumn publication and, with a few exceptions, we are all out for *Superman*.

These new books, particularly the ones for children of six and over, are nicely printed and illustrated. They are full of information — historical, geographical, and ethical. They are written with conscientious correctness and no inspiration. They are dull. They preach. They patronize the child as if he were a being from another planet, imposing information upon him without offering him entertainment, stimulus for his imagination, or any experience that he yearns to share.

The truly great children's books — *Huckleberry Finn*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Kim*, *Little Women*, *The Wind in the Willows*, *Treasure Island*, *The Jungle Books* — have a joyous rapport between author and reader which is lacking in these informative books whose object seems to be belligerent instruction rather than entertainment. It is hardly surprising, therefore, if your child, surfeited with instruction both at home and at school, puts aside a trumped-up

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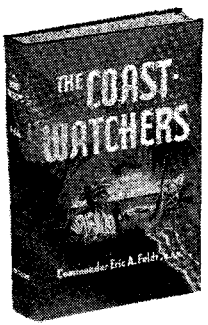
The Coastwatchers



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story of life in Tierra del Fuego, and turns to *Terry and the Pirates*. Whatever may be said of the comic artists, they do not patronize their public. Neither did Lewis Carroll.

This concerted effort to make every child a Quiz Kid has another unfortunate effect; it has curtailed to a surprising degree any attempt to write entertaining stories about children in present-day America. Juvenile authors rush to turn out stories of Mexican children, French children, English children, Chinese children, Hindu children, children in Ancient Rome, children in the California gold rush, the War of 1812, the Revolution. Only 32 of the 140 books we read have settings in the United States, and of the 32 a meager 14 concern themselves with America today. It seems impossible to get the average juvenile writer past the turn of the century.

There are, of course, extensive lists of cheap juveniles — stories of camp and school life, or mystery stories, but they read like vague imitations of the Rover Boys. Good writers, with a few exceptions, tend to shun school life as unworthy of their talents. They forget Ralph Henry Barbour. So the young reader is denied the chance to enrich his own life by reading about it, and facts, externally applied, are no substitute for the warm glow which comes from having his own experience reaffirmed.

We have selected for review those books which we consider exceptional. They are literate, informed, even instructive, and the authors have paid their readers the compliment of endeavoring to arouse and hold interest, to present well-rounded characters, and to compose dialogue which is neither stilted, stuffy, nor loaded with outdated slang. We do not think these books will be dropped in favor of *Superman*.

For Very Little Children

Books for the one-to-fivers are becoming increasingly delightful, and the credit, frankly, belongs to the artists, who seem to be outdoing themselves. You will be quite safe in choosing any which appeal to you. If in doubt, select from the age group below that of the child for whom you are buying.

We have not, in our present list, discovered any outstanding character — no Ferdinand or Barbar — but there are several with noticeable charm. ***The Littlest Reindeer***, by **Johanna De Witt**, is one of these. The littlest reindeer was embarrassed because he had no antlers and he refused to go south with the other deer, when the arctic night began. What's more, he wouldn't listen to anybody who assured him that antlers were only a question of time. So he stayed there, looking for better places in which to cry, until he was scared south by a polar bear who was ominous about preferring reindeer without antlers. The ultimate growth of the antlers is an enormous relief both to the reindeer and to his readers. The three-year-old at our house will not be separated from him, and when no adult can be found who will read the story just once more, she sits smoothing the pictures with maternal tenderness.

It might be pointed out that in buying books for this age the adults in the house should be considered. They will have to read the same story over and over, and it is genuinely important to buy something bearable which is charmingly illustrated.

The Biggoty Chameleon, by **Edith Pope**, can be recommended on this score. He is extremely naughty — to his later regret — and he has an attractive leer which suits his personality. He has stood up well under two dozen readings.

The Taxi That Hurried, by **Lucy Sprague Mitchell** and others, is a fine book for a city child. It is, incidentally, a "Little Golden Book" and as far as we can discover all "Little Golden Books" are admirable, particularly *The Three Little Kittens*, which is adored by babies even under one year of age. There is also a book called ***Animals on the Farm***, published by Samuel Gabriel Sons, which is ideal for the youngest of the very young. It is a large, solid book, and as indestructible as anything not iron can be. The pictures are satisfying and do not require explanation.

The Middle Aged Child

As a group, the books for children between six and nine are the least successful. These are the youngsters who suffer most from books about long ago and far away — when they scarcely know the name of three states in the Union. Also, in buying for this age it is particularly important *not* to depend on illustrations as a gauge of the book's merit. Beautiful illustrations are frequently accompanied by dreary text which rambles on and on about setting the table and running errands for Mother, and never a good hearty tantrum in the lot.

Nora Benjamin Kubie's ***Make Way for a Sailor*** lifts itself out of this class with a joyful yell. It is, obviously, all about sailing, which any boy will love, and so will most girls. It is also about a lot of healthily cussed kids with basically decent instincts. Your kids or ours. They talk like kids, the little terrors! Their behavior is far from angelic. There is no stereotyped villain, no flawless hero; and all of it well written. The plot doesn't give you a minute to get your breath, and the few grownups in the story are kept sensibly in the background. It ought to be a relief to any child. The book is listed as being for ages eight to twelve, but younger children will enjoy it too.

Little Bear Island, by **Eleanor Clymer**, is another good one, though somewhat quieter. It is the account of a summer spent by two seven-year-olds with a great-aunt and -uncle. There are other children; puppies; sleeping in a tent; learning to swim; and a general, sunny sense of enjoyment unusual in books of this kind. ***Nobody's Doll***, by **Adèle De Leeuw**, is a beautifully written story with real humor and a great deal of tenderness. It is remarkable in that it gets off to an instant start, and never once loses its momentum. For children seven to nine. In ***Coyotes***, **Wilfred S. Bronson** has done a

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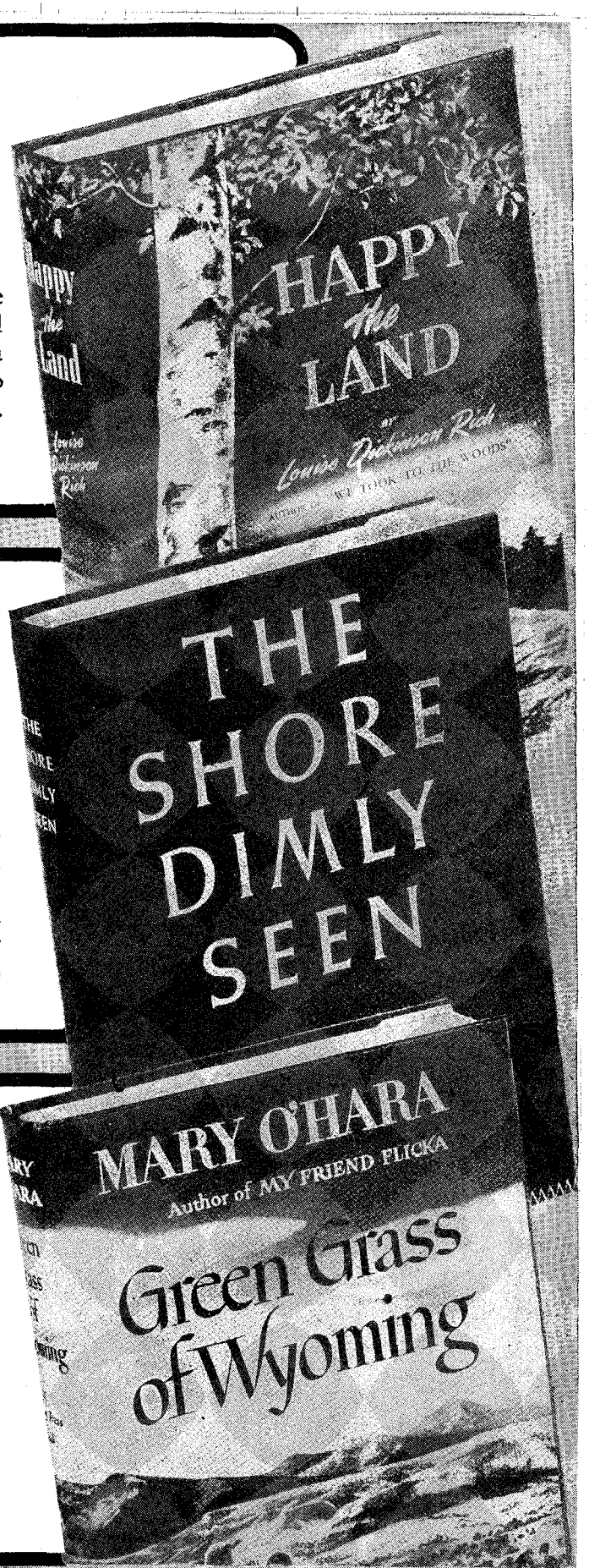

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surprising job. This is not a book about "Casper Coyote and His Friends." It is all about real coyotes — what they eat, how they live, their anatomy and general habits. The drawings are a combination of fact and humor and are both charming and instructive. The only trouble is, the book leaves you definitely pro-coyote.

Dandelion Cottage, by **Carroll Watson Rankin,** was first published in 1904 and has just been republished. It has everything, and any little girl, or even a young lady crowding her teens, ought to love it. It is the story of four little girls, an abandoned cottage fixed up as a summer playhouse, an unexpected lodger, a dinner party, and a dreadful child named Laura. The problems of house cleaning and cooking, the quarrels and rallyings around, are as real now as they were forty-two years ago, and in Laura Mrs. Rankin has created the meanest little girl it has been our pleasure to hate since we were ten years old. She gets her comeuppance, too.

Smarter Than You Think

Children's reading does not remain juvenile much after their age hits two figures, and the writers of teen-age juveniles may as well realize that they are competing with Dickens, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the woman who wrote *Forever Amber*. When the juvenile becomes an adult novel sloppily written and sterilely presented, it is, as E. B. White says, an expurgated account of life, insulting to the adolescent intelligence. But there *are* aspects of adolescent life which are intensely interesting to adolescents — and no one else. So we're back again on the school and camp theme, plus older versions of personal relationships, and ways to make money or choose a career. There should be plenty of books based on these experiences, and there is no reason why they should insult the adolescent intelligence — or any other.

Golden Sovereign, by **Dorothy Lyons,** illustrates how excellent such a book can be, even though it is intended exclusively for young people. It is the story of a seventeen-year-old girl's attempt to pay her way through college by raising and training horses. And it's not just another horse story, either. It is beautifully written, exciting, interesting in its information, and totally unexpected as to plot. The dialogue is natural and amusing, and the book as a whole has a rare overtone of humorous enjoyment. As a novel it is superior to 75 per cent of the average lending library books, though it remains, unquestionably, a "book for girls."

The Scrapper, by **Leland Silliman,** is another example. It is a boy's book, not a man's book, but it is a fine story all the same. Mr. Silliman seems to know all there is to know about camp, football, fighting, rowing, swimming — and *boys*. He also has the unusual gift of being able to present acceptable standards of behavior without making any of his characters sound like Little Rollo. We lent Scrapper to a non-literary twelve-year-old trapped into a sedentary existence by rheumatic fever. He was wary at first. "Aw," he said, "I don't read much. Nothing ever happens in those books. Just a bunch of sissies." A few days later he reported to us in dazed astonishment, "Gee! I never read such a book! They're *real* guys in that! Why'n't somebody tell me?"

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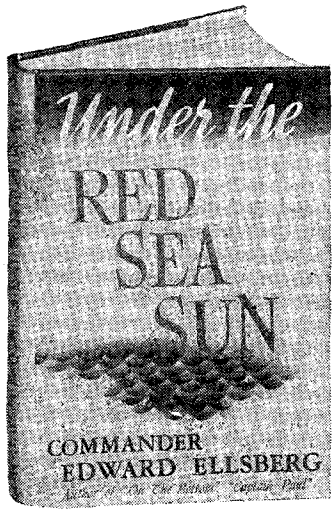

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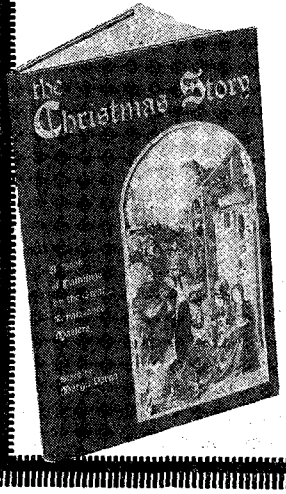

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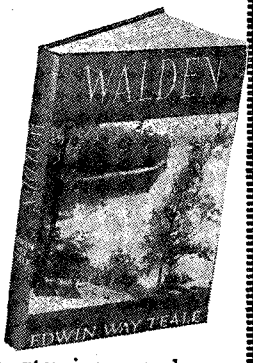

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West We Go, by **Jules Loring**, is the story of a boy who crossed the continent in a covered wagon in 1849, and it is a vast improvement on many of the covered wagon sagas intended for adults. Young Tommy Halpen struck us as far less repulsive than the average westbound hero. The book is interesting, well written, and has a great deal of humor — a quality which is practically nonexistent in far too many juveniles. ***The Mystery at Laughing Water***, by **Dorothy Maywood Bird**, qualifies under humor, too. Hers is the story of a girls' camp, and while the mystery is both minor and improbable, it has the kind of improbability that youngsters enjoy. The characterization is good and the dialogue is very funny indeed.

There is, incidentally, one book which the high-schoolers might be persuaded to lend to the adults. It is ***Sun, Moon and Stars***, by **W. T. Skilling** and **R. S. Richardson.** It is as good as any of the popular science books, and better than most. It made the mechanics of the split atom as clear to us as anything ever will.

Religious Books

Religious books for children rate a special consideration. There are a great many, mostly Bible stories, illustrated as garishly and vulgarly as possible. Rewriting the Bible is a dubious procedure in any case, and rewriting it into the kind of holy baby talk which seems to be prevalent is, regardless of intent, impropriety of a serious nature. ***My Bible Book***, by **Janie Walker,** is the notable exception. She has chosen simple verses, clear to the smallest Sunday-school child, and arranged them in a coherent pattern. The illustrations are charming. ***The Beggar Boy of Galilee***, by **Josephine Sangar Lau,** stands on its merits as a remarkable book, regardless of its religious nature. It is the story of fourteen-year-old Caleb and his blind father, in their search across Palestine for Jesus, the Master and the Healer, who taught a new way of living. It is a beautiful book for any age, and should have been written long ago.

All these books are, of course, recommended with the understanding that your children's library is equipped with the necessities: Mother Goose, Kenneth Grahame, Kipling, Louisa M. Alcott, Mark Twain, Stevenson, and Beatrix Potter. Their books comprise the Junior Desert Island list. These others are just trimmings.

, , ,

MY BOYHOOD IN A PARSONAGE — *$2.50*

Thomas W. Lamont — HARPER

Some dozen years gone by, I chanced to find myself in the capital of Korea, Keijo it was then, though now again Seoul. Needing guidance, I looked about me in the hotel, but only a single foreigner did I see who seemed a primary source of knowledge, and he was a Frenchman whose critical manner showed he preferred his own society. That evening as I sat down at a large table he took the opposite seat and reached for one of the pens such as hotels are generous with. Throwing it down, he took another and another. At the third failure I rose, bowed, and offered my extra fountain pen.

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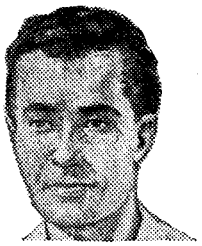

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MACMILLAN

The courtesy acted as a solvent. We talked and, the next morning, grew friendly. "You are evidently wary of Americans," I remarked. He laughed. "I'll be frank," he said, "I am an expert in ceramics in the Louvre. The American crowds ballyhooing through the galleries and along the boulevards were all I knew about your country. They were — what shall I say? — *impossible*. They were Americans by the hundred, Americans by the million, I could not bear. I crossed your continent with the curtains drawn. Then on the steamer for Yokohama, seated in my deck chair I heard, day after day, two Americans talking, such wise, knowledgeable generous talk! Such a sense of individuality! Each day I listened. It was wonderful. It transformed my idea of America."

"And who were these Americans?" "Ah, that I cannot say. All I know is they used playful names, names I have heard in the American bar near the Opéra, Tom and Jerry." I cried aloud in delight. "Jerry Smith and Tom Lamont! Oh, if all Americans were like them!"

This true tale jumps into my recollection as I read the story of *My Boyhood in a Parsonage*. Here is the same Lamont, the very same, with all the delight and wonder that is the beginning of wisdom and the end of it. As he writes, he seems to be less remembering than living again those frugal, earnest, exuberant years. In the succession of emaciated parsonages, where bread, milk, and applesauce made an ample supper, piety like that of *The Cotter's Saturday Night* never shut out the boisterous joys of childhood nor the delights of ranging family talk. For all the narrow strength of his Methodism, his father's sympathies were wide as Christianity; his delightful mother was only incidentally a saint; and as for his elder brother, Hammond would have been the inspiration of any group. But the hero of the piece is Uncle William Henry, the Covenanter with scriptural words of wrath upon his tongue, an Irish heart in his bosom, and a plug hat of thirty years' wearing with "William Henry's Golgotha" printed on the sweatband within, just as though it could belong to anyone else!

Such a family would educate anybody, but from without came the influence of the historic Hudson on whose bank the successive parsonages stood, with its legendary background of American heroes and the war which made them free.

Exeter came later and at Harvard the little brook of influences became a river, but it was the parsonage which put its everlasting stamp upon a man's character — and but for that I think my French friend in Korea would not have revised his opinion as to what an American's personality might be.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

* * *

A ROCK IN EVERY SNOWBALL — *$2.00*

Frank Sullivan — LITTLE, BROWN

IN *A Rock in Every Snowball*, Frank Sullivan lets fling at everything from Van Wyck Brooks' weakness for the footnote to Gloria Swanson's taste in hats, taking pot shots along the way at pigeons and drum majorettes, both of which irritate him, and reserving special aim for soap operas, which he hits square in their aching middle. His favorite target, however, is the hackneyed phrase, and we have the cliché expert, Mr. Arbuthnot, relentlessly coming forth with all the clichés that have ever been used about such subjects as politics, the Christmas Season, ill-health, and atomic energy. ("Q — Could the atomic age have arrived by means of any other verb than 'usher'? A — No. 'Usher' has the priority.") Legal jargon suffers in a polysyllabic sketch, and sports writing is given its due in a piece called "Football Is King."

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Mr. Sullivan rests his good right arm (Ah, there, Mr. Arbuthnot!) in a few sketches of reminiscence — the custom of barbers in times past to hold a mirror to the back of the head after cutting the hair, and the charms of various New York speakeasies in the days of Prohibition. He pauses, too, to hold a brief for the pleasures of a holiday spent in New York when everyone is out of town, and to tackle the problem of the leaking sandwich. But in no time at all he is back in there again, aiming at clichés on the air and the failure of hair-oil companies to give men the lift in their advertising that the perfume companies offer women.

Those sketches read better when taken singly — they were originally published as separate pieces in magazines — for, as with all collections of humorous pieces, uninterrupted reading makes for a sense of strain in the humor. *A Rock in Every Snowball* is a good bet, however, for the train trip, the bedside, and, unexpectedly enough, by virtue of its merciless exposé of the cliché, for the classroom.

W. L. Copithorne

✓ ✓ ✓

MAN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY $2.75
George R. Stewart RANDOM HOUSE

Feeling that conventional histories "make a tedious and complicated matter out of what is really a simple one," Mr. Stewart has condensed and blended zoology, anthropology, archeology, and history into a narrative that makes Wells's *Outline* look like *The Statistical Abstract*. We shall be lucky if the experts throw up only their hands, but despite their assured condemnation Mr. Stewart is to be congratulated on his self-assumed role of missionary to the layman. The general reader needs desperately to know what is known today and it is more important to get the facts to him in a way that will compel attention than to follow the party line that every college department has erected to protect its vested interests.

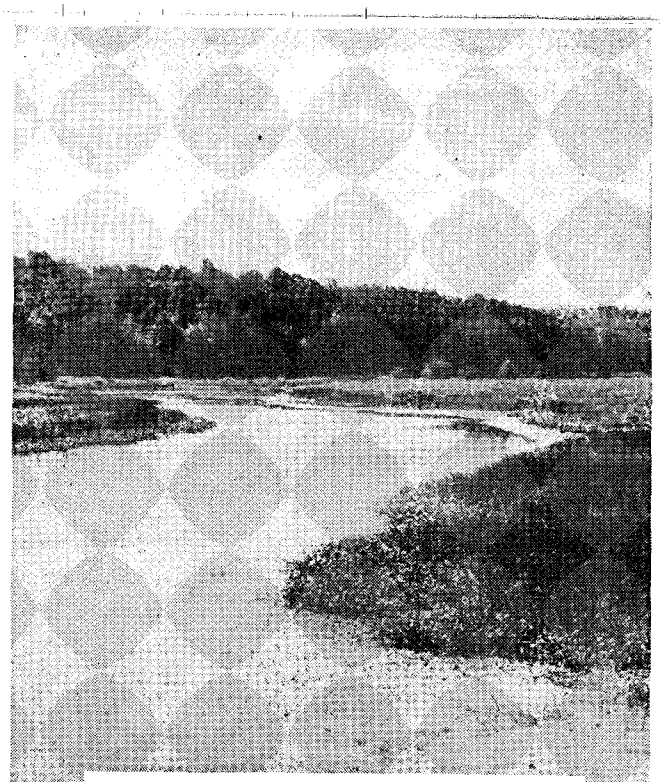
The device of having man tell his own story has the virtue of identifying the reader with the events and the drawback of forcing the narrator to seem pretty fuzzy-minded. For, of necessity, the hero has to use a great many "perhaps's" and "it might have been, but I don't know's" in telling his story. Stewart conceives of man in general as being gentle, genial, democratic, and skeptical. All points are questionable. His speech is rustic and borders on the puerile. Perhaps that's in character. Some like it; others find that homespun makes them itch.

The facts that he has to present will not be new to the educated reader, but the continual play of his exploring imagination and light humor gives them fresh interest. Such airy generalizations as that the whole of Greek and Roman culture is of less importance "than the domestication of sheep" and that religion, "the beating of tom-toms and whirling of bull-roarers," has really contributed nothing of value to civilization will cause dusty indignation in some quarters and cackling satisfaction in others.

The author is strangely credulous in his incredulity. Some of his assumptions about animals could have come right out of Ernest Thompson Seton. His picture of the chivalrous Cro-Magnon males covering the retreat of their females and "roaring out defiance" and his vignette of a playful Pithecanthropus teasing a buffalo and "enjoying the frustration of the charging monster" are worthy of Edgar Rice Burroughs. And his proposition that (a) we ate plants before we ate meat; (b) women are more conservative than men; and hence (c) women eat more salads for lunch than men do simply leaves you silent on a peak in Darien.

Still, it's no more absurd or biased than a great deal of orthodox textbook stuff and it's a great deal more diverting.

Bergen Evans



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VICTORY OVER PAIN — *$3.50*

Victor Robinson, M.D. — HENRY SCHUMAN

DR. ROBINSON has seen the warm and human side, even the funny side, when he could, of the grim tale that describes the groping of mankind toward one of its great achievements, the development of surgical anesthesia.

Some surprising characters wander in and out of these pages — S. F. B. Morse for one, Sam Colt for another. Colt's efforts to get money enough to develop his revolver got him into some odd predicaments. As an eighteen-year-old Hartford boy he advertised himself as Doctor Coult of New York, London, and Calcutta, and gave laughing-gas shows by demonstrating the effects of nitrous oxide on his own rugged self.

Later he needed money for Canadian revolver patents. His showmanship had grown with his still tender years, and he hired six Indians to appear in a gas-inspired comedy. Robinson relates that the place was crowded with citizens at the first performance, and uneasy citizens at that. A number of them had cautiously armed themselves with stout canes, and some with deadly weapons. But nobody, not even Sam Colt, was prepared for what did happen. The inventor of the revolver administered gas to his six red Indians. They promptly fell sound asleep without even a preliminary whoop or drunken giggle. Sam knew well enough that his customers had not paid their admission to see Indians taking a nap. He saved the show by administering the gas to a blacksmith who furiously chased Sam around the stage and finally fell into the Indians. The customers got their money's worth.

Unnoticed injuries received during such frolics led to trial of the gas and of ether for pain relief in dentistry and then in surgery. It is curious how often important developments in clinical anesthesia hinged on bizarre origins of this kind.

Victory over Pain is pleasantly written and in the main is accurate. Dr. Robinson sees the endless controversies in a sensible light. He has, too, a good eye for the drama in his material, and presents it well. Although an unsound appraisal of recent "advances" reflects the difficulties of the contemporary historian and weakens the book, it is better than most on the subject. But it is the work of a raconteur, not of a scholar. As such, it leaves the need unsatisfied for a painstaking, definitive history of anesthesia.

HENRY K. BEECHER, M.D.

HANDEL — *$5.00*

Herbert Weinstock — KNOPF

OUR great composers have sometimes presented a rough exterior to the people about them. The artist's sensitivity, poetry, and vision are often hard to discern except in his music, and begin to be perceived there by a slow-witted public only in his old age or after his death. Handel at first sight was a corpulent, irascible bachelor like his contemporary Dr. Johnson, living in an age addicted to heavy eating. His letters — matters of obligation and elaborately correct — reveal little; most of those who have described him knew him only as a public figure. He was often smiled at in London for his thick English and his lumbering ways.

A successful Life of Handel could not come from a biographer too fertile in imagination and in glib rhapsodies. Herbert Weinstock, who not long ago did a signal service for the overromanticized and much falsified Tchaikovsky, has now given us a clear, authentic, and thoroughly honest Handel. The author shows us (not too discursively) the colorful London of George II, of Dr. Arne, John Gay, Hogarth, Pope, who praised Handel, Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, who attacked him enviously.

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Handel first visited London in 1710 as a young man of twenty-five, and two years later returned to make that city his home until his death at seventy-four. Over the years he wrote and put on forty operas, mostly as his own ventures, and almost as many oratorios. Some brought patrons flocking, others were ignored. Some brought in gold and others left him bankrupt. He was both lauded and derided by the factions of the King and the Prince of Wales respectively. There were opera wars more bitter than a modern political campaign.

When the Italian opera, which was never wholeheartedly accepted in England, was ridiculed in *The Beggar's Opera*, Handel, who by hard necessity knew the public pulse, gradually veered away from the Italian language, the imported Italian *castrati* and other stars, and wrote oratorios in English. And so Handel's story is told in this constant struggle to make his music prevail. His pertinacity, his faith in his art, his unostentatious, kindly acts — these delineate in the end the true and lovable Handel.

Similarly, his English public, after having treated him for many years with a good deal of shabby neglect, awoke fully to his genius when he was aged, blind, and practically helpless. The British have sung, played, and listened to Handel with increasing devotion through two centuries. "In the Abbey and in the throats of Englishmen," writes Mr. Weinstock, "he has been best memorialized." But other parts of the world, the United States included, hear no more than the merest fraction of the rich treasure Handel left: *The Messiah*, a few arias, a concerto or two, and the "endless malformations" of the "Largo." "When the rediscovery of Handel takes place," so the author predicts, "his whole voice will break on the musical world at once familiar and new, one of the most majestic, tender, and human voices ever lifted in praise of life, of love, of beauty, and of the art of music."

JOHN N. BURK

DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE *$2.50*
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Winston Churchill SIMON AND SCHUSTER

WHEN Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt read Louis Adamic's *Two-Way Passage*, she was so impressed by it that she invited Mr. and Mrs. Adamic to dine at the White House with the President and Winston Churchill. There he would have the opportunity to propound to the two statesmen his thesis that when Hitler had been beaten, the United States ought to send to the liberated countries American citizens whose forebears had come from those countries. They would assist the people to overcome their difficulties, and keep "undesirable" groups from taking over.

Dinner at the White House tells what happened around the dinner table. It is the book of a generous, intelligent, warmhearted man, and it is filled with tidbits of detail concerning the great. Yet it is in dubious taste, often unreasonably bitter, and frequently naïve. Mr. Churchill did not think well of the author's thesis. Mr. Roosevelt, according to Adamic, was seduced by Churchill into a reactionary foreign policy by the latter's harping on the dangers of Soviet Russia to the democratic world — one more demonstration that the United States is the farmer's innocent daughter and Britain the traveling salesman.

The latter half of the book is a series of bitter reflections — Afterthoughts 1942–1945 — upon our foreign policy. But since few of us ever dine at the White House, most readers perhaps will be interested largely in Mr. Adamic's excellent account of what went on around the table as: "Fala had come from somewhere. I thought: Now the picture is complete. The scottie sniffed at my shoes . . .

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then sat back on his haunches. 'You pass,' F.D.R. said to me, laughing. 'Have you a dog?' 'Two,' I said. 'What kind?' 'Just mutts. But we think they're rather wonderful.' 'Oh, I'm sure they are,' the President said."

Secret Session Speeches contains five speeches made by Winston Churchill to the House of Commons during the war. (Two have been published here by *Life*.) They were compiled by Charles Eade, editor of the London *Sunday Dispatch* and a friend of Mr. Churchill.

There is no full record of the speech that Churchill made to the House in June, 1940, but his notes are set forth in this volume and they illuminate the extraordinary character of Britain's great war leader: "Learn to get used to it. (Enemy bombings.) Eels get used to skinning. Surprise if mercy shown by Germany. Leap at his (the enemy's) throat and keep the grip until the life is out of him. It may well be our fine Armies have not said goodbye to the Continent of Europe. Attitude of United States. Nothing will stir them like fighting in England. . . . I cannot doubt the whole English-speaking world will be in line together."

Never sparing the "ugly realities" of England's plight during her darkest days, these are the speeches of a man with an extraordinary capacity for marshaling facts, a wide knowledge of warfare and history, a superb command of the language of which he has made himself a master, the toughness of a Tory, old style, and that eloquence which moves men to rise superior to themselves. A valuable contribution to history, the speeches make exciting reading — even for a people like ourselves who do not want to hear about the war any more.

DAVID L. COHN

* * *

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Irwin Shaw RANDOM HOUSE

MOST people will read these twelve masterful short stories, all of them dealing with the impact of war overseas on the men and women involved in it, simply as stories, brief, compact, and poignant. Others will see them as outstanding examples of the new American technique in short-story writing. They will note the implications behind the commonplace dialogue; they will feel that here is the impact of Hemingway with an almost greater reticence and economy. And both schools will be right. These slices of life are stories of strong human and dramatic value. Persons and problems are presented with an oblique vividness — and then what? No problem is solved, and the reader is left to wonder what happens to these people, what *can* happen to them in this world of war and confusion. Such wondering will not injure the reading public.

Mr. Shaw is better known as a playwright than as a writer of stories. In this collection he uses his dramatic technique with a sure, unerring skill. Each story is a very short play which has no neat ending, no quick, ultimate curtain. And the author is behind or within his characters. He knows and appreciates them. Something of himself speaks in their words. He is artist, observer, soldier, and spokesman. Perhaps their full values can be felt only by those who have known and seen at first hand similar people and places under the abnormal tensions of war, but even the least initiate can appreciate the veracity and skillful handling of these sketches, whether or not aware of their less obvious somber undertones.

Most of them are reprinted from the *New Yorker* and *Collier's Weekly;* the least effective, the only story which approaches banality, "The Veterans Reflect," is reprinted from another source. Mr. Shaw's readers hope that he will comment on the perplexed civilian scene with the same sympathetic talent which shines in these brilliant pictures of the background of war. R.E.D.

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THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Command Decision

A NOVEL
OF THE ARMY
AIR FORCES

BY WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

CHAPTERS XII–XXIV

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Summary

The story opens in the Headquarters of Brigadier General Casey Dennis, who is in command of a Division of our heavy bombers based in England. On this cloudless afternoon the station is "sweating it out" awaiting the return of the B-17's from their mission over Germany.

To the Headquarters comes Elmer Brockhurst, the war correspondent of a powerful American syndicate, whose suspicion has been aroused that this is no ordinary mission. To the Headquarters also comes Captain Lucius Malcolm Jenks, a Bomber pilot with a DFC and nineteen missions to his credit, who has refused to fly today.

While General Dennis is attempting to draw the boy out, they are interrupted by the arrival of Major General R. G. Kane, his superior officer. Kane is escorting Dennis's classmate from West Point, Cliff Garnett, who is also a Brigadier and who has flown across the Atlantic as an emissary from the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Kane and his officious aide, Major Prescott, are shocked to discover that young Jenks is in the guardhouse. They remind General Dennis that Jenks's uncle is Congressman Malcolm of the Military Affairs Committee. They are still more shocked when, with Garnett fresh from Washington listening in, Casey bluntly describes the mission which Jenks refused to fly.

It is Operation Stitch, which Dennis has long planned and which Kane has approved (but not reported to Washington). It means three days of the deepest, most hazardous bombing they have yet attempted over Germany — Posenleben the first day, Schweinhafen the second, Fendelhorst the third; it means sending the B-17's nearly two hundred miles beyond the range of friendly fighter cover.

Today is the second leg, and a strike signal has already been received from Colonel Ted Martin, who is leading the Division. When General Garnett (Martin's brother-in-law) hears that forty planes were lost over Posenleben yesterday, he can hardly contain himself. Such huge losses, he argues, will revolt the Joint Chiefs and may jeopardize the entire bombing program.

But General Dennis is not to be shaken. He explains grimly that a Czech mechanic has flown over to them, intact, one of the new German jet-propelled fighters, that he and Ted have tested it, and that it "can run us out of Europe in sixty days." At that moment the roar of the returning bombers is heard overhead.

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COMMAND DECISION

by WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

An American writer whose first two novels, *Slim* and *High Tension*, were Atlantic–Little, Brown books, WILLIAM WISTER HAINES served three and one-half years in the Army Air Forces, rising from Lieutenant to Lieutenant Colonel. Sent overseas in September, 1942, he spent thirty-three months on the Staffs of the 8th Air Force Composite Command, 8th Fighter Command, 8th Air Force and United States Strategic Air Forces, working the last eighteen months of the European War for that Command in the Office of the Assistant Chief of the Air Staff for Intelligence, Royal Air Force. — THE EDITOR

12

THE planes came fast and low. The first seemed to spring out of the treetops across the field. The sight of them steadied Dennis. Two others darting in from another direction were already above him now, bulky and ugly as they always appeared at these deceptive short angles. Both were yawing jerkily from the suction of gaping shot holes. But they had zigzagged that way from Germany and their motors were steady. They would make it to the ground. He dismissed them, extending his quick estimates to the next ones, with the hot familiar pain kneading his stomach as he did.

They were badly scattered. He knew that they usually broke formation about mid-Channel after a run like this one, but more than drying gas tanks had spread them out today. As his eyes assessed the damage expertly, he realized that he had not yet seen two of them which could have flown closely enough to each other to make normal formation safe. Five — six — eight. He did not know that he was counting aloud unconsciously as every pair of lips on the station always counted. He could hear Garnett's low exclamation distinctly: "Look at those props!"

Dennis wet his lips and knew with minor comfort that he was not going to puke today, bad as it was. "I made it eleven."

"So did I," said Garnett. "What's Squadron strength?"

"Twelve, if it was a Squadron."

Kane blenched visibly. "That isn't the remains of a Group, is it, Casey?"

"I can't tell yet, sir."

Kane exploded: "Well, find out! Find out at once!"

Dennis had to check himself. Kane was not as used to this as he was. Without risking a reply, he strode rapidly through the Ops room door and closed it behind him. The room quieted; the vibration of this particular bunch was lost now in the gentle sea of lesser vibrations coming from every side as the remainder of the Division converged around the other near-by bases.

With the departure of Dennis, Kane took a conscious grip on himself and turned from the window to Garnett, who was still staring out, speechless at what he had seen. "Cliff, what will Washington think of this?"

It took Cliff several seconds to clear that spectacle from his mind. When he had done it he measured his words gravely. "I wish they'd had some preparation, sir."

"I never dreamed Casey would be so — so impetuous."

"Can you reach Washington by telephone, sir?"

"Not from here. I can by teleprinter conversation from Joe Endicott's Division, forty miles from here. Cliff, you don't think a — a misfortune now could really affect over-all allocation, do you?"

Garnett thought aloud: "Two successive loss records — 20 to 25 per cent — with no warning — "

"We'll have claims though — record claims. The Chief loves those."

"I'm not thinking of our Chief, sir."

He was spared further consideration at the moment by Prescott, who hurried in, and by Brockhurst, who sauntered slowly after.

"Sir, Brockie has some ideas I think you should hear," Prescott said.

"All right, Brockie. Tell us frankly."

Brockhurst studied Kane's evident agitation and let him wait a little. He still resented his eviction from the military council. He had kept the secrets of bigger men than Kane and he was always infuriated by the Army's assumption that no one out of uniform was trustworthy.

From Prescott he had learned all he needed to know about the Jenks case; but he was after bigger game. He needed Kane's help, however, and he wanted Kane to understand that he was going to

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help. "You want it rough or smooth, R.G.?" he asked quietly.

"Let's have it."

"Your neck's out a foot."

"*My* neck —"

"It's your baby unless you can buck it up to the Hemisphere Commander. You've got a hero to court-martial and you've got losses that'll sound like Verdun in America. You've let this secret security policy of yours keep the whole deal so dark it's going to look like a cover for the worst blunder since Pearl Harbor. After all, the public makes these bombers and sends you these kids. It's got a right to know —"

He stopped as Dennis hurried in from the Ops room, still smoldering with suppressed anger. The very force of it made even Kane glance at him apprehensively; his voice was oddly conciliatory. "Casey, Elmer here is giving us his reaction. I want you to hear it."

"He knows it," said Brockhurst. "I tried to warn him that the press and public —"

"Press and public be goddamned!" said Dennis. "Your syndicate would ambush a whole Division for one headline and then print enough crocodile tears to keep us from ever making a useful attack again."

"When did we ever —"

"After Bremfurt. We needed a second attack to finish that job. By the time you got done with our losses and Washington got done explaining your insinuations, we got an order that it was politically impossible to attack the place again. *Politically impossible!* Some of our boys were killed today with cannon made at Bremfurt since that attack."

Brockhurst subsided. It was useless to explain now that he himself had been heartily ashamed of what his people had made of that unfortunate episode. Kane turned aside the Brigadier's wrath. "Was that a Group or a Squadron, General?"

"The 641st Group, sir. Some stragglers are still coming."

"How many?"

"Three reported so far, sir."

They were all thinking the same thing. Kane said it: "Fourteen out of thirty-six."

"Thirty-four, sir; two aborted this morning."

Kane shuddered. "That's over 50 per cent."

"Nearly 59, sir," said Major Prescott.

"How about the other Groups, General?"

"Incomplete, so far, sir. Radio silence is still on except for serious cripples."

They regarded each other through a short, heavy silence. The vibrations of the homing Forts were almost imperceptible. Kane cleared his throat. "See if you can get anything more, General."

Dennis understood that this second dismissal from his own office was less a rebuke than a precaution. He was now ashamed of having lost his temper at that miserable reporter. He knew that his self-control was always overtaxed while Ted was out. He welcomed the excuse to hurry into the Ops room, where he could be that much nearer the teleprinter.

Kane waited to speak until the door was closed behind Dennis. "Of course, the other Groups may not be so bad."

"They better not be," said Brockhurst.

"I'm afraid you're right. I warned General Dennis —"

"Dennis hell! Do you think a Brigadier's a big enough burnt offering for a fiasco like this?"

Brockhurst could see Garnett stiffen with disapproval at this, but he didn't care.

"It's not a fiasco, Brockie. If the public realized —"

"I'm the public and I don't realize a damned thing. Anything you say afterwards is just alibis, R.G."

"We'll have claims, record claims."

"All smoke clouds look alike. When there isn't any story —"

Kane strode angrily to the wall and stripped back the curtain mask from the Operational map. Garnett almost spoke in protest and then, with a visible effort, checked himself.

"Story?" said Kane furiously. "Story? It's the most audacious air operation in history. Two successive strikes at the most distant and dangerous targets ever attacked in daylight — the very guts and core of Germany's new fighter program. Look at this!"

He jabbed a savage finger into the red cross over Posenleben and then, seizing a red crayon from the tray, made a heavy red cross through Schweinhafen.

"Hold it," said Brockhurst. "I want a shot of that."

"We'll get you a clean map, Brockie," said Major Prescott.

"No. I want Kane himself, crossing it off —"

His own interest had betrayed him. Covering his enthusiasm now, he concluded slowly, "— that is, if I do the story."

"Now listen, Brockie —"

"Or maybe there's an inside story that I don't see. But I'd have to see it all, exclusively."

They all turned to see that Dennis had paused in the doorway, his eyes hard at the sight of the correspondent peering at the uncovered Operational map. This time, however, he had his temper firmly in control. "Preliminary count thirty-five missing with one Group unreported as yet, sir."

"About 32 per cent, sir," said Major Prescott. And at that moment they were silenced by the rising vibrations of the last Group of returning Fortresses.

13

EVANS, waiting on call in the General's anteroom, had decided it was about time to break up the meeting. Ordinarily he was delighted to doze

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at leisure through the brayings of the brass, but today other considerations were stirring him. He needed freedom of action to remove the musette bag full of whiskey from the non-secret filing cases in the crowded cubicle where he sat. Yet beyond even this consideration Evans found himself pondering whether the termination of the conference would be good for General Dennis. The discovery that he was concerned about the General's welfare disturbed him.

For the dozenth time he reassured himself indignantly that he didn't give a damn what became of Dennis or any other General. If he didn't like this Garnett he would move on. He had long since learned that, within reason, a resourceful man could do whatever he liked in the Army. Regulars made a fetish of doing things they did not like in the name of duty but Regulars liked being in the Army and enjoyed kicking each other around.

In civil life Evans had been a lineman. He had enjoyed beating the draft systematically until the morning after Pearl Harbor. That day the company superintendent had come out to the pole yard and told the men they were not to worry. Line work was a vital facet of national defense and the company would take care of all of them. That afternoon Evans enlisted.

He had known that his occupational experience would lead him straight to the Signal Corps, and Evans had no intention of climbing poles for the Government for sixty dollars a month. In the induction center he signed himself down as a clerk.

In the next six months three Lieutenants, two Captains, and one Major had eagerly approved his requests for transfer. The Major had debated between approving his request to go to gunnery school and trying him for the willful mishandling of Government records. But the unit had to make up a quota of volunteer gunners. He had made an excellent gunner and, during his tour, an exemplary soldier. He knew that on at least two occasions he personally had saved the Government three hundred thousand dollars' worth of airplanes, once over Münster and once over the Channel.

He considered that he and the Government were now at honorable quits; they wouldn't let him out of service of course, but neither would they make him climb poles for sixty bucks a month, if he kept his neck in.

Until today his post-tour life had been complicated by no deeper purpose than enjoying his leisure and keeping the Regulars in their place. Now against all reason and experience he found himself pondering whether or not it would help General Dennis to have him break up the jawing in the office.

14

Crossing the anteroom toward the door, Evans, too, began to feel the rising roar of the last returning Group. One of them, his experienced ears told him, was having a hell of a time. The man had no more than two motors and was coming straight for them but he probably had altitude enough to clear the building. Evans hoped he had been able to get rid of his bombs.

Inside the office Evans found all three Generals, the Major, and the correspondent grouped tensely as they peered out of the window. The noise of the oncoming planes made it useless to speak. Evans took up his position by the door.

Dennis, even through the tension of his careful, habitual counting, had switched his eyes from their first glimpse of the crippled ship to the crash crews and ambulances waiting by the Ops tower. Everything was all right. The asbestos suits were buckled and steady streams of exhaust were pluming out of both vehicles.

Across the field he saw the long line of the Group's noncombat personnel lined up against the barrier ropes, the long dark blur of their fatigues broken here and there by the white of cooks and mess helpers. Every man among them, he knew, was watching and counting as tensely as he was.

"—eighteen—twenty—twenty-one—" (it looked a little better this time except for that one bad cripple and the fact that he still had not seen the uncorseted girl on the nose of the plane Ted was riding) "—twenty-three—"

"God, that one's low!" said Garnett behind him.

It was the cripple, and even as Dennis was trying to see whether the man had any undercarriage, he could clearly hear Prescott's fatuous remark: "When a crew finishes a tour, sir, they always give the field a good buzz in spite of rules."

The plane zoomed down at them, so low now that even the men across the field threw themselves on the ground. In the room, its sound had become a continuous thunder. Through it Dennis could hear the shouts of the men behind him and then the thudding of their bodies on the floor but he was scarcely aware of them. He was trying to measure the boy's chances. As the plane cleared them with a crescendo of thunder, perhaps two hundred feet above the building, Dennis saw that he had one sound motor, and heard a second one catch with a rough, protesting response to the momentum of the zoom. It was skipping, but as the noise receded, Dennis could tell that the boy had recaptured some of the pull in it.

Turning back now from the momentarily blank sky, he observed that Kane, Garnett, Brockhurst, and Prescott were still trying to get their noses into the floorboards, their elbows drawn tightly over their ears. Beyond them Evans was regarding the spectacle with a sardonic smile that vanished slowly from his face as they began to peer up into the relative quiet of the plane's receding thunder.

"Colonel Martin's Group returning, sir," said Evans dryly.

Kane gathered himself first and jumped up. The

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others followed sheepishly, the more chagrined to realize that neither Dennis nor Evans had left his feet. "I'll have that man tried," said Kane. "After my orders about buzzing —"

Dennis, his face glued to the window, had to speak over his shoulder. "He isn't buzzing, sir. He's in trouble."

They had gathered again behind him and he could hear their dismay as the plane came back into sight on a wide, approaching circle.

"My God!" whispered Garnett. "Two feathered and one windmilling."

"Half the tail's gone," said Prescott.

"How in God's name is he turning it?" breathed Kane.

Dennis himself didn't know. He was flying it in with his own tendons now. He could feel them flexing and giving with the yawing erratic course of the ship, even though his mind knew that the boy up there probably didn't have a quarter of his controls left. Incredibly, though, he had not only turned but was actually managing to lift it a little as the increase in the vibrations began to hammer them again.

"Why don't they bail out? She's only salvage."

He felt a sudden fury that Garnett, of all people, should presume to question anything that boy was doing.

"Probably wounded aboard," he grunted.

As if in confirmation, they suddenly saw the red rockets flowering out behind her and then, from the left waist gate, three black balls appeared against the blueness of the sky.

"Look! They are bailing — two, three — look, they're opening all right. Jesus! They didn't have three hundred feet!" shouted Garnett.

Dennis had felt with his whole body the lifting of the ship as those jumping figures lightened it. Now his tendons were taut again with the climbing curve that boy still, against all possibility, maintained. To the last possible second of the feud between gravity and momentum the boy held that bank. Then as gravity won and the ship had to sag heavily back to level or spin in, he saw her settling in a smooth straight glide and realized that the pilot had succeeded in lining her up for the No. 2 strip with geometrical precision.

"Good boy," he breathed, "he's going to try it."

She was so close now that they could plainly see her markings. As her last motor throttled down a little for the final shaky glide, the growling of the gear in the ambulance beside the Ops tower broke through the slackening volume of sound.

"'Urgent Virgin'!" said Garnett.

"Why, that's Captain Jenks's ship!" exclaimed Prescott.

Her struggle was almost over now. Gravity was claiming her with harsh jerks that slewed her savagely from side to side against the failing resistance of momentum, and the clutching suction of the cannon wounds. It was one of these helpless, sidewise flutterings that suddenly showed Dennis the condition of her right wheel. He shouted: "Pick her up, boy! *Pick her up!*"

He knew it was hopeless and knew that the boy himself must know it. He should be getting them away from the glass of the window but he stood immovable, watching. The "Urgent Virgin" seemed to settle very slowly now. With a final bird-like gentleness she leveled off perfectly, just as the broken wheel strut touched down. Game to the last, she even bounced a little as the strut sheered off, but the lame motor would not respond this time and the last one could not do it. As if in slow motion she teetered a little twice more at the crest of her bounce and then, at a long final angle, plowed herself in. The ripping, tearing noises faded slowly into silence and then the detonation fluttered the maps tacked on the wall. Fragments appeared, arcing lazily upward out of the expanding cloud of dust and smoke.

Dennis made himself listen intently a second more but he could hear no screaming through the brief interval before the roaring motors of the crash truck and ambulance punctured the silence. He turned from the window, shoulders sagging limply, to find himself looking into the green fixity of Major Prescott's face. "There's another statistic for you, Major," he said harshly.

Haley appeared in the Ops room door. "Left main gas tank. Category E, sir."

"Can you get the others down here?"

"We're taking cripples on Strip 1 and sending everything with enough gas to the 641st. There's lots of room over there now, sir."

"Any count on this gang yet?"

"Twenty-eight now, sir. There may be stragglers."

He held Haley, with his eyes, knowing it was no oversight which kept the Colonel silent now. Haley would have spoken at once if he had anything more to say. But Dennis could not help asking him, "Anything on Ted himself?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Get an aggregate for tomorrow's serviceability from all Groups as fast as possible."

Haley vanished. Dennis faced Kane steadily. "Looks like forty-two, sir, with two in the ditch."

"Worse than yesterday," said Kane softly.

"They got their target, sir."

15

Evans decided this had gone far enough. Stepping forward he addressed himself with a bland face to General Kane. "Does the General want the photographers in here or outside, sir?"

Kane looked as nonplused as Evans had known he would. It was Prescott who saw his superior's indecision and turned severely on Evans. "What photographers, Sergeant?"

"From Division, Wing, and Groups Publicity, sir."

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"Who ordered them and on what authority?"

"I did, sir. All Generals have their pictures taken wherever they go. They say it helps the boys' morale, sir."

Prescott was still wondering how to deal with this straight-faced insolence, when the General smiled appreciatively on Evans. "Well, of course, if it helps morale." He picked up his cap, straightened his blouse a little, and extended the smile to Dennis. "We'll be going along, General — probably drop in on some of your interrogations at the Groups."

Dennis picked up his own cap. "As you say, sir."

"No, no, my boy. I wouldn't think of taking you away from here just now. Get me that claims total as soon as possible and be sure to get good pictures of the battle damage today."

"As you say, sir."

Kane ushered the rest of them ahead of him now rapidly, and as they paused at the door to let him go out first, he spoke hastily over his shoulder. "Don't send tomorrow's field order until I get back."

"Very well, sir."

As the anteroom door closed on them, Dennis whirled and put his head into the Ops room. Haley had his eyes riveted on the teleprinter and headphones on his ears, but instinct brought him to rigid attention even before Dennis barked at him. "Anything on Ted yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

Dennis slammed the door and began walking a tight tense circle around the office, consciously keeping away from the window with its view of the burning "Virgin." He couldn't help that now; he couldn't help any of it. He had to get himself together against the night's work. The return of Evans helped. He stopped in his tracks and regarded the Sergeant quizzically. He was going to speak to him about his manners one day. But of course the boy was not a Regular, and some deep, warming instinct told Dennis that Evans's manners this afternoon had been intentional. "One of these days you're going to wisecrack yourself right into the Infantry, Sergeant."

"Sir, if I hadn't told 'em they was cameras outside we never would have got rid of them."

The candor of the confession was completely disarming. This was plain, if sly, insubordination. Rebuking it would be ingratitude. Dennis tried to sound severely impersonal. "They're coming back. Alert the cook and get the guest hut ready just in case."

"Sir, maybe if I was to speak to the cook —"

"None of that. We'll have to give them a good dinner."

As Evans went out, Dennis reflected that if the boy hadn't been a combat gunner he really would have spoken to him. He heard the footsteps recede through the anteroom and then, apparently, turn back with a lighter, quicker approaching beat. He set his face and made up his mind that if Evans should be up to further deviltry, he would speak to him this time for his own good. Then, with the opening of the door he felt himself go a little limp and sat down quickly in the chair by the map table as Ted Martin walked in, grinning.

16

Dennis had been through this often enough to recover rapidly. The first confirmation of Ted's safety seemed always to paralyze him.

It was so now. Ted's normal buoyancy was sagging. The deep grime on his face was powder smoke, slashed with an inverted V that outlined the sides of his nose with a telltale imprint of skin washed clean by sweat and tears along the edges of his oxygen mask. Then, for the first time, Dennis saw the large dark blotches of dried blood on the white silk scarf and dirty coveralls.

"You all right?"

"Not a scratch."

"What's that blood?"

The grin faded. "My radio man."

"Oh. Bad?"

"Dead."

He saw now that the blood patches extended even to Ted's hands. He must have taken off his gloves, but his fingers showed none of the puffy discoloration of freezing.

"Anyone else?"

"Not in our plane. Got a drink?"

Dennis fetched the bottle from his desk. "Aren't they serving combat ration?"

"Yeah, but I wanted to see you quick. Hell, Casey, this is your last and I've drunk nearly half of it already."

"That's what it's for."

Ted drank from the bottle with long greedy gulps, but Dennis knew that he could empty it, and probably would, without showing the effect. The fierce inner combustion that produced his unique vitality seemed to absorb alcohol for fuel. Dennis noticed that he was bloodstained all the way down to his socks, but the face that reappeared from behind the bottle was grinning again now.

"What happened?"

"Twenty-millimeter right on the radio panel." Ted poured some more whiskey right through his uptilted throat. "M-m-m, that's better."

At that moment Haley walked in on them, his instant grin at the sight of Ted disappearing into a sober formality.

"Another straggler from the 693rd, sir. Landed away from base."

"In a village, I suppose?"

"No, sir." Haley permitted himself another smile. "Open field and no one injured. Category E, though."

"Good." The whole day was improving.

With his duty done, Haley now considered it per-

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missible to express a personal feeling. "I'm glad you got back today, Ted."

"So am I." Martin thrust the bottle forward. "Shot, Ernie?"

"*Now?*" Haley always took one Scotch and soda in the Officers' Club bar before dinner on nights when the board was scrubbed, if there was Scotch. "Thanks, Ted. Maybe I'll have one with you before dinner."

He hurried out, a little embarrassed by Martin's open laughter but eager to tell the Adjutant that Ted was back. He decided in fact to tell the whole office. It would cheer everyone up.

"Tell me about it," said Dennis. "Rough all the way?"

Ted wiped his mouth on a bloody sleeve, stuck a cigarette into his face, sat down, and lifted his flying boots comfortably up onto the map table, nursing the bottle in his lap. "No. Milk run for thirty-four minutes after our fighters turned back. Then the whole damned GAF jumped us." He laughed suddenly. "Those guys must have a new directive over there, too. From then back to our fighters it was almost continuous. Our fighters were swell today, too, Casey. From the way they hung on, I bet some of 'em had to get out and push the last mile home."

"When did you get yours?"

"Just after the strike flash. What about the rest?"

"Looks like forty-one now, with two in the ditch."

"I was afraid of that from what I saw."

"Did you catch fire?"

"Yeah. We were having it hot and heavy, so I stayed on the nose gun and Goldberg went back and put it out. He should get something for it, too. One of our waist gunners took one look at that fire and went right out through the bomb bay. I bet he's playing checkers with their Intelligence right now."

Dennis considered the various pieces of ribbon and metal which they might give Goldberg for having successfully plied a fire extinguisher between two tankfuls of high-octane gasoline four and a half miles above Germany in a hail of incendiary bullets and explosive flak. "Goldberg can have what you recommend," he said.

"I'll think it over. Then, after things quieted down we tried a tourniquet on the kid but it was too late."

Martin shook his head, drank hard, and then put the bottle on the table with an air of coming to business. "Didn't I just see Percent and Cliff Garnett in a car?"

"Yeah," said Dennis. "The joint's full of big wheels today."

"Did Cliff bring any news of Helen?"

"Letters; there's no cable. I've been checking."

"Thanks. Casey, what's Cliff doing so far from home?"

"Visiting, he says."

"How long?"

"Well," Dennis hesitated, "he intimated just routine rubbernecking and high-level courier stuff."

"Intimated?"

It was always useless to pretend with Ted. But before he had to say anything further Evans appeared in the anteroom door. "Sir, what do you want done with General Garnett's footlocker and bedroll?"

Ted repeated after him, "Garnett's footlocker and bedroll?"

"They just came in, sir. Glad you're back. Colonel Martin."

"Put them in the Number 1 guest hut," said Dennis.

As Evans closed the door Martin jumped up and faced Dennis, his habitual grin a little awry. "Turn around, Casey."

Dennis did and felt fingers massaging his shoulder blades. He began to grin himself even before Martin spoke.

"Well, the handle doesn't stick out, anyway."

"Colonel," said Dennis dryly, "you are speaking of your revered brother-in-law and a General Officer in the United States Army."

Martin did not respond; his voice had become serious. "Any Brigadier in the Army would give his next star for your job, Casey."

Dennis knew it was true. Incredible and remote as it all seemed now, he himself had dreamed of this job before getting it. "When I finish Stitch they can have it for Corporal's stripes. Thank God we're two-thirds done."

Martin looked at the bottle. Then, turning away from it, he shook his head slowly to Dennis.

"Casey, that's the hell of it. We aren't."

"Aren't what? You did Posenleben yesterday and Schweinhafen today —"

"We didn't touch Schweinhafen today." Dennis could see that Ted was sober and struggling to force the words out. "We plastered some goddamned place that looked exactly like it, forty miles from Schweinhafen."

17

Dennis arose from his seat and glanced at the whiskey bottle. Then he circled the room slowly twice, stopping for a long look at the sky through the window before he broke the silence. "How did it happen?"

"Sighting mistake," said Martin. "It was my fault, Casey. When we came to the I.P., there was a little cloud and we were fighting hard. I got one quick gander and it looked like Bindlegarsten, so I turned the column. When we came on our run, there sat a little town that looked more like Schweinhafen than Schweinhafen does; same confluence of rivers, railroad and highway, same cathedral a mile to the left, same airfield, same phoney road on the roof camouflage. I was still on the nose gun but I switched with Jake long enough for a look through the sight myself. We were both sure of it and Jake threw the

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whole load right down the chimney. The others salvoed into our smoke."

"How do you know it wasn't Schweinhafen?" Dennis knew that he was simply resisting this as Garnett's mind had resisted that performance graph. It was equally useless and he could see that it was hurting Ted to tell him but he needed time to face the whole thing.

"Because, when we got our fire out and I got time to look down again, there was Nurenover and we'd been rallying north."

"Sure you weren't turned around in the fighting?"

"I swung east, even with the fighting, to make sure. There was Schweinhafen without a scratch. I'm sorry, Casey."

"Why didn't you correct your strike signal?"

"My radio man was dead and the radio was blown all over Bavaria. I'd sent the flash before I realized the mistake."

Haley stuck his head into the doorway. "Embassy in London calling General Kane, sir."

"He's visiting Groups. Pick him up on a multiple. And put a red-line security stop to all Groups on any mention of today's target; same for the Theater Censor."

Ted nodded approval but he waited for Haley to close the door before speaking. "Did you tell Kane we'd hit it?"

"Yes."

"Has he announced it?"

"Not yet. This will stop it. What do you think you did hit?"

"Goldberg's checking maps and photos and target folders now," said Ted, shrugging. "Whatever it was came apart like a powder mill."

They looked at each other through a short silence. Haley stuck his head through the door again. "Stop's on, sir. And we've found another straggler. That leaves forty unreported and two in the ditch, so far."

"Battle damage?"

"They're still estimating, sir. Looks rough."

As Haley vanished this time, Martin shook his head slowly. "Why don't you castrate me?"

"You've had this coming. It's averages, Ted."

"Maybe. But what's it going to do to Stitch?"

Dennis forced a smile which he hoped looked natural. "Set us back a day. We'll do Schweinhafen tomorrow and Fendelhorst Monday. I think the weather will hold."

"Will Kane?"

"He'll have to."

"Casey, he had cold feet before we started. I doubt if he ever came clean with Washington. What do you think he's going to say to this?"

Dennis shrugged. "Just another casualty for Operation Stitch."

"Casey!" Martin had come alive again now with hot, concerned protest. "Quit hurting about casualties. Most of these guys would be killed in a normal tour anyway. We've been through that before. This way they're doing something that counts instead of running up phoney statistics for that old —"

"Ted, he's our Chief."

"Sure! Sure he's our Chief. And a good soldier is loyal. It says so in the book. But what's he loyal to, anyway? To mortal, fallible men above him, half the time dopes and cowards with shelves full of rules they've made to protect themselves? Or is he loyal to his own common sense — and to guys who have to do things that aren't in the books, like Stitch? You better get your head out of the clouds before you lose it, Casey."

It was an old argument between them.

"Kane didn't forbid Stitch, Ted."

"Did he authorize it? Did he attend his weather conferences and go on record like a man? Not Kane. You're the goat on this one."

"Other guys have been killed. If I get canned —"

"If you get canned it's the end of honest bombardment here and you know it! We'll piddle away our planes building statistics over France while they build a defense over Germany that will make today's losses look like a sprained ankle."

Even through the Ops room door Haley could hear the crackling fury of Martin's voice and it made him shudder. He knew that the men had been inseparable friends for fifteen years but he considered that only the more reason why Martin should have been more discreet. It was true that Martin always behaved with correct subordination when the two were in public, but now half the building could hear his anger, if not his words. Most Major Generals would not have used that tone on Dennis. Some of the enlisted men were openly smiling now and Haley was glad of an excuse to enter Dennis's office. He found the two deadlocked, but as always, they shut up in the presence of anyone else.

"The Hemisphere Commander's Public Relations Officer is calling General Kane, sir."

"I told you he's at a Group, probably in an Interrogation hut. And let me speak to him before any PRO does."

This time Martin's heedless vehemence did not even await the full closing of the door. "You *can't* tell him, Casey. You're protecting him not to. And what about the guys we've already lost? If Kane quits now they're wasted. We've either got to finish now or we might as well take this Air Army back to Arizona. It's us or them, this week, boy, and you're the only guy in the hemisphere with guts enough to see it through."

"How — if we don't tell him?" asked Dennis warily.

"Let him be happy with today's pictures. Tomorrow we'll knock off Fendelhorst. Then Monday, when he orders his usual month-end milk run to Calais or Dunkerque, we'll go back and clean up Schweinhafen."

It was so exactly what Dennis had been thinking himself that he could not suppress a guilty start. Of course it was natural; his mind and Ted's had

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been working together for fifteen years. Even now Ted was watching his, measuring it, following his clear understanding that it was a workable expedient. The return of Haley gave him a minute more.

"Sixty-sixth Wing reports both of today's reconnaissance planes now four hours overdue, sir."

Dennis cleared his head with a hard shake. "Keep that battle damage coming. I'll call General Kane myself, Haley."

This time, as Haley closed the door, Martin jumped up, placing himself between Dennis and the phones on the desk.

"Casey, today it's recce planes; six weeks from now it will be whole Divisions unless we finish this job."

"We'll finish, Ted. We'll make him finish."

He confronted Martin a second more, his face muscles struggling with his effort to make them show more assurance than he felt. He knew that he should take more time to think this through but he did not dare. He stepped past Martin decisively now; he had to do it and he had to do it fast, before he did think any more. Martin's face was aghast under its powder smoke as Dennis picked up the phone.

"You're going to tell him?"

"He's the Chief."

18

Long before the late nightfall of the British summer the Division Headquarters and its outlying stations again took on the accelerating pulsations of activity.

There was a rhythmic cycle in this life that began its slow rise once more from the final counting in after the mission. For the combat crews this was an ending; another mission checked off, another restorative interlude for the brief unreality of food and sleep, of music, games, or women. Especially after a second successive long mission pure fatigue claimed most of them.

Only a hardy few, those whose natural energy was inexhaustible, those whose nervous structures could not unwind, those who had taken Benzedrine too late, lingered on at the mess, thumbed through the records in the lounge, changing them after the first few bars of each tune, and then sat looking numbly at the barren expanse of the V-mail blanks or, taking their bicycles from the racks, wheeled out of the station in quest of different excitement.

Most of the men, with a headshake at that serene twilight sky, made straight for the sack, there to snore or lie tense, trying to evoke the smell of hamburgers in juke joints, or the dappling patterns of moonlight on country club terraces, as the fragments of the phonograph tunes echoed on the corrugated iron roofs.

In the villages around them, girls who had learned the new portents of peaceful heavens saw the hope vanishing and settled again to another twenty-four hours of dread. And through their ears, as through those of farmers and villagers, of crews tossing in their cots, of hares and partridge chicks and foxes prowling the beetroot and kale patches in the Lincolnshire gloaming, there drummed now from every side, in universal chorus, the rising hum of myriad motors tuning.

For now the work of the base personnel rose with a jerky tempo to the tune of the motors. Along the lanes muffled jeep lights bounced crazily over bumps their dim projection had not revealed. Down by the bomb dumps, panting tractors chugged the dollies into place. Then their crews cut their switches and paced off through the cool grass the requisite distance for smoking while they watched the coming of the evening stars and waited the details of the loading decision.

Along every highway, through every station, around every perimeter track, and to every parking stand the petrol trucks rumbled on the last lap of the journey that had brought their cargo through subhaunted waters from Arabia and the Caribbean. Deft hands and wrenches maneuvered the hoses. Then, with the soft whirring of still more motors, the weary truck tires began to contract again, and the bulbous doughnuts of the Fortresses spread and distended under the inflowing burden as dry tanks gurgled and burped.

Now, above and around the Forts themselves, on platforms and catwalks and cowlings, with chain hoists that lifted motors like matches and wrenches smaller than matches, the crews clambered and cursed and toiled in a disciplined frenzy of activity. Motors coughed and sputtered, roared into thunder or choked into vacuums of quick silence. Starting engines whined and squealed, generators purred. Hammers and scissors, files and hacksaws and riveters, incised with sure surgery round the gaping shot wounds — ripping, replacing, restoring, and finally polishing new strength and surface into the old contours of the bodies. In the motors themselves men stripped and dismantled and searched, deeper and ever deeper, seeking with calipers and gauges and electric pulsations the subtler maladies of friction and metal fatigue. In the gloom, muffled work lamps twinkled like fireflies. Hurrying chiefs looked oftener and oftener at their watches. Every passing bicycle or jeep slowed up to receive, or pass on, with blasphemy the information that there was as yet no further information.

In the cookshacks other men waited for the word. Already the standard things were done. Bread was baking, beans boiling, stew meat and potatoes poured from the machines into rising conicles in the great caldrons. Cans gasped under the knives and then yielded their contents with a gurgle. But there, too, the absence of final word delayed the final arrangements. The padlocks guarding the combat crews' fresh eggs and oranges were still locked. Their keys remained deep in the pockets of scowling mess Sergeants who pondered the comic strips in the *Stars and Stripes* spread out on their tables as they, too, waited.

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Outside the Staff Offices at both Division and Group Headquarters, the continuous opening and shutting of doors slashed the blackout with quick shards of the bright internal light, as men hurried to and fro, exchanging with each other the news that there was no news yet. They, too, were cursing the delay.

Inside, the chairs were set and the blackboard sponged against the morning's briefing. But the tiered cords of maps waited in their bins until it was decided which particular acres of them must be folded and marked long before take-off. In other rooms men fingered and studied blankly the miniature planes whose numbers duplicated those on the monsters now gutted for repair work on the parking stands. Each phone call was a resurrection, moving one of the symbols into its place in the toy formation on the blackboard which would precede and dictate tomorrow's formation in the sky — if there was to be a formation.

Through all of these and a hundred other forms of preparation, men worked always with uncertainty in their minds, measuring everything they did by it. Every part of the process could be brought so far, and nightly was brought so far, toward the final forms of preparation. This in itself was more than enough to occupy most of the men most of the night. But in itself this also was only a preliminary to the final frenzy which would begin with the certainty of a mission and then the unfolding final details of bomb load, gas load, degrees of repair, destination, courses, timings, frequencies, and all the other innumerable and vital details which must somehow be worked out through the steadily dwindling interval to the deadline of the take-off.

19

Dennis knew very well not only the continuously changing physical condition of his command throughout this vigil but also its emotional and nervous state. It had been his life's work to control and manage the energies of other men, training and restraining them until orders gave them final release in purpose for which there never could be entirely adequate preparation.

The job was, of course, too big for any one man, and the service his country had created to cope with it understood this. No one man did it. Dennis, like the rest, was only a part of it, as dependent upon orders from above as the men who now cursed him were dependent upon orders from him. Kane might be dead in a ditch, drunk in a boudoir, stalemated in passionate dispute with still Higher Command, or cutting his fingernails; it did not matter. He had left an order with Dennis not to send out the field order until he returned.

Dennis knew the Army well enough to know that it probably thought him afraid to act until he could pin responsibility on Kane, but it would never know from him the truth of why he was waiting, under a more wearing tension than any of the men who chafed around him.

By the same token he realized that he himself might never know why Kane was waiting; there were always more reasons than met the eye. In the meantime he could do nothing more than wring from every minute the maximum possible preparation that could be made in the present situation and then try to set the others an example of composure and equanimity while he, too, waited. Not since the beginning of the war had he permitted himself to ponder the deeper reasons of why he waited.

Dennis had been the only son of a promising young doctor in a small Middle Western city. He had idolized the father who often played baseball with the neighborhood kids on the dusty lots and set fingers with competence and jocular reassurance in the gas-lit office in their house. In the morning he was allowed to help his father into a linen duster before they started, together, the brassbound, leather-strapped car that was the wonder of the neighborhood.

As he grew older Dennis himself was allowed to open the brass petcocks and pour compounds of benzene and ether into the cylinders. They both loved the car, and though Mrs. Dennis predicted, with mournful pride, that their experiments would blow up the whole city, they never did. Sometimes they cranked it until their arms ached; then suddenly its motor caught with resounding bursts, and the doctor waved back triumphantly as he roared off at a giddy twenty miles an hour to the hospital where he was worshiped. Everywhere Dennis went, from the trackworkers' shanties down by the yard to the glittering marble edifice of the Bank, he was greeted with affection, respect, and a solicitude that warmed the casual words of the universal "How's the Doc?"

Since earliest recollection, his one determination had been to study medicine and practice with his father. While he was waiting for this there had been another war, in which fourteen-year-old boys were not wanted. The Doc had become Captain Dennis of the Medical Reserve, and while his family were in the first pride of his duty overseas, he had been killed in a forward dressing station in the Argonne, leaving a young doctor's normal legacy of debts and good will, and a prematurely serious son.

Dennis might still have gone to medical school, but he was aware of the sacrifices it would have entailed for his mother — and even more aware, within himself, that the soldier had begun to overshadow the doctor in his memory of his father. When part of his heritage of good will crystallized into the offer of an appointment to the Military Academy, he had accepted with a feeling of consecration.

He had become a First Classman before his expanding view had been seriously troubled by the prospect of life in a peacetime Army. By then the Government was offering flying training to a selected few from his class.

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He was fully aware that it was the uniform which had made him an aviator. It was more than a fair bargain; it was a binding pact. He was still a young man when the lucrative world of civil aviation first beckoned and then begged greedily for his services, but for him the decision was a simple one. The Government had educated him; the obligation became all the graver with his dawning realization that only men like himself could hope to educate the Government.

After that realization there had not only been no further doubts; there had been no time to doubt. Each step in his own steady progress from proficiency to eminence in an exacting profession was only a tactical victory in the interminable campaign against the entrenched tradition. The real fight was never with the finite problems of momentum and gravity but with the anachronism of saber and broadside. It had been a struggle to save the propeller from the sword, against the certain time when only the propeller could save the sword. But the time had come upon them with the struggle still undecided internally. Now the propellers were buying more time, at a price.

Dennis knew it was not immodesty which made him consider himself one of the few competent judges of the precariousness, the desperate uncertainty of even this bargain for time. He was one of the small earnest fraternity who had foreseen the essential outlines of this struggle long before the cries from Europe and then the thunderclap from Pearl Harbor had finally awakened even the dullest of his superiors. It was why they had sent him here, to buy them time with a minimum of the propellers for which he had worked and begged so long.

He had come with the conviction that it could be done. He had faith in the planes which carried years of his own work in most of their essential parts. He had faith in his crews and in the people from whom they came, faith in the capacity of an awakened country to produce enough more planes and crews, with time.

But time was always the essence of it. His first perception of the jet plane, now panting on the threshold of operational use, had revised even his own narrow estimate of the time margin against which he was working. In this development of the jet principle he had seen and accepted a revolution that would make propellers themselves as obsolete as they had made the kind of thought that still governed them.

Realization of this had only brought him to the other side, the never ending duality of the struggle. It was never enough to realize it; the struggle was in forcing the realization upon other people, in this case, paradoxically, upon Kane, who had been himself a legend among the pioneers for propellers. He not only had to make Kane see it, he had to make him act upon it in time. Minute by minute the decisive time, the present ephemeral gift of this favorable weather, was ticking away while his people waited for him and he, with an inner compounding of the gathering tension around him, waited for General Kane.

20

Corporal Herbert McGinnis was a victim of this general tension, but he considered, with more accuracy than he knew, that he was also a victim of Sergeant Evans. He had done the eight to four shift in the General's office and was happily contemplating his Saturday night off when he had been summoned back to fill in for Evans, who was said to be absent on a special mission for the General.

McGinnis was still thinking of his grievance shortly after ten that night as he worked over the General's claim board. He disliked working in the General's office itself but he knew that a man who did his duty had nothing to fear and he had been ordered to do it there. The General paid no more attention to him than to the furniture but it made him uncomfortable; even now he could not help overhearing every word of the General's angry voice talking over the phone: —

"I've told you four times he said he was going to visit Groups and then come back here; that's all I know. — Well, tell the Embassy they don't want him any more than I do."

The phone slammed down and McGinnis started guiltily. He disliked even involuntary eavesdropping but he had begun to be intrigued by the frantic search for General Kane. He did not see why Dennis cared whether he found Kane or not; what was more, he did not approve. The sages of Hut 6 said that Kane spent his time undressing Duchesses and drinking tea with Ambassadors, and McGinnis felt that Dennis would do well to avoid such a man. He frowned now and re-crayoned a faultless number as General Dennis came over to view the board.

"How they coming, Corporal?"

"Three more destroyeds and a probable from them guys they fished out of the Channel, sir."

"Anything on that other crew in the ditch?"

"Not yet, sir. That British sub is still standing by."

"I'll be in the hole with Colonel Martin."

Dennis was gone before McGinnis could think of any way to communicate his disapproval of this unseemly concern over General Kane. He was still scowling over it when the anteroom door opened and Evans strolled in with an air of languid complacency. In spite of private resolutions McGinnis found himself speaking as he had learned to speak in the Army.

"Where in hell you been?"

"Busy. Where's Dennis?"

"In the hole. You listen here, Evans —"

"Was he smoking?"

"No."

Evans sauntered to the General's desk, took out the cigar box, selected a cigar, and lit it. McGinnis

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watched with horror, half expecting to see lightning strike in the room. Instead he saw, and then smelt, only a fragrant cloud of smoke. Deep inside McGinnis something cracked; he was scarcely shocked to hear himself saying, "How about one of them for me?"

"He'd notice two burning," said Evans.

McGinnis continued to watch with rising fury as Evans now lifted out the whiskey bottle, measured its depleted contents with a rueful eye, and then helped himself to a short, restorative swig. He was about to burst out when Evans proffered the bottle.

"You know I never touch it. Ain't that the General's?"

"I and the General share everything," said Evans.

"Except work," said McGinnis bitterly. "I notice you share that with me; you leave it and I do it."

Evans replaced the bottle and eyed the Corporal sardonically. "McGinnis, if there's one thing I pride myself on as a Tech Sergeant it's never doing nothing a Corporal can do for me."

Evans sat down, stretched his legs comfortably up onto the map table, and regarded McGinnis with contemptuous tolerance. It comforted his present frame of mind to rediscover someone stupider than himself. Brockhurst's car had yielded another case of whiskey. From this, Evans had solaced Peterson with four bottles and the locksmith with two. The Division left him with a wealth that made him, for the first time since he had been in the Island, uneasy about German bombers.

He was troubled over what was happening to General Dennis. Now back at the station, he sat looking at McGinnis making crayon scores on a gaudy cardboard chart. He shook his head uneasily. "What you got there, McGinnis?"

"Claims! Look at them lying scoundrels. Ninety-seven! If the Germans seen that they'd bust their guts laughing. How come Dennis got such a wild hair in his crotch for claims tonight?"

"Percent's riding him again," said Evans.

McGinnis remembered other things the sages of Hut 6 had remarked of the biggest wheel on their horizon. "Oh. We going to destroy that Luftwaffe again for this Sunday's papers?"

"With pictures," said Evans. "Full face and both stars showing."

McGinnis eyed the claim board unhappily. "I wished they'd quit this. My wife, she wrote me a letter. She said in that there letter, she said: 'You've done destroyed that Luftwaffe six times now. When you coming home?'"

"What did you tell her?"

"I didn't know *what* to tell her. I expect she thinks it's *all* lies now."

"Tell her we've beat Germany," said Evans. "Tell her we're just staying here till we outclaim MacArthur."

McGinnis pondered this. "We better hurry up then while we still got something to do it with. Eddie Cahill, he called up to tell you he couldn't get to town tonight. He said he told the new CO over to the 641st if they ever had another day like today he was fixing to resign as Line Chief and take out a junk dealer's license."

"That gang ought to get their thumbs out," said Evans. "They never could fly formation."

McGinnis, remembering the truth of this from his own combat days, nodded. "They ought to do better now they lost Colonel Ledgrave and Captain Jenks, though. You reckon Dennis is going to send 'em again tomorrow?"

"Maybe a milk run," said Evans. "But not no real mission till Percent's got his picture on the front of *Time* again, or *Life* anyway."

McGinnis scowled. "That's what the guys in Hut 6 say. But you know it don't look right to me. If we got 'em to fight we just as well to fight 'em and get it over with. That's the way I figured my twenty-five."

"Is that why they made you a General?"

"I don't see no stars on you, Evans."

McGinnis broke off just in time to manage a rigid attention as the Ops door crashed inward under the impact of the General's shoulder. McGinnis knew that nothing could save Evans now and, to his surprise, felt sorry. It wasn't right. Evans *had* stolen the General's cigar and a man who stole things —

"Haley!" called the General.

Without a glance at the noncoms Dennis walked in now, his eyes making a swift arc from Ops room to blackboard. Evans got himself to attention unnoticed. As Haley hurried frantically after the General to the blackboard, Evans slid with a crab-like, sidling motion to the desk and deposited the burning cigar in the General's ash tray.

"That's one forty-nine now. Crews?" snapped the General.

"One fifty-three, sir."

"How many would finish their tours tomorrow?"

"Fourteen, sir. Too many to spare."

Dennis shook his head wearily: "Weather?"

"No change of consequence in the 2200, sir."

"Good. Anything else?"

Haley walked over to McGinnis and the chart now. The General returned to his desk, picked the burning cigar out of the ash tray, and inhaled with satisfaction. He looked faintly surprised as McGinnis gasped and then coughed twice.

"The claim chart is done, sir," said Haley.

With his cigar going comfortably the General moved back and scrutinized the chart attentively. Then, with brief and absent thanks, he dismissed McGinnis, who retired with a final glance of frustrate fury at the bland Evans. Haley shuffled the papers in his pudgy hands.

"Those medical officers are waiting, sir."

"Keep 'em," said Dennis. "Any calls?"

"Mostly for General Kane, sir. Colonel Saybold has called three times, the Embassy four more, and Lady Grattonfield six."

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Unexpectedly, Dennis smiled. "Any idea what they want?"

Haley had noted the smile. "I've no idea what Colonel Saybold or the Embassy want, sir."

He observed the General's appreciative grin with relief. Haley never could be sure of General Dennis; he would miss the most obvious jokes and then be observed indulging his tight-faced chuckle over things Haley did not consider funny. But this time it was all right.

"What else?"

"The boys in the Groups are in a hell of a sweat to know if there'll be a mission tomorrow, sir."

"So am I. Keep 'em alerted."

"Sir, it's after ten and they want briefing poop and bomb loads. Most of 'em haven't had their clothes off for seventy-two hours."

"Neither has anyone else." Dennis thought a minute. "Cut another field order tape using the data for Phase Two Operation Stitch."

"Phase *Two*, sir?"

"That's what I said."

Haley saw that deep fatigue had repossessed Dennis. But in their entire time together he had never known the General to make a mistake like this. He coughed and spoke diffidently.

"Sir, I understood that General Kane had said —"

"I didn't say to put it on the printer. I said to cut the tape."

The voice rasped. Haley stiffened reflexively and made for the door without a word. He had almost reached it when a softer accent stopped him.

"Ernie —"

He turned to see Dennis striding toward him, his face relaxed and his voice contrite under its fatigue.

"I'm sorry. I'm tired."

It gave Haley one of the bitterest moments he had known in service. He had behaved like a petulant child over a well-earned rebuke. He had to gulp before he was sure he could speak without intruding further emotion into Dennis's troubles.

"Roger, sir. You ought to get some sleep, Casey."

Dennis smiled wryly and clapping Haley on the shoulder walked into the Ops room with him.

21

Evans had barely cornered McGinnis in the Ops room when he noticed the hurried passage of Dennis and Haley through it on their way down to the hole. Leading the suspicious Corporal back into the relative privacy of the General's office, Evans took out the cigar box, opened it, and extended it with a hospitable smile.

"What you after now, Evans?"

"I'm fixing to share things more with you," said Evans.

"What else we sharing?"

Evans snapped the box shut, replaced it with a fine simulation of indifference, and shrugged his shoulders. "Okay, if you want to be a Corporal all your life."

"What you bucking for now?" McGinnis inquired more cordially.

"Dennis won't let me go to China till I've got someone to take my place. It's worth Tech stripes, but if you don't want it —"

They both jumped to silent attention as Dennis, with one of his habitually unexpected appearances, walked back in now, made straight for his desk, and sitting down, pulled out the Jenks file. Evans winked at McGinnis, who scuttled silently out.

Alone, Evans studied the General. "Excuse me, sir. You had any chow yet?"

"I'm expecting General Kane."

"He'd be pretty stringy, sir. I'll get you something."

He thought he saw a swift glow of gratitude in the General's bleak face as he went out.

Martin, entering the General's office quietly a few minutes later, had a more detached look at his friend than he had thought of taking for years. Dennis was standing with a Personnel file in his hand, looking back and forth between those black dots on the map and the file itself, in a posture of ineffable weariness.

Studying him now with some of the acute attentiveness he normally reserved for the observation of engines, he wondered how Dennis took it. To ask the same question about himself would never have occurred to him. Martin had spent twenty of the last forty hours with entire aerial responsibility for the fate and effectiveness of a hundred and forty bombers through the two toughest missions of the war, to date. Sixteen of these hours he had been on oxygen, three of them he had spent shooting a machine gun for his life in the nose of a crippled Fort. He was thinking now that, as always in their long relationship, Dennis had the tough job.

Dennis, of course, was an Academy man and he liked the service; at least he had liked it once. There had been times during the latter years when Martin had begun to wonder about that. His own views of the service were so simple they had made a legend. At the reception after his graduation from flying school, the benign old Colonel who had suffered most through Martin's training had asked the newly created Lieutenant what he thought of the uniform now.

"Just what I always thought, sir. It stinks but you have nice airplanes."

Martin had been demoted three times before reaching his Captaincy. In his official file, however, there had long been established separate subcategories, a *C* for citations and commendations and an *R* for reprimands. The balance between these two had kept him almost abreast of classmates who had their first of either to earn.

He would not have cared if it hadn't. To Martin the uniform was simply an inconvenience attendant

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upon life in a world full of airplanes no impecunious young man could hope to own. He considered it a fair bargain.

At his peak there were not half a dozen Americans who could fly in the same sky with him Dennis had been the only one of these in uniform. It was Dennis who had twice kept Martin in the service through crises the Citation and Commendation file might not have balanced.

22

When Dennis had been given the Fifth Division his first personnel request had been for Martin. It had troubled his conscience at the time because he had known what Martin could do, perhaps should be doing, for the teething troubles of the B-29's. On the other hand, he had known the kind of thing Martin would, and did, do under most Commanders. The Fifth Division was an operational command; its priority was clear.

For Martin himself there had never been the slightest indecision about what he was going to do. He was grateful that Dennis's good sense had finally saved them both the trouble of having him desert some other command to join the Fifth. It would have taken a lot of fixing.

Studying Dennis now as he pondered the Jenks file, unaware of anything else, Martin felt a hot, futile indignation. It was this kind of waste effort, this pressure for which there were no gauges, that was slowly, visibly doing things to Dennis that even momentum and gravity and centrifugal force had never been able to do. Martin could feel immeasurable weight on that fragile form.

It filled him with a sudden fury, not against Jenks, but against the whole irrational structure that could let things like that consume Dennis. Toward Jenks himself Martin had no feeling. He knew him for a poor pilot but plenty of those got through. To ground such a man in combat was to issue a tacit invitation to malingerers. But if Jenks preferred the risk of quitting to running out six more missions, it was probably a break for the crews who would have ridden with him.

He was pondering how to say this so as to comfort Dennis, when Dennis himself looked up, bleakly at first and then with the quick smile that always welcomed his recognition of Martin. "Find it?"

The question, confronting Martin again with his own failure of that afternoon, swept the whole Jenks affair out of his mind. "Not in the first three categories. Jake's working out the target folders on the Fourth now. Found our wandering General yet?"

"No."

"He must have heard of another camera somewhere."

Dennis grunted but said nothing. They had long since effected a tacit compromise on these matters. Dennis never rebuked Martin's habitual insubordinations when they were in private. Martin never allowed his tongue or attitude to embarrass Dennis in public. At the moment, however, he wanted above all things to get Dennis away from his troubles, for respite if he could. There were few things that would divert him, but his own sympathy was one of them.

"Casey, did Cliff say anything about Helen?"

"He says she's worried."

Dennis tossed the Jenks file on the desk now, to indicate his receptiveness if Martin wished to speak of this matter. He rarely did and latterly only with the shrugging indifference that indicated the tragic finality of it. Tonight, however, he appeared to have it on his mind and Dennis listened with concentration.

"Worried about me or the kid?"

"You."

"She always was — and with reason. I guess I was a pretty harebrained kid."

He mused a second and it was too long. Involuntarily Dennis's eyes had gone back to the map. The glance returned Martin abruptly to the implacable present. He spoke half-bitterly.

"Now I'm Eagle-eye Martin — sure death on any target below the first three categories."

"Quit hurting," said Dennis sharply. "You've had this coming. It's averages."

"Not with Cliff here," said Martin. "Why couldn't he stay with the United Chiefs? He wore his lips out getting there."

He waited but Dennis deliberately evaded.

"Ted, are you and Helen going to click this time?"

Martin shrugged. "Maybe. I guess she didn't feel so secure on her own, either. I won't be flying forever. You know the thing that pulled my rip cord with the whole Garnett family was turning down that airline job."

"Twelve thousand a year is a lot of dough for a kid to laugh off."

"I heard you turn down eighteen the same day, Grandpa. But those Garnetts always worshiped security — I guess because they'd been Army so long. At heart the guy's jealous of us."

"He's done well, Ted."

"At staff work."

"We had to have those guys to get planes for hoodlums like you and me," said Dennis easily.

"Maybe," Martin smiled fleetingly. "Helen tried everything in the book to make me one of 'em — indoors, flying tail cover on Cliff's desk. She figures he's a cinch for the top some day."

"She's probably right," said Dennis slowly.

It always came to this, Martin reflected. He and Casey would find a few unexpected minutes together and it would be almost like the old days. Then, no matter what they were talking about, their new troubles closed in on them. It was so now and he knew he had to make the most of this time for the newest and nearest of them.

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"Casey, she's right except for one thing. No record will be worth a damn after this war without Combat Command in it. Cliff knows that. And this is still the best Air Command in the war."

"Maybe it is, until the B-29's come along."

"They're still a dream, maybe a nightmare. Cliff always follows the beaten tracks, at a safe distance."

Dennis smiled. "Ted, you're imagining things."

Martin jumped up and thumped the Swastika on the wall. "I'm not imagining that. These things are going to be more fun than adultery, for the guys who have them. I admit I'd hate to see Cliff get your job but I'd hate it worse to see Galland get these before we get our new fighters."

"So would I," said Dennis. He was not smiling now.

"Well, he will if you tell Kane about today *now*. But if he thinks we're two-thirds done we can probably brace his spine enough to let us finish Fendelhorst tomorrow."

"And after that?"

"*After that* we discover today's mistake. He'll be in so deep by then he'll have to finish to justify himself. Those pictures will keep him happy for twenty-four hours more. My God, Casey, they're fooling the experts down in the hole and Kane doesn't know a strike photo from a Wassermann smear. Why do you have to tell him tonight?"

"Why did you tell me?"

"I could trust you."

Dennis considered before speaking slowly. "He trusts us, Ted."

Martin exploded into blasphemy and then checked it. He knew that all the profanity at his command would not dent the rocky substructure of scruple in Dennis. He had to use reason, and he had to do it fast, while there was time. He was wondering how much time he had, when General Kane himself walked through the door.

23

Toward Kane, Martin felt only the essential contempt he cherished for all things military. He had long since recognized that the caste system was more than a relic of the monarchical principle to which Armies clung so wistfully. It was vital armor against reason or competition. For Kane's rank Martin felt no more inward respect than for any other, including his own.

As a young man Martin had revered Kane's flying record. As a maturing pilot he had realized that Kane's private compass had always been set for the kind of stars men wear. He observed now that Kane was traveling with a characteristic retinue. Besides his distinguished visitor he had brought one aide and one newspaperman. Martin accepted the introductions quietly in his turn, offered an indifferent hand to his brother-in-law, and nodded absently to Garnett's compliments on the mission and his eager insistence upon a good private talk later on.

His mind was on Dennis. He listened to Kane's explanations that the party had extended its visiting to the Headquarters of General Endicott's neighboring Division and had felt obliged to stop there for dinner. Dennis appeared to have shed both fatigue and tension. He looked as calm and self-possessed as if they were about to settle to cards. So did Kane.

"There are some messages for you, sir," Dennis was saying.

"Anything from Washington?"

"No, sir."

"They can wait."

The bell had rung, but even Martin was unprepared for the immediacy of Dennis's opening.

"Sir, may I speak with you briefly, alone?"

"Of course, Casey. But first I want Cliff to tell you —"

"Sir, may I have one minute alone with you?"

Kane was not used to being interrupted. He spoke shortly. "All night, when you've heard what I want you to hear. Cliff, will you tell Casey what we decided?"

It was Garnett, rather than Dennis, who now showed embarrassment over this superficial discourtesy of Kane's, but an order was an order. After a hesitant glance at Brockhurst and Prescott, who had drawn a little away from the faint turbulence now making itself felt in the room, he plunged in. "Casey, I felt it was impossible for you people to be doing anything so serious without informing higher authority."

"That's why I filed a report and recommendations."

Martin locked his face muscles against the involuntary grin. He had seen Kane quicken with the impact of the remark. He knew it was no inadvertence that had caused Dennis to make it. The next job probably wouldn't be as good as this one but Casey would be the same guy in it instead of a different man clinging to this one. For the first time he felt a twinge of pity for Garnett's evident unease. But, as Kane chose to default the retort by silence, Garnett had to continue.

"Well, Casey, they never reached us. So General Kane and I have been talking to Washington by teleprint conversation from Joe Endicott's. We felt we owed it to the Chief to put him in the position of being able to defend what we — what's being done here, if he approves it. Brockie here was good enough to write the whole thing out for us so as to put it in the most forceful and favorable light. I think if you'll read it —"

He nodded to Brockhurst, who stepped forward now and offered Dennis a roll of teletype paper. Dennis had heard the news with a sense of lifting relief that the information had at last reached levels of authority commensurate with its importance. Garnett's action had put the thing in its proper

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position, bringing the essence of the Army's strength, which was its unity, to bear upon it.

"I've read enough of Brockhurst's lily-gilding. What did the Chief say?"

"Unfortunately he's in Florida, at the proving grounds."

"Testing a new typewriter?"

"General!" said Kane. "I can't tolerate such remarks. The Chief's public relations policy has put us where we are today."

"It sure has," said Dennis.

Garnett intervened hastily. "We had a very constructive talk with Lester Blackmer, Casey. You know how close Les and the Chief are."

"I know," said Dennis. "What did Lester Yessir say?"

"Well, he couldn't speak officially but he's sure the Chief will be 100 per cent behind us in principle."

Evans, entering with a tray full of sandwiches just then, blessed the luck that had brought him back at this minute. The room was crackling with tension. Kane's face was now a dull brick-red. Dennis had his jaw locked on a dead cigar but Evans could tell from the exaggerated levelness of his voice that he was angry.

"These gentlemen have eaten, Sergeant."

"Do they know you haven't, sir?"

Kane saved Evans the rebuke he had fully expected, by turning quickly to Dennis with courteous solicitude.

"I'm sorry, Casey. Put those things on the table, Sergeant. We'll be going soon."

"That's fine, sir," said Evans blandly. Moving to the map table, he cocked his ears and began unloading as slowly as he dared.

"Les warned us, Casey," continued Garnett, "that the Chief may be very upset about our — your losses. He said he'd help us by working up a big feature story on claims."

"Did you get those added up, General?" asked Kane.

"Multiplied, sir." Dennis pointed to the gaudy claim chart and Kane hurried to it for a personal inspection.

"Les will also stress the importance of these targets when he can reach the Chief and —" they all felt Garnett hesitate — "he's going to try to sell the Chief on letting us finish *after the allocation meeting.*"

Dennis walked straight over to Kane, who kept his eyes on the chart.

"Sir, did you let that little two-star stooge forbid our mission for tomorrow?"

The phrasing of the question deflected Kane's mind from its manifest insubordination. It was all very well for Dennis to dismiss Blackmer so contemptuously. Kane knew that no Major General got that close to the Chief for the purpose of dulling his knives on Brigadiers. Blackmer was his own contemporary. Kane had had a bad moment on learning who would steer the report of this situation to the Chief. He answered testily, as much to his own worries as to Dennis's open anger. "Of course not. If there's one thing the Chief prides himself on, it's not letting his own people interfere with his Commanders' freedom of action in the field."

Dennis caught himself quickly. "That's fine, sir. Now the Groups are waiting for the order and —"

"Not so fast, Casey. Les indicated to us, unofficially, that it would be a great thing to put the Chief in a position to announce a new monthly record for sorties and tonnages just before that meeting on Tuesday."

"We can't take record tonnages that far, sir."

"I'm afraid that's the point," said Garnett. "Les virtually promised us, if we'd take things easy for the last two days of this month, he thought everything would be all right with the Chief after Tuesday."

"Including weather, I suppose — in Washington."

"Casey, you'll get weather again," said Garnett soothingly.

"When?" demanded Dennis. "I've waited five weeks for this. Twice we had one day; this job takes three. If we ever do get them again, the big wheels will be after us for headlines over those sub-pens or tearing up the French perfume trade to discourage the Italians or covering some State Department four-flush in the Balkans or any other damned thing on the planet except the one thing that will decide whether American bombardment can stay in business at all."

Martin was finding it hard work to cover his excitement. He did not see how even Kane could have let the argument go on so far if his mind were made up. If it were not, there was a chance, almost too elusive for measurement, but present still in the wavering course of this discussion. It lay in Kane himself, in the irresolution which was still permitting Garnett to carry the preliminary skirmish for him while he studied it and calculated. Garnett seemed to be sensing his superior's uncertainty; he continued persuasively. "Casey, we know you've had distractions. Nobody can take all the politics out of war. But you don't need three days again. As Lester said, the saving grace of the situation is that you're two-thirds done —"

He broke off with annoyance, looking toward the door, and Martin, following his gaze, saw with dismay that Lieutenant Jake Goldberg had burst wildly into the room, his arms laden with maps and photos and target folders.

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Goldberg had crashed through the door with the velocity of flight. He was fleeing from himself. For, on the way upstairs from the laboratory in the hole, he had paused briefly to think for the first time since his eyes had seen the target folder in his hand superimpose, line for line, over the photos on the light table, and his feet had started instantly for the

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General's office. His brief pause en route he now saw as the darkest of moral compromises. It had occurred to him that there was some comfort in what he had learned. At least the thing was not a hospital.

Goldberg was a boy who understood the cost of the advantages that had been given him. His mother and father kept a delicatessen just off Santa Monica Boulevard. From their cash till, Goldberg had been sent through high school and two years of college. His brain had been as immediately and happily at home with trig and calculus as the others around him were with jockeys' records and dance tunes. Goldberg's parents had seen for the boy a chance beyond their own horizons.

War changed the chance; he was graduated number one in a class of six hundred bombardiers, to become an officer in the Army of the United States. He had learned. He had been ready, equipped, and useful when his country wanted him.

Then, in one day, he had not only mistaken a target which was important enough to take the Division beyond fighters; he had found himself on the verge of trying to ameliorate his failure in the eyes of General Dennis and Colonel Martin by misrepresenting, with considered words, the importance of what he had hit.

This afternoon, as soon as the photos had come in, General Dennis had come down to the light table instead of sending for them. Before looking at them he had cleared his throat and said: "Goldberg, Colonel Martin has told me this is not your fault. He still thinks you're the best bombardier in the Army and he's the best judge I know. Now find out what you did hit and bring it to me at once."

The Officers in the conference looked up at his intrusion with astonishment. They saw an unshaven Lieutenant, face still grimy from powder smoke, eyes red from strain and tears. His proximity to acute hysteria was apparent in everything but the inflexible steadiness of purpose with which he now thrust his maps and photos straight at General Dennis, oblivious of everyone else in the room. "I've found the damned thing, sir," he said.

Only then did he look around to see a Major General, another Brigadier, and two strangers gaping at his appearance.

"Excuse me, sir. You said —"

"That's right," said Dennis quickly. "General Kane, this is today's lead bombardier, Lieutenant Goldberg."

Kane had had time to study the boy's condition. He stepped forward now and extended his hand with benign paternalism. "Good evening, Lieutenant. That was a wonderful mission you boys ran today. I couldn't wait to see the pictures myself but I've been talking to a member of the Big Chief's personal staff and he says the Chief will be very proud of you."

Goldberg accepted the handshake absently. His mind was still on the folders in his other hand. To his astonishment it was Colonel Martin who grabbed him by the arm and started him toward the door, speaking quickly to Kane. "Very sorry you were interrupted, sir. This can wait."

He was propelling Goldberg forcibly toward the door when General Kane himself saw the pictures and, reaching out, took them out of the Lieutenant's hand. At the first glance his face began to beam. "Look, Cliff, look! These are wonderful. You see — here's the highway coming in, here's the river, here's the factory —"

Free from Martin, Goldberg stepped over to the General now, his mind clear again and focused entirely on the pictures. "You've got them upside down, General," he said.

Major Prescott wondered for an instant whether he should put this unspeakable Lieutenant in his place. But keeping his mouth shut, Prescott walked over to join his senior's admiration of the photographs. It was Dennis who spoke now, very sharply, but not to Goldberg. "General Kane, may I have a minute alone with you?"

This time Kane did show his irritation openly. "I've told you, General, you can have all night, as soon as we're done. Look, Cliff! Look at that blast here on the smoke fringe." He stopped, cogitated, and then spoke with decision. "These will have to go to the Chief at once by special plane."

"Sir," said Major Prescott, "considering the importance of these, I should like permission to work up a special presentation of them — frame them dramatically on good white board — using before and after shots, with a title, 'The Doom of Schweinhafen.'"

Kane beamed. "The very thing, Homer."

"It isn't Schweinhafen," said Lieutenant Goldberg.

"Not Schweinhafen! What is it?" Kane glared.

"The Nautilus Torpedo plant at Gritzenheim, sir."

"Torpedo plant?" echoed Kane.

Garnett's reflexes were faster. He had seized the photos now and his face lit up at the new examination of them. "General, this couldn't be more opportune. The Admirals will want to see this. If we can get these to the Big Chief before that meeting —"

Kane got it now. He beamed upon Goldberg and then, as his whole perception expanded, he clapped the Lieutenant affectionately upon the shoulder. "I'll send my own plane. Lieutenant, you don't know what this will do for us. When we can show our Commanders that in the midst of the greatest air campaign in history we still think enough of the over-all strategy to knock out a torpedo factory too —"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Dennis. "We hit it by accident instead of Schweinhafen."

(To be continued)

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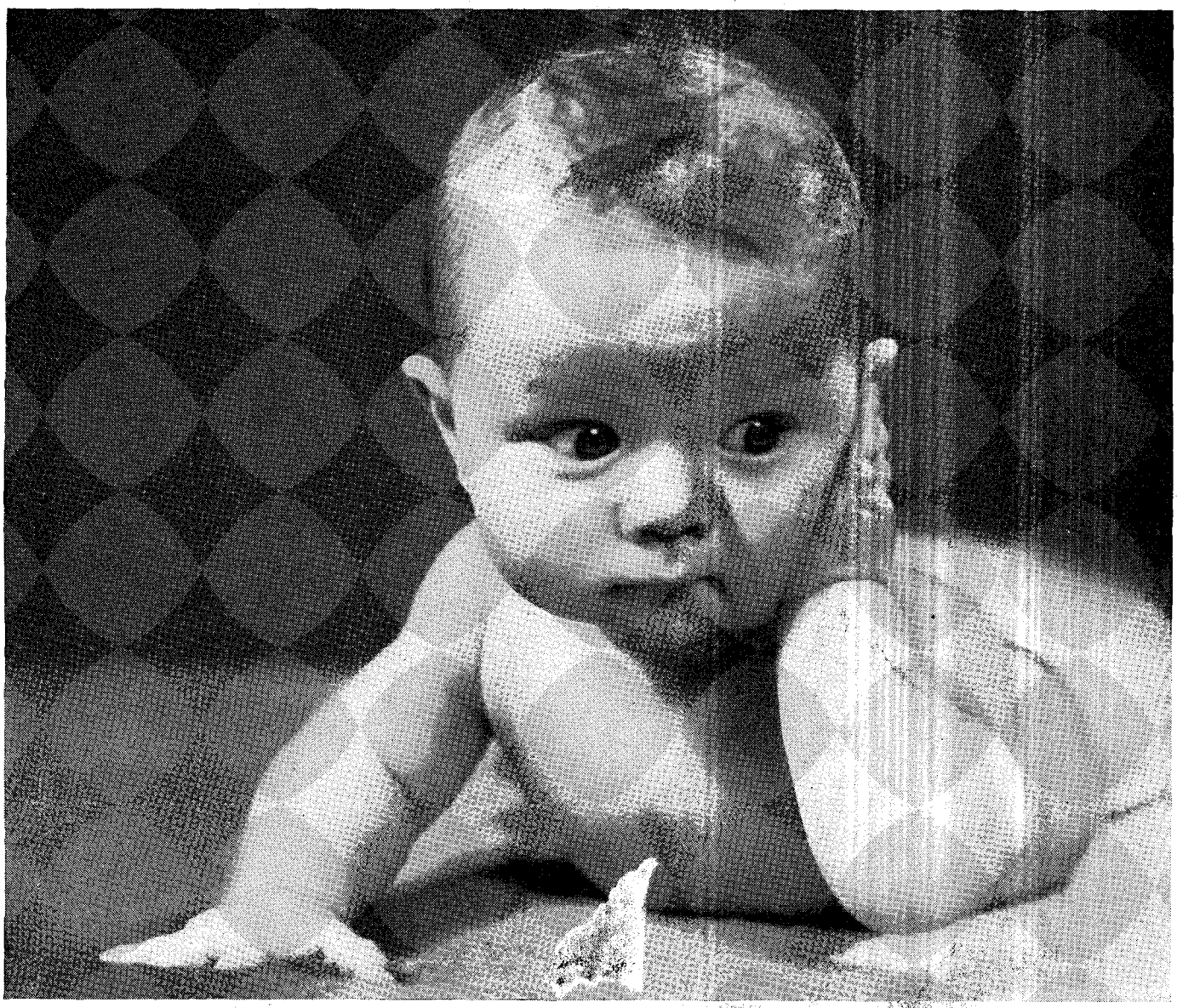

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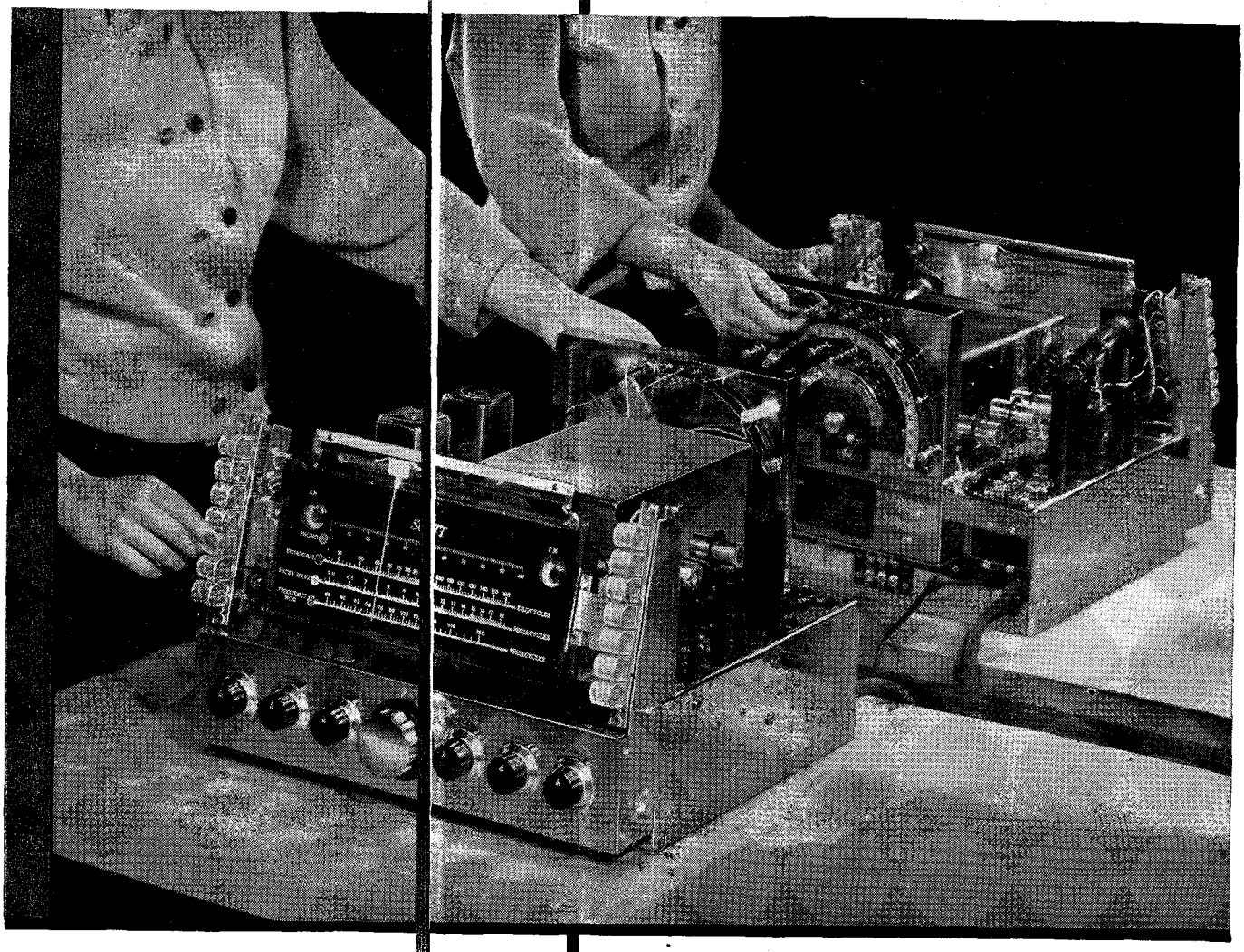

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